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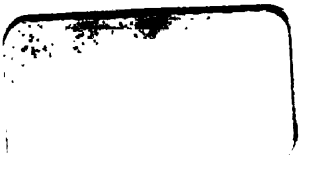

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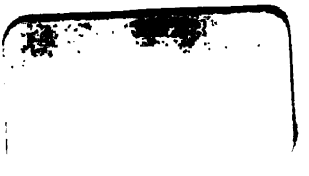

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A Monthly Magazine.

DEVOTED TO THE ART, SCIENCE, TECHNIC AND LITERATURE OF MUSIC.

W. S. B. MATHEWS, EDITOR.
BLANCHE DINGLEY, MANAGER.

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MUSIC.

DECEMBER, 1901

MOZART AND HIS MANUSCRIPTS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. CHARLES MALHERBE.

(READ BEFORE THE CONFERENCE OF THE MOZART SOCIETY, MAR. 12, 1901.)

It is not without a certain hesitation that I undertake to address you. I know not, I confess, the rudiments of eloquence, and am neither an orator nor a debater. My confreres have found ways of overcoming my very justifiable hesitation; they have assured me that it would be accepted if I speak in the tone of ordinary conversation, without raising my voice to the usual tone of discourse. I have taken them at their word and have renewed my courage when I remembered the Master of whom I was to speak; in the magic power of this great name, which the Germans pronounce with some rudeness *Mauts-sarte*, and which we pronounce with less linguistic exactness but with more sweetness, Mode-zarte, as if in the sweet assonance of the two syllables there was a reminder of the Muse and of this child of the Muses who is one of the great gods of music.

Not long ago I received a letter from one of the greater of living composers. The Germans would immediately think of Richard Strauss; the Scandinavians of Grieg, the Russians of Rimsky-Korsakoff, the Austrians of Goldmark, the Italians of Mascagni. I beg to say that this great master is simply French and his name is Camille Saint-Saens. I beg to quote a few lines from this letter, since they treat precisely of the object of our meeting:

"It is a great pleasure for me to see that they are coming back to Mozart; all my life I have fought for him. At first at the Conservatory when I was a pupil; to prefer the 'Marriage of Figaro' to the 'Barber of Seville' was then a crime. Later when the world began to Wagnerize itself they set up in

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effect an entire denial of the claims of Mozart. I always refused to give myself over to this manner of looking at things, and from this time began the separation between me and the Wagnerians, who even went so far as afterwards to accuse me of apostacy. But behold now at Munich even they have renewed their admiration of Mozart and have produced his work with the greatest possible care. I triumph then all along the line and I applaud myself for not having ever followed the fluctuations of the mode. Nevertheless, they accuse me of versatility; it is nevertheless all the same an established story, as much as that Littre wished that man had descended from the monkey, but when once a foolish position like this has taken root, it is like these parasitic plants, there is no way of rooting them up."

Now observe a passage which touches us more directly and which you will understand, applaud, I hope, as promising news: "When I come back to Paris, if there are still any Mozart reunions, I promise myself to make an address; it will amuse me very much. Solely it is necessary that I find time to prepare it, in order that it may consist of interesting things and not be filled up with mistakes and foolishness."

Let us hope that the master will keep to this good promise. If we hear that we will hear something, for he will speak of things which he knows very well. Inspiring myself with his example, I now proceed to speak of something concerning Mozart which is very material and which we know, namely his works and the manuscripts of them. I will show what has become of them and the things which their graphic appearance will reveal to the eye of the curious. Thus I will be performing in the domain in which I am most at home, in the quality of archivist of old papers.

Certainly there might be a very interesting chapter of history written upon the autographs of the great composers. How and wherefore have they been preserved or destroyed? For their lot is as different as those of the individuals themselves. *Habent sua fata libelli* said Martial—books have their destiny. And what great works, what master works have disappeared in the course of time! As soon as a piece has been engraved the leaves upon which the writing was traced lose all their value except as souvenirs; one admires them as a curiosity, if the author is celebrated; some of them are venerated almost like sacred relics.

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But when the piece has not been published, the manuscripts constitute a document which cannot be replaced, whose loss is irreparable, an essential element without which nothing exists of the thought materially expressed. And one weeps in remembering that such masters as Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Schubert and Mendelssohn have died and left unpublished a third, a half or in some cases two-thirds of their works.

In this respect certain artists have been less favored than others. Would it be believed, for instance, that there exists today not a single line of music from the hand of Lulli? By what fatal and singular chain of events should it come to pass that the two men, who under the reign of Louis XIV. were the masters of our theatre, Moliere and Lulli, have fallen under the same lot? Not a verse of one, not a line of music from the other. Colasse and Lalouette, pupils of the composer, working upon the scores of their master, and having at least the credit of having again and again inserted their own works among the works of their master, airs which he would have disdained. Was it they who effected the disappearance of the manuscripts and for a reason? Who can say! But just as Moliere used to write to his friend Boileau, Lulli used to correspond with his colloborator Quinault; now how does it happen that we do not find from one or the other the very smallest billet?

John Sebastian Bach locked his manuscripts securely in a sort of armoire which must have been of good size, for his works are very numerous, and from this secure retreat they came out with great difficulty, for very few were published during his ife. After his death they were divided between two of his sons, Philippe Emmanuel and Wilhelm Friedmann. The former, an orderly man, carefully guarded his share, and when he died, most of them sold at Hamburg became the property of the library at Berlin, of which at this moment they form one of the most important treasures. Wilhelm Friedmann, on the contrary, being a bad lot, gambler, drunken and debauched, dissipated the paternal heritage; he sold them for a glass of wine; this was the case with a cantata and a fugue; if the purchaser was unscrupulous there was nothing to hinder him from inserting his own name and, having destroyed the original, sell his own copy in place of it. In this way, perhaps, he might rea-

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sonably account for the disappearance of certain works of the old Cantor.

Haendel left his to a friend who in turn conceived the excellent idea of leaving them all to the private library of the King of England. Thus it happens, maybe, that there never comes into the ordinary trade a single page by the author of the "Messiah." Everything appertains to the Crown.

Cherubini and Mendelssohn were exact, solvent, even particular men of affairs. Their papers were not permitted to suffer from any kind of negligence; thus it happens that they came almost in their complete form to add to the riches of the library at Berlin: those of Mendelssohn given by his family, those of Cherubini bought, after having been disdainfully refused by France, which thought them not worth buying for a few thousand francs.

The families of Herold and Auber have preserved almost the whole of the manuscripts of their glorious ancestors. Boildieu preserved scarcely more than one of all his operas, and Rossini distributed his among his friends. Meyerbeer left his unpublished work locked up in a chest for a certain number of years after his death; when the day came his heirs would have found it simpler not to have opened it. Beethoven lived in the midst of a constant and incurable disorder. When one of his pieces was published he paid no more attention to the autograph; the manuscript remained in the hands of the publisher, or of the person to whom it had been dedicated, or a pupil who happened to play to the satisfaction of the master. Beethoven preserved his school tasks and many works of his youth, left forgotten in some hiding place in his house, and so saved by reason of the small price they would have sold for if found. His works not yet published, and the sketches and fragments his sketch books, confidents of his thoughts they say, testimony so precious today of his unceasing labor, have disappeared to the four winds, as a result of a public sale at auction after his death, and what an auction! A sonata brought a hundred sous, and the symphony in C minor sold for fifty francs.

The manuscripts of Mozart owe their preservation to the distress even of Mozart. They represented all his fortune. Mozart, as everybody knows, lived and died poor. He earned some money as a wonder child in France, England, Holland

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and Italy; but all this fell into the paternal coffers. Later he contrived with difficulty to meet the expenses of his household; he gave concerts which they called "academies" and above all he gave lessons. Because his works, although bringing him a certain notoriety, never brought him money; they were almost invariably poorly paid; they circulated more in copies than in engraved prints. The manager and the copyist understood that, each one on his own part, and combined to take advantage of the master.

It breaks the heart to read the correspondence of Mozart during the last two years of his life. Without ceasing he begged his friend Puechberg to lend him money, and the repeated demands had a tone of supplication which speaks volumes for the need they represented. The banker Puechberg advanced generously twenty-five florins at a time (about twelve dollars); he marked the sum with care upon the letter of his debtor, as a singular sort of memento, and, singular irony of fate, it happened that these letters, probably preserved without special care, are valued to-day more than six times the sums loaned upon them. But let us pass, recalling the death, the funeral cortege in the cold December night, the burial in the common fosse of the poor, for want of certain insignificant sums to buy a burial lot, the tempest of snow beating over Vienna for several days, burying under its mantle the death of the grave digger, and finally obliterating all traces of certainty as to the spot where the body had been interred. Thus everything of Mozart was lost to mortal knowledge in the anonymous dust of the cemetery.

The widow of Mozart then quitted Vienna for Prague, where the remembrance of her husband remained very lively and where she hoped to find certain assistance. From different sides she was aided. At Vienna in 1795 there was organized for her benefit at the Berg Theatre a performance of *Titus*, where her sister, Aloysia Weber, took the role of Sextus, and where during the intermission Beethoven played a Mozart concerto. At Prague she gave, in 1796, a concert where as a climax to the program the first air of Papageno in the "Magic Flute" had for interpreter her last born, the little Wolfgang, then seven years of age. She undertook artistic tours; she gave the same year two concerts, one at Berlin, the other at Leipsic, where

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she appeared herself as a singer; at Dresden she brought out the unpublished works of her husband; and here she undertook to make a sale of the posthumous works and commenced to negotiate with the German publishers.

Presently she found herself very fortunate in selling in 1799 to the Consellor Andre, the music publisher, almost all the autographs which she possessed for the sum of one thousand ducats, about two thousand dollars, a ridiculously small price if one remembers that this included not only the manuscripts themselves but the proprietorship of the works represented by the MSS. The collection was without doubt incomplete. Already several pieces were lacking, above all the first numbers of his youth. Marie Anne Mozart, who had become Mme. de Sonnenberg, has related that her brother took very little care of these pieces as he grew older and more celebrated, and when they commenced to make a catalogue of his works in February, 1784, he neglected the earlier productions to the number of more than four hundred pieces, more or less important. "Finally," adds his sister, "he had very little order in his musical papers, which were thrown about the piano and room, these papers which were even then very much prized by his friends and often retained by the copyists."

This sale was, nevertheless, of considerable importance, reaching a total of two hundred and eighty numbers, which were then classified and authenticated and for the most part furnished with an exact or approximate date. It was a regular inventory in which the publisher Andre found his profit, because the public for the first time then recognized a large number of pieces until then completely ignored. In his turn in 1840, he desired to add something to the glory which shone around the great name of Mozart. He offered for sale his MSS., after having distributed a thematic catalogue with prices marked. The two numbers of the highest cost were *Don Juan* at eight thousand francs and the "Magic Flute" at six thousand francs. All the rest varied from twenty to two hundred and fifty francs. One had then a symphony at the moderate price of five louis. The whole amounted to 69,480 francs, which, after forty years of possession, would seem to have been a sufficiently important advance. But this sale included only the

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MSS. and no rights of publication, and the ensemble numbers had still to be negotiated for performance.

Andre died and his three sons divided his heritage; it was then that the real dispersion of these pieces began, because each one set himself to put into money the value of the papers comprised in his lot, so *Don Juan* was offered first and last and to the museum of Vienna and Berlin. From eight thousand francs it was reduced to forty-five hundred francs and at this price it was bought by Mme. Viardot in London in 1855; still the salesman in order to place the transaction beyond doubt gave her in adition a sonata for piano for four hands. It is generally known that the great artist wished to secure for France the possession of this autograph which the Germans indeed consider as a shame to have been permitted to escape them; she therefore generously gave it to the library of the Conservatory, of which it remains ever since the most precious ornament.

In 1860 one of the Andre brothers undertook to sell at Berlin by the help of the bookseller Stage, a lot of fifty-two pieces belonging to his heritage. The prices marked upon the catalogue were a little raised, but still how little? One could have a symphony for two hundred and fifty francs, and a concerto for one hundred francs.

In 1873 the war indemnity permitted the endowment of the German museums, and thus the library of Berlin acquired at the price of forty-five thousand francs one hundred and thirty-one numbers which still remained in the hands of the Andre family and this comprised about one-sixth of the works written by Mozart, so that afterwards no library could hope to rival this one upon this point. Observe, following, certain figures resulting from personal inquiries, which I have made. The autograph works of Mozart, complete or incomplete, number about seven hundred and twenty-seven. The MSS. of 167 are unknown and 81 have changed possession without our being able to learn in whose hands they now are. Now of the four houdred seventy-nine now existing MS. Berlin possesses more than half. The remainder is spread over the greater part of Germany and Austria. One might mention the collection of M. Cranz of Hamburg; that of M. Jules Marshall of Plowden, England. For my part I possess twenty-three which I

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intend to give one day to rejoin *Don Juan* and to add to the riches of the Conservatory. Now let us wonder at the hazards of fortune and the chances of things. I spoke just before of the poverty of Mozart. Very true; at the actual price of the last public sale, one page of his musical writing would bring not less than one hundred francs, and he might have had one million two hundred thousand francs. As a fact at these figures it would be possible to say, with a sad irony, that Mozart died a millionaire without knowing it.

These autographs have for every friend of music a great value as a souvenir, and it is not without emotion that one touches the leaves upon which has leaned the hand of the great man. They are still more precious from another point; they reveal to the observer certain peculiarities; they permit one to show the precision of his thought and the sureness of his fancy. As regards their external appearance, it appears that Mozart always employed, save on rare exceptions, an oblong paper called the Italian, ruled with ten or twelve staves. In his operas where he had need of a larger number of lines, he wrote part of the wind instruments upon a supplementary leaf.

Mozart has himself described how he composed: "When I find myself well disposed and in a good humor, as in a journey, in the carriage, or even in a walk after a good dinner, or at night when I cannot sleep, it is then that the ideas come to me in a crowd and of the best. Those which please me I retain and even of the less favorite I sometimes save a part. I often find that out of these crumbs it is possible to make a very good dish, according to the exigencies of counterpoint, sonority of instruments, etc., that warms my heart and pleases me always when nothing goes against me. I develop the music more and more and truly the work fully completes itself in my head. However long it may be, with a glance of the eye I embrace the whole in spirit as one takes in a beautiful picture. It is a true bird's eye view. The combinations, the effects, always pass like a glance very clearly thought out. But the best is what I hear, all of it together. Whatever I have composed in this manner I do not easily forget and it is perhaps the most beautiful gift which God has given me.

"When after this I set myself to write, I have only to take from the pocket of my thought all that I have put together

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there, as I might say. For this reason also the writing is easily accomplished and reproduced without changing, or at least with very few changes, all this which is lodged in my brain. And this is the reason why nothing seems to disturb me when I write: I can go on talking; I can speak of eggs and things, of Marguerite, of Babette, and of other things; I still go on writing."

The appearance of the MS. clearly confirms this declaration. Without pretending to make here a course of graphology, I observe for example how very rare are the erasures. Mozart very seldom used the eraser; his finger served him for the purpose, because he effaced with it before the ink had a chance to dry; this is the negligence which he repaired almost at the very moment when he committed it and I do not believe that he did this much with the idea of neatness. His sketches present the same infallibility.

Mozart often had recourse to abbreviations, especially if the work was long and the labor complicated, so they often present a shortened aspect almost like a scheme. In this form I have for example, in both conditions, the celebrated quintette for piano with wind instruments. In its full form the autograph is complete in all its parts written with relatively slow and extremely clear writing. In the original form the autograph contains only the parts of the wind instruments reunited upon two staves. It is a memory assistance for rapid writing; the part of the piano lacks entirely; it is left in the head of the composer to be brought out at the moment when he wanted it.

I had intended to exhibit here specimens of this writing before your eyes by means of luminous projections upon a screen; my role would have been simplified if I had brought a magic lantern. The natural difficulties, however, are opposed to the realization of this project which I hope I will be able to carry out later on. From this you could judge by eye and not by hearing, of how the Mozart writing shows us his character and his genius.

His writing changed very little with the years. At ten years he had not quite the same manner with the pen as at thirty; nevertheless, from infancy certain signs appear which were not later on modified. I have in my collection of autographs one of the sonatas which he wrote on his first journey to Paris; he was

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then 7 years of age, and one stands confounded at the sureness of this little hand. At the age of 11 when others are still children Mozart was already a man. Towards fourteen years his writing takes a certain largeness and roundness; later, at 16 years, the traits fix themselves in a different fashion and this writing appears fine, elegant, well ordered, luminous, with all the character of sensibility and of movement. It is a heart full of tenderness and a spirit full of gaiety.

One little detail which has its æsthetic reason may be mentioned here. Mozart wrote the bass at the same time he wrote the melody, whether vocal or instrumental; the other parts, which we call the filling up, the complement of the harmony, he only put in later and sometimes days or even months after, when he took up the work to finish it. Certain ones of his MSS. are so left incomplete but reunite in their primitive simplicity the two extremes, at the top and the bottom, which he judged indispensable and which formed, in a certain sense, the skeleton of the piece. This very significant method enables us to reply to the objections formulated sometimes on the subject of the quartettes of Mozart and the little interest which the 'cello part presents. This fault explains itself: The 'cello then played only the role of the double bass in the orchestra. It was the foundation stone upon which the harmony reposed. To-day other formulas or principles are held in honor. The musicians do not take the trouble to figure their basses as in the last century; they would be in the first place very much embarrassed to do this, because originality seeks voluntarily after chords unnamed; they throw themselves with pleasure in an unknown world and one dreams more or less of making and holding a pyramid upon its point. More reasonable, Mozart understood the bass as the bass; he had need of order and of logic. From these qualities, which are those of a wise man, I must preach a sermon in closing against this modern tendency which sometimes has such a deplorable effect.

I would like to give you, so to say, the courage to admire Mozart. His apparent simplicity makes him sometimes overlooked by strong spirits who are contented to admire only in proportion as they imperfectly understand. When we hesitate before certain modern works and are not able to make out what the writer is intending to say we are told: "You have not

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looked deep enough. You are sticking upon the surface. You do not see that far below the obscure a thought escapes your intelligence." And in this way the speaker gives himself a brevet of clairvoyance and of deep understanding. Very well; take up the argument again and say: "These please you imperfectly because you have not seized the real sense; you interrupt yourself on the exterior side which seems to you too easily accessible and your spirit is not sufficiently elevated to measure this kind of perfection which results from the perfect equilibrium of the parts and the harmony of the whole. The secrets of Eurythmie are not revealed to all of the outside world. The strange, the violent, the colossal impress us all at first more than the simple, the sweet and the measured. Certain masters like Rubens, Victor Hugo and Wagner are more accessible to the vulgar than Leonardo da Vinci, Racine and Mozart; they awaken at least an emotion and strong feeling, and produce, in consequence, a more immediate effect. The enormous mass of the Gothic cathedral imposes upon all eyes; to appreciate in their splendor the lines of the Parthenon a higher culture is necessary and a more refined taste."

Let us now be proud of loving Mozart and be sorrowful for those who affect to ignore him. In ministering to the culture of his glory the society which bears his name works in the cause of justice and of art. It recalls the attention, temporarily diverted, to these works which have served as such incomparable models. Certainly Mozart is one of those who can be followed without the least danger of losing the road; he is a sure guide because he has marked the summits where he found the serene temples, of which the poets speak. He has penetrated into the sanctuaries which are open only to the elect; he has contemplated, finally, the altar, sacred, glowing, eternal and pure, the flame of ideal beauty.

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EUROPEAN ORGANS AND ORGANISTS.

BY T. CARL WHITMER.

In the October MUSIC [this magazine of serious thought which is making such great strides these few years] there appeared a delightful sketch of a summer's experience under a title somewhat similar to my own. In the present article I shall pass over most of the places there spoken of, presenting other impressions and places for the most part. And I will be brief until I talk about Bayreuth, and there no man can withstand the temptation to "talk-talk."

In Rotterdam, Holland, my first stopping place, there are several pretty good organs. That in the old St. Lawrence church (4 manuals, 73 stops) is larger than the more generally known one at Haarlem (only 3 manuals, 60 stops) in the Church of St. Bavo. Organ recitals are given in summer every other Friday on the former, while the St. Bavo is played every Tuesday and Thursday.

Organ recitals are not very effective in these large edifices with but a handful of people. Echos, echos everywhere and all the time. Rapidy progressing chords sound hopelessly entangled; cadences unmercifully "telescope" succeeding phrases, and, because of the acoustic conditions generally, the lack of melodic and harmonic charity is painfully apparent. The programmes played are always very excellent even if the various compositions are so arranged that you are more conscious of their intrinsic worth than of their judicious placement.

The organ recital I happened to hear in St. Bavo was given by the organist of the church. He played among other things the slow movement from the Opus 10, No. 3, of the Beethoven pianos sonatas. To my emotional nature that Adagio is one of the most rarely expressive in the literature of the piano. But our St. Bavo interpreter hurried through the various phrases as cathedral guides rush through chapels.

He played this exquisite movement with horribly "nicked" phrasing and a registration as brutal as his injected emotion was insincere.

However, I meekly dropped my gulden in the box for church

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restoration and went out, going thence to the more inspiring Frans Hals pictures in the Town Hall.

The next music (but I could write reams about the Netherlandish paintings) of account was over in London, where also one may experience fog, dirt and Cockney English. The writer in the previously referred-to article says the right thing when he remarks: "The effect one gets from St. Paul's music depends on where one sits." In this third largest church of Christendom it is very difficult, indeed, to secure a dusty chair in the right place. In most positions the echo is unbearable and that echo combined with the prevalent disorder during most of the services in especially the western end of the nave interfered materially with the impressions of the music. The voices of the boys are undoubtedly beautiful and the nobility of the organ tone is inspiring, but I prefer the Westminster services because of the greater sympathy (due to the smaller size of the edifice) existing between the congregation and the singers, and also the position of the organ, which in St. Paul's is towards the listener to the spoilment of the choir's enunciation, while in Westminster it is away from the ear on the far end of the choir, so that the blending of choir and organ tone is made thereby more agreeable and unified. At St. Paul's the beautiful independent organ work of Sir Geo. Martin becomes over prominent, while at Westminster anything can be done on the organ and the harmoniousness of vocal and organ tone will still be preserved. And they keep better order, too, at the Abbey, which means much to the effect of the service.

I would like to write a book on the "Tourist from the Standpoint of a Nuisance." For to the average greedy and altogether gluttonous sightseer nothing is too quiet and solemn to make a noise in, too sacred to put his Baedekerly reddened finger on, too beautiful to inveterately jabber about.

And oh! the parrot-like guides which conduct the meek and lowly thro crypts, chapels and other dark or 'andsome places of the earth; who rap their big keys on Wellington's funeral car to assure you of the quality of its metal; who tell you about the "brawss; yes, very fine brawss, indeed"; who receive their little fees without palpable gratitude!

I found one exception last summer—a man who did not rush, who did not say his speech the same way twice and who

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thanked God that he took a genuine pleasure in what he did. And this man I found in that most beautiful church of St. Ouen in Rouen, France.

I heard the second London presentation of Lalo's "Le Roi d'Ys," but will let the usual reviewers tell of this work. I was not impressed by it, I may say, however. I felt a patched-work effect. It seemed composed of beautiful material, but unity is not its strong point.

After the lovely quality of voice one finds in England, a succeeding excursion to France and Germany will make you swear by all who never were saints that never did you in all your life hear a boy's voice one-sixteenth so vicious as those found in several of the great churches of France and Germany. The peacock and guinea hen are thereafter considered as pleasant company. I have never heard more acid like voices, more destructive tone-production than I heard among the boys in St. Sulpice in Paris [and, by the way, equally bad were they in the Cathedral at Cologne, Germany]; nor such monstrously asthmatic organs as the chancel organ in the said St. Sulpice and up at Trinite.

St. Sulpice and Trinite have the finest organ writers and organists (of their main organs) living—Charles Marie Widor and Alexander Guilmant—and St. Sulpice has one of the finest [Grand] organs in Europe, but their chancel organs!

I do not know who the present chancel organists are.—I pity them!

In these churches with two organs one gets to hear so little of the large organ as compared with the chancel organ that one goes away with the impression produced by the latter rather than the former.

At Sulpice I was, however, impressed by an improvisation by Widor (of course on the large organ) one Sunday afternoon. One is tremendously affected by anything that he does on or for the organ; it is so broadly conceived, and executed in such an imposing manner, so woven polyphonically that its structure is fully assured and so colored with musical pigments that it meets the taste of even musical sensualists. He has written, as most know, ten symphonies for organ, the first eight unnamed, the ninth the Gothic, the tenth Symphonie Romane. (See detailed criticisms of the first nine in the issues of Music for

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March, April, May, June and July, 1899). This is in addition to an incredible pile of piano music (mostly poor), songs, organ concertos, etc., etc.

And now I am going to pass over my interesting trips to Strassburg and Nuremberg (with its St. Catharine church of happy Meistersinger memories and all the lovely things and men of the Hans Sachs period) and talk about Bayreuth.

The season of 1901—memorable in many respects (especially bad)—having come to a close and we being far enough away from the representations of the Theatre and roast goose of the charmingly situated Burgerreuth to speak coolly of both, let us draw chairs to the fire and talk of the Parsifal copyright extension for the 'nth time and also about the weary fooled pilgrims who have come home to roost and about other matters of interest to him who paid twenty marks a sittin'.

We chose the second cycle and were, unfortunately, Siegfreezed. That conveys enough, but being loquacious let us drive it home. The small world which assembles at Bayreuth —it can no longer be said that the *musical* (in the fullest sense) world goes there—is being treated to renditions of Wagner such as would be laughed to scorn if they occurred on an American metropolitan stage under similar pretentions. Errors that are ludicrous, stage management that is frequently provincial, interpretations that are amateurish, orchestral conducting (as to S. W.) which shows a rhythmic figure-head at the wheel,—these the Bayreuthian of to-day expects as his daily bread. Wagner is so played, sung, acted, staged at his rightful home in the Fichtel mountains that hitherto sympathizers are now sympathiless with the movements variously directed toward concentration of his work at Bayreuth.

If his works were so given that incomparable technic of all kinds—vocal, instrumental, histrionic, stage—and the reverential spirit of the place would overwhelm one; if an atmosphere which contained all the elements could be retained there which would differentiate the Bayreuth productions in quality of execution as well as fervor dramatically spiritual from all possible other productions there indeed would be a distinct advantage to music to so concentrate the efforts, energies, talents and genius of the great singers, players, actors, scene painters and stage managers of this mundane sphere, and most of us would

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bow reverently before the demands of the adherents. As things exist we should rise up in a most righteous wrath and use our influence against any such localizing and grabbing movement.

Unless you love to walk over those beautiful hills, unless you love the forest sights and indulge your Walt Whitman sense in smells so delicious as to make one's very soul leap for joy (but you can find these same sense joys at home!) or unless you have an antiquarian's interest in the dramatic atmosphere it is better to spend your money towards the advancement of the Wagner cause in our own theatres.

Bayreuth was a sacred spot and could be such again; sacred to the greatest manifestations of technic, sacred to the most spiritual interpretations; but it is not so at present and will never be so long as exist present administrative conditions.

Bayreuth's laurel has been thinned and Munich is receiving most of its leaves.

Bayreuth—remembered by its economical cab drivers who hitch one well-ribbed horse by a pole where two should be—can have no claims upon the world of musical thinkers until it has met early ideals. Instead of the much-talked-of adherence to ideals the authorities are shattering them; shattering those that are worth while, while preserving those which under changed conditions due to progress in material things Wagner himself would be the first to repudiate.

Van Rooy was the best of the whole lot of singers of this second cycle, for he not only sang well, but had so conceived of his parts as to make them not reproductions but actual creations. There was that deliberate objective attitude towards his assumed role which, together with his warm emotional nature convinced one that there was a man who understood how subjective and objective minds should be used—also vocal organs. Here and there the other singers realized their attempted mission in life. Burgstaller knew his Siegmund nature; Gulbranson her Valkyrie cry, Van Dyck how to look pleasant as Parsifal, the flower girls how not to bewitch, Emily Destinn how to sit in a big chair,—and S. W.?

Ach, Himmel! It is too disgusting a spectacle; this going thousands of miles to hear and see such stuff. After such performances who wants to extend the copyright of Parsifal? Who does not want to see Munich prosper? And I write all

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these things in spite of my being a believer in Wagner's theories—but *not* in Bayreuth practices.

An excursion to most places in Europe is somewhat disillusioning to every self-assertive and independent American thinker. We come back with a renewed faith in America and its future in the sphere of music.

Stephens' College, Columbia, Mo.

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HYMNS AND HYMN-SINGING.

(FROM PROF. WALDO S. PRATT'S "MUSICAL MINISTRIES IN THE CHURCH.")

Our Christian hymns are surely among the most powerful agencies we have for developing the religious sentiment of our people. The best of them are exquisitely beautiful in form and imagery, are magnetic and noble in tone and spirit, and deal habitually with topics and aspects of truth that all lie close to the heart of the Gospel. As a rule, they spring out of religious experience at its best, and they tend to lift experience to its highest levels. The very cream of truth and of soul-life is gathered into them. They contain the refined riches, the precious essences, the cut and polished jewels of Christianity in all the ages. They tend to be superlative and ideal in both thought and expression, simply because so often they come from souls of rare endowment and unusual spiritual attainment. They therefore push on far beyond what most of us could perhaps ourselves say in sober truth. But they proclaim and represent nothing but what in our hearts we long for and aspire unto. They often ascend into the realm of ecstasy, and speak as if seeing the invisible and participating in the inaccessible. Herein they are truly prophetic—the records of the insight and intuition and rapture of the seer and the saint. These sublime qualities, of course, are not possessed by all hymns, but they mark so many that in these days it is possible for practical hymn-singing to confine itself to such continually if it chooses.

It is by no means as commonly seen as it ought to be that entirely parallel claims may safely be made for much of the tune music that belongs with our hymns. The best of it, especially in recent periods, is as beautifully articulated as the finest sonnets or the most exquisite miniatures, is rich and thrilling in tonal effect, and is charged at every point with the same spiritual intensity as the hymns that have called it forth. Most of our finer tunes are written by men of devout character and sympathies, and are plainly marked by religious fervor and elevation. If we accord the praise of being true revelators and teachers to such poetic artists as Wesley, Cowper, Montgom-

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ery, Bishop How, Ellerton, Ray Palmer and many others of the same high rank, we should be ready to give similar acknowledgment to the scores of musical artists who have wrought side by side with them in the same noble ministry, like Gauntlett and Dykes and Barnby and Sullivan and Stainer—not to name others of other schools. Popular appreciation of the interior beauty and nobility of tunes falls behind that of the value of hymns simply because of popular ignorance, and even musical critics are often perversely blind to the triumph involved in writing a really excellent hymn-tune. Sooner or later, however, the one will be valued not less than the other.

These treasures of poetry and music are now so abundant and accessible that there is no excuse for not knowing them or for failing by thoughtful attention to extract something of their inner value. My especial point just here, however, is simply this, that if one will enter upon the study of typical specimens of hymnodic art in a rational and sympathetic spirit, he wil find that from them as a center his whole notion of religious music will open out naturally and fruitfully. This is so true that I am tempted to say that unless the student of church music will thus approach the department of hymnody (words and music) he can hardly hope to reach altogether broad and healthy views of the whole subject. Within this department are to be found the norms of thought and sentiment that should dominate the whole. Here is the food that shall nourish true and hearty feeling, and the inspiration that shall quicken enduring enthusiasm. Hymnody is the real nucleus of our church music, not simply because it is characteristically Protestant or because it is mechanically practicable, but because within it are at work the fundamental principles of expression that should control all other church music, presented in forms comparatively easy for the average mind to apprehend.

A proper use of hymnody happily does not presuppose such knowledge as a professional hymnologist may be expected to have. Hymnody as a field of scientific study is positively appalling in its extent. Let us review a few statistics. The Biblical student finds the Psalter, the only extant collection of Hebrew hymnody, no small problem alone, and yet the Psalter contains only 150 hymns—to which perhaps a score or two may

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be added from other parts of the Bible. Compared with this small group Christian hymnody spreads out until it seems to have no limits. The brilliant and stimulating hymnody of the various Eastern Churches is but partially explored, but is said to include several thousands of lyrics. The more ponderous and solemn hymnody of the Latin Church adds to these at least 3,500 more hymns, of which an authority like Duffield pronounces several hundreds valuable for all time. These two groups mostly antedate the rise of Protestantism. Since the sixteenth century the multiplication of hymns has been almost inconceivably rapid. German hymnody decidedly overtops all others, with its stupendous total of over 100,000 registered hymns, of which perhaps 10,000 have attained considerable currency and no less than 1,000 are pronounced by competent authority (Schaff) to be "classical and immortal." Our own English hymnody comes next to the German in magnitude and richness, counting its writers by hundreds and its hymns by tens of thousands. Hymns in other languages are not so numerous, though by no means insignificant. And the vast total is constantly being increased in every corner of the globe to which Christianity has penetrated. In 1891, when Julian's monumental *Dictionary of Hymnology* appeared, it was calculated by the editor that the total number of Christian hymns in all languages was "not less than 400,000." What it is now is unknown, and what it will be fifty years hence, with the marvelous growth of missionary work, can be only timidly conjectured. The matter is overwhelming enough as it stands.

No comprehensive data are available as to the number of tunes that have come into existence and use along with these hymns. The Mediæval Church brought over to us several hundreds of Gregorian melodies. The number of German chorales is certainly many thousands, for a single collection published as far back as 1776 contained a selection of no less than 2,000. An American student, whose specialty is the tunes of England and America, has a card catalogue in process of construction that already contains over 40,000 entries. The grand total of tunes is also constantly increasing everywhere.

Statistics like these tend to reduce the inquiring mind to a state of numbness and despair. Certainly they give point to the remark just made that a good popular use of hymnody must

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not be supposed to involve the knowledge of the hymnological expert. It is just here that we must fall back on the invaluable aid of the hymn-book maker. It is his business to know enough of the available material to make a tolerable selection of those hymns and those tunes that it is best to include in a present-day hymnal for a given group or class of churches. This editorial function is rapidly becoming a fine art. and we are now getting many hymn-books for various uses that show both scholarship and practical wisdom. The individual student or a particular church can safely take up such books as have been put forth within the last ten or fifteen years under the auspices of any one of the leading denominations, and proceed to put it into use, confident that what it contains has been selected for some sort of real excellence. The preparation of worthy books for the prayer-meeting and the Sunday-school is also going on apace. Even books that can hardly be wholly approved by a critical taste often supply interesting material for study.

It is often thought that the whole question of hymn-singing can be solved by simply adopting the right sort of hymn-books. This is specious, but not entirely safe as a rule of procedure. At least, it is worth while to consider it a little. Hymn-books of the higher grade have some obvious advantages aside from the technical excellence of their contents. They are usually so catholic as to offer great variety, and their size affords room for long-continued growth without the danger of the book's seeming to wear out. They are now on the whole so rich and dignified in tone as to appeal to the higher faculties and the deeper feeling. They command respect and tend to induce a self-respecting enthusiasm wherever they can be freely used. Poorer books are usually monotonous, are either sentimental or sensational, are so deficient in material of an elevated or ideal quality that deliberate efforts to make progress with them are discouraged, and their constant use tends gradually to make hymn-singing a despised and neglected exercise. Yet it is well known that the use of a good hymn-book is not the only condition of success in practical hymn-singing. Most excellent results may be reached with books that are essentially poor; and many a superior book is handled with disgraceful ignorance and feebleness. All churches cannot keep themselves supplied

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with the most recent books. And besides, there is no little difference of opinion as to what constitutes a really good book. Such a standard or type as is here in mind seems to many good people extreme and unpractical. Rather than spend time on the fruitless task of trying to reconcile differences of opinion about means and methods, let us look somewhat deeper into the matter, and see whether a rational philosophy of action may not help to solve problems of practical administration.

We may safely urge that hymn-singing is fitted to serve three general purposes, whose importance is unquestionable. First, it is one of the best methods by which a company of people can offer both praise and prayer to God. It is therefore a means of social worship. Second, it is a reactive force on those who engage in it, helping them to define and crystallize their religious thought, stimulating their religious sentiments, and often rousing by suggestion a positive religious ambition. It is therefore a means of spiritual self-culture. Third, it not only draws many persons into a form of united action, so as to declare their actual sympathy and strengthen their sense of real brotherhood, but at the same time there is exerted through it a decided spiritual influence back and forth among those who thus act in concert. It is therefore a means of mutual edification among those who are spiritually-minded and often of evangelistic pressure upon others. Excellence in the mechanism of the exercise and success in its use are to be measured by the degree and manner in which these purposes are realized. Hymn-singing may surely be called successful when it affords an avenue for true approach to God in earnest and noble worship; when it exerts a wholesome and uplifting reflex influence on those who engage in it, establishing them in the truth and quickening their spirituality; and when it creates a diffused atmosphere of high religious sympathy and vigorous Christian consecration, so that even unbelievers are affected and constrained by it. If it does not accomplish these results in some real sense, it cannot be called successful.

Judged by these standards, not a little hymnody that is thought to be excellent proves to be poor, and *vice versa*. We are all familiar with the tedious debate about the value of the whole class of hymns and tunes commonly called "Gospel Hymns." Much of the criticism of these "Hymns" is reckless,

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both because it fails to note the fact that different grades of artistic beauty in poetry and music have always been required among Christians of differing degrees of culture, and also because it assails indiscriminately a class of hymns and tunes that is not homogeneous enough to be either approved or condemned in bulk. But, on the other hand, the common defense of even the best of the "Gospel Hymns" is often weak, especially when it appeals chiefly to their quick outward success among masses of people who are plainly thoughtless and shallow. Both the attack and the defense should be more careful. The assailants of the system have sometimes weakened their case by basing it too exclusively on reasons of taste, without showing how vulgarity is dangerous because more or less false, and by failing to leave room for practices that are provisional and transitional and that are therefore defensible in their place. The defenders of this popular hymnody have a right to urge that hymnody must adapt itself to actual conditions, that the immature and uncultivated cannot be driven by force into a full appreciation of the most highly poetic hymns or the most highly musical tunes; but they often very gravely underestimate the capacity of the popular mind to rise above vulgar embodiments of truth and to shake itself free from perverted sentimentality, and they constantly mistake the zest of animal enjoyment in a rub-a-dub rythm or the shout of childish pleasure in a "catchy" refrain for real religious enthusiasm.

For myself, I am disposed to believe that the original impulse toward the so-called "Gospel Hymns" was emphatically good, that much of their practical use has been worthy, and that some of them are likely to continue useful in many conditions. I even think that the whole movement has tended to break down whatever of stiffness and frigidity there is in our hymnody, and to liberate it from what in other fields would be called its "academic bias." Perhaps all its good results in these directions are not yet fully manifest. Yet I cannot help deploring certain other results. These evil consequences are perhaps not universal, but they are at least common enough to be matters of notoriety.

From the standpoint of general culture it is clear that the exclusive use of ephemeral hymns and tunes is harmful because it has prevented the knowledge of others that are too precious

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inheritances from the past to be discarded. Even our more intelligent young people are singularly ignorant of standard and historic examples of hymnody. I will give but a single instance. John Newton's splendid hymn on the church, beginning

"Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God,"

I have often found to be totally unknown, even to college graduates, though it is not far away in class from the best of the "Gospel Hymns." That it is now about a century and a quarter old and has been in continuous use all that time is not necessarily to its discredit. I have become somewhat wary about asking people what they know of many of our standard tunes. Our churches have practically turned their backs on nearly all of the German chorales—except for purposes of literary allusion. And even many of the standard chorales of the last century in England, like "St. Thomas" (about 1760) or the original "Rockingham" (1790), with many from a later time, like "Lancashire" (1836), are too often not even known to exist. The same is true of many scores of fine tunes from the last forty years, the fruits of a most notable and influential new school of tune-writing, which have won distinction and honor. These latter, it is true, do not have quite the jingle of college glees or such songs as are sung at minstrel shows and on the streets, yet many of them have truly popular qualities of form. Sullivan's "St. Gertrude" and Dykes' "Lux Benigna" and Monk's "Eventide" have secured some recognition among those devoted to "popular" hymnody; but where are their companions and equals and superiors? This evil—the exclusion of standard and fine hymns and tunes by those of less value, but not less practicality—is real and deplorable. Different observers, with varying experience and with varying opinions about what is most worthy of preservation, would put the matter in different ways and cite different examples, but all would unite in saying that the rage for hymns and tunes written by the yard for wide sale among churches in search of what is cheap and easy has been and is a serious evil.

But, without dwelling on this, let us turn back to the three canons of criticism mentioned a moment ago and test them in practical application. Hymn-singing, it was said, is largely in-

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tended to be the utterance of worship to God. How does this bear upon the criticism of ways and means in the exercise? Plainly thus, at least, that it should lead us steadily to lay aside what we are ashamed of and what we feel is an unworthy tribute to God, and to replace it by what we recognize to be better. God has the right to be worshiped with the best we have or can secure, even if the process of getting and bringing it costs us something. Indeed, if it costs nothing it means nothing. Every item of worship is an offering of joy and devotion to Him, and its worthiness is to be measured by what it means to the offerer. In too many prayer-meetings and other church services the devotional dignity of hymn-singing has been destroyed on this side. A poor book is used, which the people know to be poor and in their heart despise, because they are too mean to get a better one. Poor selections are kept in use, against which the feeling of the users more or less revolts, because they are too lazy and indifferent to attempt better ones. The leaders, both the minister and his musical helpers, have fallen into a disconsolate apathy about the exercise, and let it drag along in a stupid, poverty-stricken, listless fashion, not because they are without a sense of its manifest inferiority, but because they are averse to the effort to make it better. It will be noticed that it is not said that all churches should use the same books or the same hymns and tunes or the same general methods, for all churches are not alike. But the use by any church of that which it knows to be unworthy of itself and of God is so shameful that it is almost blasphemous. Counterfeit coin on the contribution-plate, vacant lip-service in the prayers and doggerel and trash in the hymnody are pretty much alike as tributes of worship. But one person cannot always judge for another in this latter case. Let us leave the door wide open for the use by others of what seems to us unworthy just so far as we see it to be sincerely devotional to them and really the best that they can offer. But let us have no mercy on ourselves if we are satisfied with what we know to be poor, or if we fail to try to lead others upward from immature or mistaken standards to the higher ones that we have learned to set up for ourselves. In all such efforts for improvement let us constantly appeal to the right motive, namely, the duty and privilege of honoring God by bringing to Him only what is our

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best. The first chapter of the prophecy of Malachi strikes the key-note of the subject on this side.

The second purpose of hymn-singing was found in its reflex influence on the spirituality of those who use it. This, again, is a criterion to be used with caution with regard to others, except in a generalized form, but one to be applied with rigor to ourselves. The value of a whole class of hymns (not to speak of tunes) can often be fixed by observations of its total effect upon a period or a large body of believers. It has often been remarked that the sterling quality of the Scottish character is partly due to the persistent use for generations of the Scottish metrical version of the Psalms, with its singular earnestness and directness. Probably the peculiar power of Methodism throughout its history can be traced with some assurance to the domination in its hymnody for more than a hundred and fifty years of the intense and noble genius of Charles Wesley. While I am not a headlong admirer of the type of hymnody established by Dr. Watts, I cannot help sometimes wishing that our churches to-day might more often come under his rather austere and over-dogmatic restraint. Hymnody is, of course, first of all a fruit of its time and environment. But it has also proved itself over and over again to be a power upon later times and amid wholly different circumstances.

Be this as it may, the value of any particular hymn is partly to be judged by the state of opinion and sentiment in which its actual use leaves you. Is it true in its thought of God and of Christ, in its reference to all the manifold aspects of sin and salvation, in its representation of the spiritual life? And is it healthy in general tone, affecting in its imagery and masterful in its progress, and sufficiently noble to awaken enthusiasm for what it treats? These are severe tests, but are they not fair ones? If you would realize what sort of clarifying they give to this whole subject, form the habit, whenever you use a hymn, of watching its every feature in detail and of summing it all up at the end. If it belongs to the subjective class, challenge it with questions like these: Was it written out of a deep experience of the Gospel? Does it fittingly embody some part or aspect of such an experience? Is it so wrought out that it is true in your own soul-history or true to your ideals? If it be objective, try it with such queries as these: Is

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the picture it gives of the nature or providence or grace of God, or of Christ's offices or person, or of the ministry of the Spirit, or of the Christian church and its activities, joys and hopes, or of the life that now is, or of the life beyond—is the picture that it gives of any of these one that commends itself to you as true? Is it presented with sympathy and insight? Does it have majesty and contagious power? And how does it all affect *you?* Does the attempt to make it your own expression give you a wider vision, quicken into life your dormant sensibility, and rouse within you a higher aspiration? Are you helped to be a larger and a better Christian by it? Questions like these, I repeat, are fair questions. They must be asked more or less consciously by every intelligent and earnest participant in any religious exercise. The hymns that we can call good must be on the whole those that do us good in these ways. Only let us beware as we answer such questions that we are not misled into snap-judgments, into foolish misinterpretations, or into the vagaries of mere prejudice. The popular exegesis of hymns is sometimes much worse than the popular exegesis of the Bible, bad as that occasionally is. Criticism of this searching kind must have a sound and accurate basis, in hymnody as in other weighty matters. The application of tests like these is sufficient to disclose the weakness and even vacuity of many a hymn in vogue among us, and the essential excellence of many another that we have but partially known.

But we have noted that the influence of hymnody does not stop with the thoughtful and devout user who can make such an analysis as has been advocated. To the heedless user or hearer, to one not at all advanced in spiritual maturity, or to one who stands outside the Christian fraternity and regards it from a distance, its power is different. Here comes in our third criterion of excellence—the demonstrative and affirmative power of hymns upon such indifferent, immature, or half-participating users. For such persons every hymn that they hear or sing establishes something of a general perspective, offers a general suggestion, sketches in some outlines, from which they unconsciously make up a general conception of what Christianity is and how it works. This vague and unnoticed factor in the problem must not be neglected. To measure its importance,

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try to imagine yourself not only not a Christian, but quite unfamiliar with Christians and their ways. Suppose yourself to have dropped in at some prayer-meeting or other service where hymn-singing is a prominent feature. Then, remembering that hymns almost always delineate Christianity in terms of life, are rescripts of inner thought or experience, whether subjectively or objectively presented, try to estimate the impression that you would probably gain from them of the nature of Christian faith and feeling. Doubtless in the midst of some actual service you have once in a while paused thus to put yourself in imagination outside the inner circle of the assembly and have really felt what a mere stranger or spectator might feel. Probably you can remember cases in which the impression thus gained was positively startling for its emptiness, its childishness, its narrowness, and you have wondered how you or anyone else could thus misrepresent the essence of the life that is "in Christ." Probably, too, you can recall other cases in which you felt yourself in the presence of a thrilling exhibition of spiritual vitality that was like a glimpse into heaven. Practical hymnody must always be ready for this kind of test, for in every assembly of any size there are those whose mental attitude is so inert or indifferent that they are only partial participants, and every service of public worship, because it is public, may address many who are not true participants at all. We surely have no right to allow the conception of Christianity to be lowered in such minds by trivial, perverted or misleading presentations of it. The popular impression of our religion is not derived from a study of creeds or theological treatises, not altogether from sermons or similar formal expositions, but largely from such spontaneous revelations of it as we make of our inner selves in action. Hymnody is one such display of life, and is so regarded. Our whole policy about it deserves to be soberly directed accordingly.

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THE LIFE OF OLE BULL.

FROM THE DANISH OF JOHANNES HAARKLOW.

The one Norwegian artist who has become more renowned in the whole wide world than any other of his countrymen, is Ole Borneman Bull. He is easily the most celebrated Norwegian that has ever lived; he has been very differently judged, but he was in all that he undertook, so interesting and so grand, that it may be asserted that a short review of his extraordinarily venturesome life will be read with attention; so much the more in that it is twenty years now since he died, and he is thus more or less a stranger to the younger generation.

Ole Bull was born in Bergen, on the 5th of February, 1810. The Bull family immigrated from Scotland. Ole's father, an apothecary, named Storm Bull, had a taste for art, but he was withal a severe man, and demanded that the son should first and foremost attend to his school duties. The musical part of his education had to shift for itself. Inasmuch as Ole's propensities from the earliest years of childhood went in the direction of music, grave "differences" between father and son were of frequent occurrence. The latter had an ardent supporter in his uncle Jens, who was a zealous *dilletant* in music, and established weekly "quartette evenings" in the Bull home. Often 4-year-old Ole would steal from his bed and creep under the table to listen to the music, and when so discovered would be summarily dragged back to the nursery.

A Danish violinist, Paulsen, was Bull's first teacher. He was capable enough, but somewhat addicted to drink, and as facilities for quenching thirst were never lacking in the Bull home, it one evening happened that Paulsen was incapacitated for playing. It was a "quartette evening," and was Ole's eighth birthday. So Uncle Jens jokingly suggested that the "birthday child" should attempt his first solo. The boy took the suggestion seriously, and he executed his part to the astonishment of all. From this time the father began to realize that Ole could not be treated as an ordinary child, and he therefore conceded to him a variety of liberties.

Valestrand, east of Bergen, was the summer home of the

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Bull family. Here nature is of a very romantic character, and here little Ole, the sole of romance, wandered about to his heart's content. He often disappeared with his violin. He found an almost inaccessible niche in the mountain, where he would establish himself and improvise weird melodies and dance movements, imitating bird notes and the like. Finally it became noised about among the farmers that wondrous music could be heard coming from the mountain. Tales became rife of an ancient legend regarding subterranean beings, which now were believed to be at work again. At length a brave man was appointed to investigate the matter; the musical goblin was found, but the goblin was far from being pleased at the discovery.

One day the violinist, Paulsen, disappeared from town. It was believed that he no longer felt himself competent to be Ole's teacher. For three years Ole had no teacher, much to his detriment. Later there came to town a Swedish violinist, Lundholm, who had studied in Paris, and who must have been a man of ability. He was installed as Ole's teacher, but the relations between teacher and pupil were not of the best. Lundholm was something of a pedant, at least in Ole's opinion, and as Ole had already acquired many of the idiosyncrasies that went with him through life, it was a difficult matter to "schoolmaster" him. Lundholm believed that the boy possessed very unusual qualities, and he prophesied a great future for him—and he prophesied rightly.

Storm Bull took it into his head that Ole should become a theologian. An old teacher named Musaeus was engaged as tutor. This same Musaeus was a stern lack-wit; he jerked the children from their beds at five in the morning, and on one occasion when he had been handling one of the younger children pretty roughly, a council of war was called. Ole, being the oldest, was appointed to give the schoolmaster a whipping, and, as was characteristic of him, he kept his appointment.

It sounds impossible, but it is true: Musaeus, schoolmaster, was whipped *secundum artem* by Ole, who, although but half grown, possessed unusual strength. To the surprise of the boys, the parents took their part, and the ministry of Musaeus was ended.

But the apothecary did not relinquish the idea of making a

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theologian of Ole. In 1828 he was sent to the University at Christiania, with instructions to be industrious, and indeed, Ole had the very best of intentions in that direction. But his violin talent soon became universally known in the student world. Reluctantly he consented to assist at an anniversary concert. He covered himself with glory. After the concert followed a feast, which lasted long into the night. The next day Bull went up to his examination in Latin, and was "plucked." In a most unhappy frame of mind he paid the Latin professor a visit. The latter, who had noticed Ole's adeptness in music, told him that his failure in Latin was the best thing that could have happened. "We are of the opinion," said he, "that you are sadly unfitted to be a clergyman. You must step out into the world. Waldemar Thrane has lately died; you may have his place as leader of the orchestra." Ole Bull accepted, and this juncture marks his initiation as an independent man. His father was disappointed, but forgave him.

Bull was personally acquainted with the writers, Welhaven and Wergeland,* and possessing a fundamental belief in all that was Norwegian, he drew himself close to the latter, often visiting him at his home, and playing national melodies to him.

The market-place riot of May 17, 1829, made such a disheartening impression on him that he immediately resigned his position in Christiania, and went to see Louis Spohr in Cassel. "I have traveled two hundred and fifty hours in order to hear you," he said to Spohr; he received the chilly answer that it was well done and that he might accompany him to Nordhausen next day to hear a "musikfest," which Spohr should conduct. Bull went, but he was so disappointed over the playing of Spohr and his colleagues, which, according to Bull's taste, was altogether too dispassionate and stiff, that he lost faith even in himself, and resolved to go back home and apply himself to his studies again. But he soon formed the acquaintance of some jolly fellows who were going to Gottingen. They were all musicians, and, together with Bull, they decided to give a concert. One of them, however, appeared at a rehearsal in an

*Wergeland was one of the greatest Scandinavian writers of the century. Through his political and patriotic writing, both prose and verse, he has been the principal factor in creating a national spirit among the Norwegians—something which they never, in all their centuries of history, possessed until now.

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intoxicated condition, and Bull called him a "dummer Junge." As this was the worst thing that could possibly be said of a German student, a duel was unavoidable. Ole Bull took an eight days' course in fencing, and when they met, not desiring to kill his adversary, Ole put all his energy into tiring him out, until finally he maanged to give him a "satisfactory" slash. The debt of honor was fully paid, and healths were drunk to eternal friendship. But the city police, who had been accorded a princely reception, gave the merry young men a polite intimation that their speedy emigration was in order.

Late in the autumn Bull returned to Christiania, and even if he had not "harvested bay berries and gold"* (as the proverb has it) in his first foreign trip he was joyfully received by his many friends. In the summer of 1830 he gave concerts in Trondhjem and Bergen, and earned five hundred dollars, and started for Paris to hear Baillot, DeBeriot, Berlioz and above all Paganini.

At first he had met with misfortune. A fellow lodger, under the guise of friendship, stole all his money. Following the advice of a mysterious looking man, he went to a gambling room, and placed a borrowed 5 franc piece on the "red," and won 800 francs. When this money was gone he again got into straightened circumstances, and, it is said, even meditated suicide, but the truth of this is under suspicion. His brother, who is still living, says there is much of exaggeration in such a rusick, and was cared for by an elderly lady, who became attached to him because of his personal resemblance to her deceased son. She took good care of him until he recovered his health and received money from home. This lady's adopted daughter, Felicie Villeminot, became afterwards Ole Bull's wife.

Among Ole's acquaintances in Paris was a certain M. Lacour, who had discovered a varnish, which he claimed would transform the cheapest violin into a genuine Cremona. Ole found that the tone of violins treated with this varnish was really enriched. Lacour, struck with Bull's musical ability, soon saw that he had found the right man for the advertisement of his discovery, and he invited him to participate in a matinee at the home of the Italian Consul, Riario. It was an

*An idiomatic expression meaning "To make a success of."

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aristocratic company, and one of the guests told Ole Bull that fortune awaited him if he acquitted himself with credit. On account of the excessive heat of the concert room, the varnish melted and gave off a most abominable odor. Bull was at first disconcerted, then angry, and in this frame of mind he played in such a passion that the company was enraptured. Fortune smiled on him now in the form of congratulations and substantial honoraria. This was the very beginning of Bull's great success. The next day he was invited by the Prince of Montebello, and with his help, he held, on April 18th, 1838, his first concert in Paris, with the co-operation of the violinist, Ernst, and the composer, Chopin. The proceeds of this concert amounted to two hundred and eighty dollars.

Here in Norway it has long been a popular idea that men of genius may be as idle as they please; they acquire fame just the same. Nothing can be farther from the truth. Notwithstanding Bull's lack of early systematic instruction on the violin, yet in Paulsen and Lundholm he found instructors who gave him the rudiments of violin technique. True, he afterwards worked independently, and has, therefore, been styled "self-taught," yet it is known that he worked continuously and indefatiguably. Industry is a characteristic of genius; hard work is a necessity. It has been said, especially with reference to Paganini, whose career somewhat resembled Bull's, that "genius is work." Let that be an exaggeration—the fact is, nevertheless, that men of true genius work hard, industriously and systematically. Since Bull could not yet expect to appear as a soloist in the grand opera, he went first to Switzerland, where he gave several successful concerts. From here he went to Milan, where he was fortunate enough to get a hearing in the great LaScala Theatre. He achieved a great success, but he also was the object of severe criticism in one of the papers. This criticism emanated from an old voice teacher who upbraided Bull for his lack of style. Bull, agreeing with the criticism, sought out the old "song-master." And now a noteworthy thing happened—for six months Bull took violin lessons of *Italian voice teachers*. This is how he reached his incomparable mastery in the execution of melodies. Joseph Joachin, himself a great violinist, unreservedly paid tribute to Bull's superiority in this respect. "There is no one who can

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execute a melody like Ole Bull," he said to Bjornstjerne Bjornson, "he ought to travel around the world for the sole purpose of playing melodies, instead of doing tricks and performances like a white horse in a menagerie." A strong criticism containing considerable truth.

From Milan Bull went to Venice, where the jubilation over his playing was universal. Afterwards he went to Bologne. It was here that an incident occurred which at once made him the hero of the day. High up in a hotel attic he was practicing his A Major Concerto, when the singer, Colbran, afterward the wife of Rossini, passed by the house. She heard notes of a peculiar grace. "That must be a violin," she said, "but a heavenly one," and she thought to herself: This is something that Zampieri should know. He was the leader of the Italian musical aristocracy, and he was just then much embarrassed because the singer, Malibran, and the violinist, Beriot, had just announced their inability to appear at a musical "fest" in the theatre, at which the public was already assembled. While Bull was playing away, the perspiration pouring down his face, he suddenly heard a man puffing and swearing at the door. Zampieri had not listened long before he cried: "Malibran may have the headache for all of me," and he dragged Ole in his walking clothes to the theatre, where a large audience was impatiently waiting for Malibran. Bull chose his new Concerto, played with half-closed eyes, and when he had finished there broke forth a tremendous applause. Zampieri had misgivings about letting him play again the same evening, but after fortifying himself with a glass of wine, Bull went out again and captivated the audience. Malibran was at first angry that she and her betrothed De Beriot had been rendered unnecessary, and was inclined to think that the whole thing was an intrigue. But when she herself had heard what Bull could do with a violin, she became as warm an admirer of him as anyone.

This same Malibran was an extraordinary person. According to the opinion of many, she was the greatest singer of all time. We shall hear more of her when we come to Bull's debut in Great Britain.

Among those who heard Bull's concerts in Bologne was Prince Poniatowski, who invited Bull to Firenze. Here he played his A Major Concerto with the same great success as

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in Bologne. For the monks in Santa Maria, he composed "A Mother's Prayer" and "Polacca Guerriera," with organ introduction. The monks tried to induce him to join their order, but of course nothing came of it.

Via Pisa, Liverno, and Lucca, he went to Naples, where Malibran was holding the public in ecstacy evening after evening. It was necessary for him to wait until she had finished with her series of guest concerts, and then came his turn to bewitch the Neapolitans. In this city he had the misfortune to have the violin stolen, with which he had celebrated his first triumphs. Many years afterward he saw it again in the house of a Russian nobleman.

In February, 1836, (aged twenty-five) he went to Rome, appeared repeatedly, and was here also the idol of the people. In May he went to Paris, and now he received the entree to the grand opera. It was after his appearance here that Jules Janin wrote his celebrated article in the Journal des Debats, in which he compared Bull with Paginini. "This young, wild man, who has come to us, Stradivarius in hand, from the ice of Norway, is actually the great musician whom I long ago heralded. There is so much of tears in his noble instrument. There is so much of power and energy, tempered with love, in that bow. It sings and weeps—it is impassioned. Now it carries its voice high over the blast of trumpets, now it softly sighs like an Aeolian harp. Bull is a musician who has learned of no master; he is a graduate of no school. There is originality and inspiration and an incredible power in his art." Jules Janin would not say which had the greater power over the public, Paganini or Bull. But he scores heavily the former's avarice and crafty self-advertising.

That Bull was called a "wild man" comes from the fact that at his first appearance in Paris he stumbled over a small stand just as he was going on the stage, and barely managed to maintain his equilibrium by a prodigious jump. This must have appeared most humorous to a public which had so acute a perception of the comical.

On the advice of Rossini, Ole Bull went to London. Here he, indeed, had many machinations to contend with. Bull was engaged by the director of the Italian opera. This was little to the taste of first violinist Mori, who, to vent his spleen, arranged

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the general rehearsal two hours in advance of the time for which Bull had been notified. Naturally, considerable confusion resulted. Bull here showed himself to be exceedingly wise and in the end won the plotter entirely over. The victory that Bull achieved in the capital of England may best be measured by what he demanded (and got) for one single appearance at a "musikfest"—eight hundred pounds, four thousand dollars. Malibran, who was to have colaborated, had died suddenly of a broken blood vessel. To win a victory over a rival, she had reached and held a long trill on high C. The result was amazing, but it was her last trill. Bull had told her previously to beware, but she answered: "The public kills one anyway, either by indifference, or by senseless demands." Bull remained in England two years, gave altogether two hundred and seventy-four concerts, and accumulated an enormous amount of money. The metropolis furnished the advertising—the provinces paid it. So it was that time—everywhere it was the same.

FIRST JOURNEY TO AMERICA—WORK FOR A NATIONAL STAGE.

After a concert tour in Scandinavia, which was everywhere, and especially in Norway, an ovation to their renowned countrymen, Ole Bull took in November, 1843, his first journey to New York. On the 23rd of the same month he gave his first concert there. His renown had preceded him. At that time there were resident in New York two popular French violinists, Vieuxtemps and Artot. It was not long before two parties were formed, one, the French party, favoring the French violinists, while the Americans took the side of Ole Bull. The fight entered into the press. So great was Bull in demand that larger and larger halls had to be hired. He had a great power over the masses, so great than Franz Liszt called him "Paganini's mighty rival."

Bull experienced some remarkable adventures in America, especially in the southern states. Bull had a violin bow in which a fine diamond was set. He had received it from an English lord, with the express stipulation that he should never part with it. This diamond attracted the attention of a fellow traveler. "I must have it," said the man. Bull said that the dia-

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mond was a present from which he could not part by gift or sale. "I'll have it just the same," said the man, drawing a knife. But Ole took the bull by the horns, knocked the man down, got a knee on his chest, and told him that he would let him off this time, but to beware of any further moves of that kind. The man was so impressed by the physical prowess of the artist that he gave him his knife as a keepsake. Another time Bull was traveling on a Mississippi river steamer in company with a number of half-civilized settlers, who determined that Bull should either drink or fight with them. Bull would not drink, but suggested that one of them should try to strike him wherever he could. After a little consultation one of the number, a stout young giant, was selected and approached Bull. In a twinkling the aggressor lay senseless on the deck. This time also Bull received a knife for a memento.

At one time Ole Bull determined to visit the Isle of Cuba, and so sailed for Havana. The ovation which these easily approachable Cubans gave to Bull was very pleasing to him. At the time of his visit a riot broke out among the natives, and attempts were made to poison the Spanish overseers. People were afraid to be out of doors. No one was safe for life or limb. Bull had to employ a small army to protect him, which cost him eight hundred dollars a day, and he was thankful to escape that cheaply. Fortunately he had done well financially in Cuba before the trouble began. He escaped yellow fever and other pestilences, principally on account of his extraordinarily regular habits. On the journey back to America he suddenly broke out with an eruption caused by sleeping in the hot sun. He soon recovered, however, with his usual line of treatment—ice cold baths.

At Washington and New York he bade good bye for this time to the American public. In two years he had given over two hundred concerts, spent fifty thousand hours on trains and boats, and taken in four hundred thousand dollars. Of this amount he had given to charity, ninety-two thousand dollars, and for orchestral and other assistance, sixty-nine thousand dollars.

In Paris the artist again joined his family, and after a season of rest, began a concert tour in southern France. He was greeted as warmly as ever, but did not do as well as usual from

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a financial standpoint. He went to Algiers and returned home through Spain, in which country he was paid much honor as well as money. He appeared at Madrid at a time when the renowned Isabella II. was celebrating her marriage with Franz von Assisi. The powerfully built artist, who was always the idol of the ladies, made an impression also on the young, easily influenced queen. He was invited to the wedding, where he performed on the violin, and he was presented by the queen with a brooch set with one hundred and forty precious stones. It is rumored that the royal bride looked on the renowned and handsome Norwegian with something more than an artistic admiration.

In October, 1848, Bull returned home to Norway, purchased some property near Christianssand, and moved his family thither, it being his purpose to remain in Norway. He often allowed himself to be heard in concerts, everywhere being received with great admiration, and this encouraged him to put into operation a plan which he had long nourished.

Ole Bull, unlike Paganini and Sarasate, was not a violin virtuoso, whose only aim was to accumulate as much money as possible by his art. Had he been such an one he would have left millions, as did they. He was first and foremost a friend to his native land. To make the name of Norway known to the world, to elevate the popular musical taste, to make it influential in an artistic sense, to call forth its slumbering powers so that it might flourish to the glory of the Norwegian nation —*that* he conceived to be his mission. He observed with sorrow that Norway had no national stage and no dramatic literature, and it pained him. He had a strong faith in his people's artistic powers. He cast everything else aside and went into the work, and even if he suffered much contumely, and endured many disappointments, he was nevertheless right in principle. He was a good sower, and much has grown after him. Norway shall be independent of Denmark, not only in politics, but also in art, and Norwegian opera shall be played by Norwegians—that was his watchword. *And he founded the first Norwegian theatre in his native town, Bergen.* Without doubt he laid out great sums of money and suffered much opposition on the part of doubting citizens, but he put his purpose through. After two years' preparation, the first exhibition was given

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January 2nd, 1850. The doubters had to admit that the results exceeded their expectations. It was good talent that inaugurated the Norwegian stage. We will here name only Johannes Brun and Madam Wolf. The writers, Ibsen and Bjornson, worked later as managers in Bull's theatre, and accumulated scenic experience, the fruits of which are now well known to the world. In 1851 Bull sent a petition to the *Storting for an annual appropriation for the national theatre founded by him at so great personal sacrifice. It was voted down by a small majority. "It was a great blow," said he to me twenty-seven years afterwards, "when I learned that the aristocracy in the Storting voted for it and the peasants against it." That great patriot, who loved the national music, and was inspired by it; who scoured the country to find skilled peasant children to dance national dances at his theatre, felt it as a bitter disappointment that the peasants did not understand him.

He was, however, a little encouraged when the young people in the capitol arranged a musical festival for the benefit of the Bergen theatre. But at length the theatre became a rather heavy burden for one man to carry. He had plenty of aggravating experiences,—with the Bergen police for instance. These people demanded free seats, not only for themselves, but for their friends and families, which Bull refused. But when it was threatened that the performances would be forbidden unless the police were given reserved seats, where they could command a view of audience room as well as stage, Bull sent them written invitations and had a section of the hall reserved, but over it he placed a placard on which in large, black letters appeared: "For the police," and beside it hung a† green lantern. The police took the joke to heart, and brought suit against Bull and won it. Bull appealed, and the decision was reversed. But from that time on the police had a grudge against Bull, and annoyed him all they could. They once had a fine imposed on him for smoking a cigar on the German quay. Two years after Bull's return to Norway he turned the theatre business over to other hands, and in the autumn of 1852 left for America, where he remained until 1857. His residence in America this time was fateful for him, because of a scheme

*The Norwegian parliament.

†Police station sign.

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which he entered into, which was, indeed, of a high and philanthropic character, but which had a sad outcome on account of his being entrapped by swindlers.

In the large cities of the East,—Philadelphia, Baltimore and New York,—he gave concerts, with the same royal reception as formerly. Before he started West he purchased 125,000 acres of land in Pennsylvania. At the dedication of this area, which he called Oleana, for colonial purposes, he said: "We must found a New Norway, consecrated to Freedom, baptized in Independence, and protected by the mighty flag of the Union." Norwegians who imigrated to the more southerly sections of the United States described to him the inconveniences which they suffered on account of the unwholesome climate, and this is what moved Bull to found a Norwegian colony farther north. Two hundred dwelling houses were built, also a hotel and a church, and hundreds flocked to Oleana. With life and soul, Bull devoted himself to the work of bringing fortune and prosperity to his countrymen. The great amount of business he had undertaken devoured his fortune, and the receipts from his concerts all went into the building fund. The 6th of February, 1853, he wrote to his brother,* Edward Bull: "There have come such a multitude of applications for farms that I find it necessary to buy 20,000 acres more. I am also negotiating for the purchase of an old abandoned saw mill, with forest, water power, workshops, and dwelling houses, and I have applied to the government for permission to erect a smelter for the manufacture of cannon metal. Day after day I give concerts, and I am so busy that I scarcely have time to swallow my meals. To-day, Sunday, I have a little leisure, but to-morrow I start for Columbus, thence to New Orleans, and from there to California via Nicaragua. I am coming back in April, at all events, to see to my colony."

Bull went to California via Panama. On this journey he was accompanied by the afterwards well-known manager, Moritz Strakosch, and an 8-year-old girl singer, who attracted universal admiration by her precocious musical instinct and her beautiful voice. Every one predicted a great future for the ac-

*Still living in Bergen, 85 years old. His youngest brother, 70 years old, is in the the government service in Christiana. It is his son, Architect Henrik Bull, who has built the new National Theatre.

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complished maid, and the predictions were fulfilled, for she was none else than the afterwards world-renowned Adelina Patti, who thus celebrated her greatest triumphs under the patronage of Ole Bull.

Bull had considerable trouble on this journey. The man who was hired to carry his violin across Panama disappeared, and the violin with him, and Bull started alone in pursuit of the fugitive. His company preceded him to California. Sick and miserable, he at length reached there, but the best of the concert season was past.

In this weakened physical condition he made a frightful discovery: The documents which should have secured him his Pennsylvania property were falsified; he had been sold the property of someone else. In vain had the real owner, a Quaker named Stewardson, tried by letters and messages to advise Bull of the situation, but Bull's business agent had taken good care that Bull should know nothing until it was too late. When, at length, on his arrival in Pennsylvania, the artist found that he was occupying another man's property, it was, indeed, a thunderbolt for him. He immediately bestrode his horse and started for his lawyer in Philadelphia. The latter's position in church and society had been to Bull a sufficient guarantee that all would be right. The lawyer at once assured Bull that everything was all right, and offered him a cup of tea before entering on the discussion of such important matters. Tired and hungry, Bull seated himself to the dinner table, but he had an inexplicable foreboding against partaking of the viands. His mistrust led him to demand that the lawyer should at once go with him to Stawardson, the owner, and explain matters. The lawyer said: "I have your money; now see what you can do."

Many years afterwards the lawyer's sister told Bull that her brother confessed to her on his death-bed that the tea he offered Bull that day was poisoned.

If it is asked how it could be possible that a man so prudent and experienced as Bull could have been so easily tricked by common shysters, the answer is that Bull, like many other great artists, had an aversion for business details. Initiative had he in a marked way, and men of sound judgment who have written about his Oleana affair, Jonas Lie, for example, de-

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clared the plan itself was far from being unsound. It is unfortunate that Bull did not petition the government for legal redress; but this would have taken time, and for an artist such as Bull, would have been an abomination.

The more Bull's sorry business affairs became known in America, the more sympathy became manifest for the great artist. The renowned lawyer Stoughton offered his services in behalf of Bull against the swindlers, and with this distinguished jurists's help, a few thousand dollars were wrested from the scoundrels.

But all these sad doings strongly affected Bull's health. At his last concerts in America, in 1857, he was so feeble that it was necessary to assist him off and on the platform. He had some who were friends indeed, especially his old friend, Mrs. Child, who took him to her country home, where he might find a quiet rest; also Harriett Beecher Stowe and James Gordon Bennett, of the "Herald." While the friends of Vieuxtemps were attacking Bull, both as an artist and a man, Bennett offered the columns of his paper to Bull, but the latter answered: "I think it is best that they write against me, and I play against them,"—the utterance, certainly, of a wise man.

Bull felt that in order to get the rest that he needed he must go home to Norway. So, late in the autumn of 1857 he sailed for Bergen.

When he arrived home he found that unfriendly and slanderous rumors had preceded him, and he observed a certain chilliness amongst his countrymen. He again took up the leadership of the theatre, and appointed Bjornson as artistic director. Bjornson, who had just published "Synove Solbakken" and "Arne," was already an admired and influential man. Bull again experienced disagreements with the directors of the theatre. At one time he became so enraged over their inexcusable stubbornness that patience entirely left him, and in the committee room he made preparations for answering their arguments as he had on one or two occasions answered those of the half-civilized natives in Mississippi. He took off his coat and would have given the honorable directors, or some of them, a sound thrashing, had not Bjornson, who was no weakling, grasped Bull from behind, and held him fast until his anger left him.

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To spend a year in idleness was little to the taste of a man like Bull. His finances dwindled notwithstanding his good income from concerts. In the spring of 1858 he left for Germany via Hamburg. He appeared in Vienna and Pesth, and was received with ovations. In Berlin he again greeted his old friend Bettina von Arnim, best known as one of Beethoven's many "flames." He made the acquaintance of Joachim on this trip. The latter had come from Hanover to study the famous Norwegian's artistic peculiarities. In October Bull was again in Bergen, and at this time he bought from his mother the family summer home at Valestrand, where he erected a mammoth artist home, with concert hall, etc. The succeeding winter he spent in superintending the draining of his large estate.

In the winter of 1860 he appeared in Stockholm, where he gave seventeen concerts with supposed large profits. In 1861 and 1862 he once more made a tour of Great Britain, where he gave sixty concerts, but without financial benefit, because the profits all went into the pockets of his managers. Bull had postponed settlements until the end of the tour; an almost incomprehensible carelessness in a man who had paid so dearly for experience of human frailty.

In 1863 he visited Christiania, where he attempted to found a musical academy. This naturally did not mature; resources and population were too small. Now they are sufficient, but we still have no academy and no opera. Young Norwegians must go abroad for higher musical culture.

From 1863 to 1866 the artist resided in Poland and Russia. He himself describes this time as the most enjoyable of his life,—so much so that he never ventured to repeat it. He sent from St. Petersburg to his home two full-blooded horses, also a valuable 'cello, and an Amati. He earned in those countries several hundred thousand crowns.* This money, it is said half a million ($135,000.00), he "loaned" to a Russian Count. Whether this transaction was a paying one or not is not known. Ole Bull was personally acquainted with most of the leading statesmen of the time, and could acquit himself creditably of opinions on the political questions of the day. From Bergen

*A Norwegian crown is 27 cents.

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he wrote in September, 1866, as follows to his son Alexander, in Paris: "Be careful, Alexander. Political occurrences are following each other rapidly nowadays. France, since the Mexican affair, has in the United States an enemy that must not be underestimated. Frenchmen must also beware of Germany. A war will destroy both her fleet and finances. The times have changed, and Prussia's turn has come to play the *role* of master in Europe. Prussia has a solid foundation, and a full treasury, while in France everything is tottering and can easily lose equilibrium. Frenchmen must also withdraw from Rome. It will go hard with them if they do not prepare for surprises. That great man, Napoleon III., is seriously sick. Frenchmen know it, and are silent, but others are telling it. Be careful. Do not, I beg of you, indulge in political discussion."

Bull, artist, musician, to have so remarkably correct a forecast of French reverses! It shows that a great idealist may also be a rare, far-seeing realist. Many of his wise countrymen looked on Bull as a dreamer. It would have been well if they could have boasted of the same surprising instinct in forecasting political possibilities. Some of the most clever of the Norwegian politicians gloated over the prospect of Germany's being whipped by France, and being repaid for her theft of Jutland from Denmark in 1864. The politicians could not spy out the future as surely as the violinist.

In November, 1867, Bull went to America again, and appeared first in Chicago. In the west his countrymen greeted him with the greatest enthusiasm, processions were formed, and speeches made in his honor. On this trip he did not lack for adventures. In the autumn of 1868 he was traveling down the Ohio river. His steamer collided with another, and a good many were drowned. He describes it himself by saying that some time after midnight he felt a sudden and inexplicable foreboding of danger. He arose, donned his overcoat, and with violin case in hand, quickly went up on deck. The collision occurred almost immediately. The other steamer was laden with oil and took fire. Bull let himself into the water and swam to the steep shore, where he had great difficulty in gaining land, the bank being of mud. After clambering up, he wandered around all night, wet to the skin. Fortunately

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his violin did not suffer, the case being so perfectly made. Notwithstanding his company had lost all their possessions, he was able to appear the second day after at Cincinnati, although in his traveling clothes. Only one date was missed.

Ole Bull's first wife died in 1862. The tidings of her husband's financial misfortune in Oleana had been too much for the frail creature that she was. In 1868 Bull was married to Miss Thorp in Wisconsin. Her father was a very wealthy man and undoubtedly he had much influence in Bull's later affairs.

Bull, in his later years, entered on a new and difficult problem, namely, the building of a piano which, like a violin, would grow better with age. As is known, pianos are best only when new. The principle was to fasten the strings on to an iron frame, which encompassed the sounding board. The first instrument built under his supervision cost him $60,000.00. Bull's experiments have not as yet had any practical result. Whether the reason is that the problem itself is insoluble, or whether piano makers are manufacturers rather than geniuses, or whether people have no interest in making a piano whose tone improves with years, we do not know.

It was indeed touching to see Bull lying on his back under his experimental piano, gazing upward towards the sounding board, as though he would steal from nature the secrets of melody and tone. His scheme awakened the highest interest amongst scientific men. The genial Swede, John Erickson, the inventor of the Monitor, was much interested in Bull's idea, as well as Professor Helmholtz, who wrote in 1881: "I was convinced that he had gotten hold of the mechanical problems of the violin. His personal character made a deep impression on me; he was full of enthusiasm, of clear judgment, and had an interest in all the questions that influenced humanity."

The summer of 1872 Bull spent in Norway, and in the autumn sailed again to America on a long and profitable tour. He spent the year 1874 in the south of France and in Italy, mostly in Firenze, where he kept the public in such a furor that many declared that Paganini had arisen from the dead. The following year, 1875, he remained in Norway, and in the summer he made a trip to the North Cape to see the Midnight

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Sun. He gave concerts everywhere on the way, and was everywhere worshiped as a hero.

In 1876 he celebrated his 66th birthday under most characteristic circumstances. Adolf Ebeling tells in his "Pictures from Carro": "On a beautiful September day in 1875, the king and queen of Norway and Sweden were sitting under a veranda of the royal country residence at Drottningholm. The queen, still weakened from a recent illness, had chosen this place, on account of its quiet and seclusion, as a fitting place to regain her pristine strength. A large park and spacious gardens stretch far on every side and shut out the noisy outer world. From the neighboring heights opened a beautiful view. The Bay of Maaler, full of islands and alive with ships; and on the other side Stockholm with her towers and palaces, the forests of masts in the harbor and the dark green heights in the background.

"A servant announces a visitor, who possibly is expected, for the queen, who up to this time has given no audiences or admitted callers, makes an exception in this case.

"The new-comer is a tall, sleek man of powerful build, advanced in age indeed, as witnessed by his long, almost snow-white hair, although the expression of his sympathetic countenance speaks of youth. Their majesties greet him as an old acquaintance. The king advances to meet him. This man is Ole Bull, the great violinist, who for forty years has belonged to the renowned of his time and has often and rightly been called the 'second Paganini.'

"The elderly but surprisingly strong man was about to start on a trip to Europe and 'beyond,' as he jokingly said, and had come to bid the king and queen farewell.

"During the interview the queen happened to speak of Bull's youthful composition, 'Saeterjenten's Sondag,' the most beautiful of all his melodies. He was just saying that he intended to play this at his next concert, when the king, interrupting him, said: 'I will make you a proposition. You are just starting on a new concert tour—perhaps as far as Egypt. Suppose you play that piece from the top of Cheops Pyramid! Such a thing,' said the king, laughingly, and showing that he knew Bull thoroughly, 'such a thing has never yet been done, and it seems to me it would fascinate such a virtuoso as you.' Ole

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not only agreed, but adopted the suggestion with great gusto. He had already thought of visiting Alexandria and Cairo, and he now determined to carry out that 'genuinely royal thought,' as he put it. The king now went still further and appointed the 5th of February, 1876, the artist's 66th birthday, as the 'pyramid concert day.' Bull agreed, and the visit came to a close with the best wishes of the royal pair.

"Bull soon started on his journey and played in Copenhagen, Berlin, Stettin, Hamburg, Lubeck, and Bremen, cities where forty years before he had celebrated his first great victories. The times had changed. The classical school had made way for the romantic, and the press criticised the northern Paganini even more severely than in the old days. But the masses he had with him as of yore. Of the concert in Hamburg we shall have more to tell later. In the latter part of January Bull sailed from Brindisi for Egypt. In the company were director Hermann as manager, and pianist Emil Bach of Berlin. The journey was a happy one. On the morning of February 5th Bull stepped ashore at Alexandria.

"In order to hold his promise to King Oscar, Bull had no time to waste. The same evening he and his comrades had covered the six hours' railway journey to Cairo, where the Norwegian consul, forewarned by telegram, met the party and conducted them to his residence. Early the next morning, the 5th of February, carriages were brought to the consul's door. The consul had hurriedly sent invitations to a few friends, and at ten o'clock the party reached the pyramids, the goal of Ole Bull's long journey. The company divided itself into two parties: those who could climb and those who were afraid to. The last, who were in the minority, were composed of elderly dames and corpulent gentlemen. The oldest in the party was Ole Bull himself. He would not accept help of the Bedouins, but rapidly climbed the meter-high steps ahead of the rest of the party. He, who from childhood had roamed the fields and climbed the mountains of Norway, blushed at the suggestion of assistance in 'negotiating' the pyramids. The most important problem to him was his violin. He selected two of the strongest Bedouins and had them go before him, bearing their costly burden. After a quarter of an hour's climb, Bull, first of the party, stood on the historic height and greeted the Norwegian

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flag which the consul had raised in honor of the artist. Gradually the rest of the company came up. From all sides were seen Bedouins clambering toward the top. A report had been set afloat that a king had sent a necromancer to the top of Cheops to work a miracle. If it had been generally known in Cairo, probably all the tourist crowd would have been there for the sake of the notoriety they would have thus acquired.

"Bull took up his violin and sounded a couple of notes to see if it had come up without injury. Then he drew himself to his full height and looked around him for a few moments, enjoying the wonderful, indescribable view.

"To the right, the Nile, with its unending green fields as far as the eye could reach, the majestic stream, the waves gleaming like fluid silver. To the left, the likewise endless and unsearchable golden desert, bounded by the silently uplifted Lybian mountains, and at their foot the city of the Khalifa with its minirets, cupolas, and palm gardens, all bathed in the velvet sunshine. When he suddenly began to play it was as a shout of thanks to the fate that had brought him to this height and to this wonderful picture.

"He turned to the North, the heaven of his earth, and began. That music cannot be described. In the clear, still air of that lofty spot, the highest of all the works of human hand, the tones of the violin sounded so soft and soothing, and then so powerful and penetrating, that one felt himself moved by a magic power and touched in his innermost soul. Now the soft voice of maiden song longing for her home hearth—now the triumphant hero, singing in pride of fatherland. As Uhland makes Strassberg's Munster tower tremble when the Goethe scratches his name thereon, so here also, to use a like figure, the six-thousand-year-old royal grave in the bowels of the pyramid must have echoed these master tones. And that nothing should be wanting to the poetry of this hour, two powerful pelicans rose from the Nile, and, their wings gleaming like silver sheen, soared majestically away toward the North, as if to carry the tidings of the happy fulfillment of the expedition. The Bedouins, these children of nature, who, during the playing, had lain half hidden in a corner, apparently as unmovable as the stones themselves, sprang up, when the artist had

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finished, and again and again cried: 'Allah! Allah!'—the highest expression of their admiration.

"On their arrival at Cairo, Bull sent the following telegram to the king: 'Obedient to my promise given at Drottningholm, I played to-day, my 66th birthday, 'Saeterjenten's Sondag' on the top of Cheops pyramid, to the honor of Norway and her beloved king.'

"The next forenoon came the royal answer: 'I thank you heartily for your telegram, and, with the queen, rejoice in all your successes.'

"The artist's odd pyramid tour was naturally soon known in Cairo and the Khedive gave him an audience and complimented him on his enterprise and youthful vigor. Bull gave a concert in the opera house, and had a rich harvest of bouquets, wreaths, laurels, and applause, particularly after the 'Carnival of Venice,' where he displayed his virtuosity to the greatest advantage. But 'Saeterjenten's Sondag' he played no more.

"Those who had the good fortune to hear the artist in the salon at the consul's beautiful villa on those soft moonlight evenings at Cairo, and especially to come in touch with that lovable personality, will hold the great Norwegian in the more tender and lasting remembrance, because such opportunities and such meetings are seldom."

In the fifty years of Bull's public life it often happened that he had to play to empty seats. This happened to Franz Liszt, and even to Adelina Patti, when she appeared in New York without a manager. When it happened that Bull went before a half-filled house he was in a frightful humor and could not play. This occurred in Stavanger in 1878, where the violinist Kortoe said it was positively painful to hear him. But this did not hinder him from playing like an angel in Bergen's cathedral a fortnight later, much to the surprise of Kortoe. It was the occasion of *Johannes Haarklau's first concert, under the patronage of the great master.

I have at hand an article in which the writer, drawing his conclusion from a few poorly attended concerts in America, believes that Ole Bull's successes outside of his native land

*The author of this paper.

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were not so great as many think. We can enlighten the writer by giving a description of Bull's appearance in Hamburg in 1875. I had just come from Leipsic, fresh from the conservatory, and one day I read in a Hamburg paper in largest type that Ole Bull would give a concert in Covent Garden, then the largest concert hall in Hamburg, with a seating capacity of three thousand. I hastened to the ticket seller, and obtained an unnumbered ticket for the top gallery. I have never seen such nervousness in a public gathering.

The introductory number,—one of Beethoven's overtures,—would scarcely be tolerated: The audience wanted "der Meister"; and when the dignified "Jupiter-form" showed himself on the stage, there was an ear-splitting bedlam of applause. It had been forty years since Bull had appeared in Hamburg, and many old people were moved to tears at the realization of another sight of him. My seat-mate happened to be an old violinist, and when Bull, in his A-major concerto, made a run of 110 staccato notes in one downward stroke of the bow, he cried: "Donner und Wetter! Donner und Wetter! Neither Joachim or Wilhelmj can do that after him."

Another one of his "specialties" was executed that evening. Entirely alone he played a four-voice fragment of "Don Juan," not in broken arpeggios, but all four parts synchronously—for this purpose he used the violin with a flat bridge—and this also awakened the surprise of my neighbor. There was no mistake. We had here a wizard who took the masses captive by his magic, nor released them from the spell until the last note died away. The people of Hamburg maintained that they must go back to the days of Paganini and Franz Liszt in order to remember a triumph such as Bull received that evening. But in Sarah Bull's "Life of Ole Bull," this concert is barely mentioned, showing that such successes were quite everyday affairs in Bull's long artist life.

I had come to the concert with a prejudice against Bull's art, from having read some narrow-minded, deprecatory correspondence regarding him in "Musikal Wochenblatt," but I went away proud that I was his countryman. Ole Bull once said: "Nowhere have I been so narrowly criticised as in Germany, and nowhere have I had so great successes." It was only critics of an indifferent class who charged him with lack

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of schooling and with mishandling the classics,—which in a certain sense was true,—but the great artists, such as Liszt, and Joachim, and the great general public thoroughly appreciated his genius.

In the following years of Bull's life he spent the winters in America and the summers in Norway, out at his beautiful home, Lysden. To visit him there was a genuine feast. He was very proud of his spacious lands, and was never tired of conducting visitors around to all the points of interest, and in explaining the drainage system he had established. A beautiful Sunday in August, 1878, is especially noteworthy.

There had arrived from Bergen a party, of which I remember particularly John Lund, consul Kohman, Rabe, the music dealer, Alexander Bull, Wollert Konow, Fredrik Konow, and others. We were to take a long yachting trip out to sea. The younger members of the party,—and Ole Bull must be included in this,—could not withstand the temptation to take a bath in the salt Atlantic, and it was, indeed, a sight for the Gods to see that sixty-eight-year-old man spring like a boy into the sea. It called forth an involuntary "hurrah" from the audience.

On the return journey Bull said he would take us home by a short route. We were all starving hungry. But—whether he made an error in reckoning, or whether he designed a little joke on the company—when we turned around an island, there was the ocean again, we having supposed we were nearly home. Some of the elderly gentlemen, whose appetites were as impatient as a boy's, were vexed, thinking that Bull was making sport of them.

The last time I saw Bull was on May 17th, 1879, at the market place in Bergen. He had just returned from America, much to our delight, for a 17th of May* celebration without Bull was like bread without leaven. He was in a high sense an actor. It was indeed delightful to see him in the midst of the multitude, shaking hands, apparently so interested in each one, but in truth preoccupied, for he was the central point toward which all centered their gaze, and not the least was he the center of admiration on the part of the ladies in the surrounding windows.

*The 17th of May is the Norwegian Independence Day, corresponding to our 4th of July.

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In the autumn of the same year he went on his last American tour, and as late as April, 1880, he gave concerts in many of the northern cities with the singer, Emma Thursby.

In the latter part of July he started on his journey home. The strength of this former giant was now broken. He, who had never been sea sick, no longer tolerated the unquiet sea. Some tried to persuade him to rest in England until his strength was recuperated, but he suspected, and truly, that the end was near, and he wanted to go on to Lysoen, the home so dear to him. He came home, but dying. He had to be carried up to his lovely villa. To the melody of Mozart's *Requiem*, he breathed his last. The long, rich artist's journey was finished.

All Norway wept for her famous son's departure. His obsequies became a feast of sorrow such as has never seen its comparison in Bergen.

A monument to Ole Bull has long ago been erected in America. How long must Norway wait for hers?

[NOTE BY TRANSLATOR: Johannes Haarklau is a man past fifty years of age, and is one of the present day musicians in Norway. He is organist in Gamle-Akers church in Christiania, and a teacher in the conservatory. He is a composer of more than national reputation, and is a musical writer and critic of authority. His special field as a teacher is in Counterpoint. He enjoys an extensive acquaintance with the artists and teachers of Europe, and the translator is glad to have this humble part in introducing him to American readers.]

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VOCAL STUDY WITH M. DUVERNOY.

BY FLORENCE DINGLEY.

This summer, at one of the loveliest resorts in all France, I had the pleasure of continuing my voice study, begun at Paris during the winter, under Mr. Edward Duvernoy, of the Paris Conservatory. It was at Entretat.

It is a gem of a place, and we pupils had all the fun that country and sea afford. There were five of us and only two of the same nationality. There was Miss Thaulan, daughter of the famous Norwegian painter, a very talented young lady; Madame Ingmann, a charming singer from Finland, a most delightful classic song-singer; a Miss Newman from California, who has sung two seasons in Germany and whose voice is of rare beauty; a Miss Aline May, who made a very successful London debut in concert last season; and myself. At ten in the morning after my arrival I cannot say that I was favorably impressed with the musical atmosphere into which I had come. The light soprano was "getting in voice"; the mezzo was (excuse the expression, but I have suffered) banging away at her medium; and the gymnastic apparatus was in thumping order. Sounds came up from Miss May's apartment, which was under ours, and my only recourse was to put on my hat and go over to the "Bon Marche," where they rent out everything from pianos to bathing suits, and take my revenge on the customers of the place. I saw the smile of Madame Morain, the owner of the establishment, grow more and more vague as the season advanced and customers grew less; but I said not a word, knowing all too well that I was the cause of her misfortune.

But my letter was to be of Mr. Duvernoy and not of myself. This summer, after having spent twenty summers or more at Entretat, Mr. Duvernoy has bought a very pleasant villa, and it was there that those of his pupils who came enjoyed his instruction. So many years has Mr. Duvernoy passed here that he knows all the fisher-folk and likes to talk with them about the weather and their "catch." There are a certain few

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persons who call him the "King of Entretat," and no king, it is certain, was ever more beloved.

My teacher is the brother of Alphonse Duvernoy, the composer, also of the Paris Conservatory. The family has been noted in a musical way for generations. Besides his voice teaching at the Conservatory, Mr. Edward Duvernoy has his own school, and it is there that three times a week, from three till six, a dozen young ladies go with fear and trembling to their lessons. Mr. Duvernoy is a great believer in class lessons, reserving only a few hours for his artist pupils for private work. The school is distinctly an opera school. We have the scenery and stage and our lessons in lyric declamation are conducted by Mr. l'Herie, an artist of great merit, who has been well known on the operatic stage. A very funny story was told me not long ago in regard to him when he made his debut. It was in a comic opera where there was a good deal of spoken dialect. Mr. l'Herie had for his first remark a sentence he had great difficulty in remembering. He came in on the arm of a fellow-actor, who was in the play his friend; and nervous, frightened and dazed by the glare of the footlights, saw nothing, heard nothing, and remembered nothing. So finally putting his arm on the shoulder of his fellow-actor, he said: *"Mon ami; je crois que nous sommes de trop ici,"* and led him off the stage. The audience was in roars of laughter and Mr. l'Herie declares he never had so big a success when he remembered his *role*. But to return to Mr. Duvernoy. In his class he is always good-natured, patient and painstaking with those who are serious workers, and a word of encouragement is never lacking when it is merited; whereas no one could be more kindly severe.

One of Mr. Duvernoy's voice hobbies is absolute tranquility when singing. Any movement of jaw or tongue in vocalizing is never permitted. Although most of Mr. Duvernoy's pupils are destined for opera, for the concert singers he advises the *"mise en scene,"* as he believes it gives the pupil a repose and confidence on the stage that he would not otherwise have.

As an opera singer Mr. Duvernoy is well known, having sung at the Opera Comique at Paris several years.

At Entretat I met Madame Duvernoy as well, and found her charming. She is most unaffected and sincere in manner and

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most kind to young singers. She was an opera singer herself, singing also at the Opera Comique in Paris.

Among the artists Mr. Duvernoy counts as pupils are Madame Acte, Monsieur Affre of the Paris Opera, Mlle. Riston of the Opera Comique, Salignac, the tenor, who has so many American friends, Clara Butt, Madame Mantelli, etc.

I remember of Mr. Duvernoy's telling us one day at the class of one of his now famous men singers when he came to the conservatory to study. He was, said Mr. Duvernoy, pale and thin, and as his voice didn't improve very fast and had a "hungry" quality to it. I decided he needed more to eat. I hunted him up in his lodgings and found he was living on beans boiled on a little oil stove in his room. Needless to say, I found a "happy fairy" in the shape of a rich friend who gave him 500 francs a month, which enabled him to eat well and become the famous artist that he is to-day.

In the case of another artist who had nothing and had had no advantages, he found means to have him taught mathematics and history and reading and writing, so that he is now an intelligent business man as well as an artist. This personal interest Mr. Duvernoy takes in his pupils and the good heart displayed in all his actions deserves the reward that he has received in being acknowledged one of the finest voice placers and teachers in all Europe. As a mark of the government's appreciation of Mr. Duvernoy's work, he was decorated last year with the order of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

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I have had occasion lately to study some compositions by Richard Strauss—some songs and pieces for piano, and I am glad to mention the matter when the impression is still fresh. It is of course discreditable that a teacher of piano should have ignored these pieces when they first appeared three years ago or more. Just now it is a question of his *Stimmungsbilder* (Mood-pictures) opus 9. There are four of these pieces, the whole making twenty pages, the difficulty never rising above that of the eighth grade, and generally remaining much below. They are therefore pieces which thousands of students could work at and achieve, and thereby come into possession of four tone-poems by the foremost living composer—for that is precisely what Mr. Richard Strauss must be.

The first is called "In a Quiet Forest Path." It is in the key of F major, and it opens with a melody lying upon a syncopated accompaniment, quite after the manner of Mendelssohn and Schumann. But not for long. In the fourth measure a modulation happens which would not have occurred fifty years earlier. The mood is extremely well painted, and the piece is charming and not difficult. The second theme, which begins in the thirty-second measure, relieves what would otherwise become monotonous, and from that point through the two themes work more or less together. It is a piece which any lover of Schumann might play with pleasure.

In the second piece of the set, he represents the quiet and meditative feeling of one who sits or lies beside one of those quiet springs in the midst of the forest where waters without rippling or murmur well up—with no apparent regard for utility or play. An unseen source supplies the fountain and softly the water steals away. Strauss treats this rather familiar episode of composers in a novel manner, more intent upon the quietness of the mood than upon the rippling and purling of

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the water. I can imagine that he would orchestrate this into a delightful little bit if he chose to do so. The troublesome feature for the player consists in the accompaniment omitting the first note of the fast triplet. When there chances to be a melody note or a bass to establish the place of this missling ingredient of the rhythm it is easy enough; otherwise a novelty in piano writing not to be realized without care. The lovely melody of this piece is treated with a good deal of warmth later, and as usual with Strauss all sorts of keys come in. Still the modulations are made with discretion and insight and nothing sounds at all far fetched.

The third piece is called "Intermezzo" and in effect it is a *scherzo*. It begins with a very characteristic and persistent rhythm (first four measures) out of which Strauss creates many pleasing illusions. The middle part is faster and more elusive and troublesome. Later the first subject returns. The whole would be a charming piece for exhibition use or for the playing of any pianist who should happen to care for music.

Particularly charming is the fourth piece, called "Dreams," which is short and developed to the extent of two pages only. Everything grows out of the first four measures—which in fact *are* the piece. There is a second idea, however, a triplet figure, which assists. The whole is delightful and not beyond advanced fourth grade in technical difficulty.

"A Heather-Picture" perhaps represents the strolling minstrel lying by the road side or in the heather. Notes of a song now and then are heard. The drone of the instrument furnishes the bass.

In these works as a whole, the quality which pleases me most is precisely the one which I did not expect to find—namely the musical coherence. While they are improvisational and moody, as befitted the intention, they are nevertheless, logically built, and show first-class powers of musical fantasy. Also they suit the piano. Mr. Strauss may not be a pianist, but he has not found it beneath him to understand the manner of making it speak in the accents of music.

* * *

In the death of Frederic Archer Pittsburg loses an organist for Carnegie Hall, who was adapted to his position probably

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better than any successor who can be found. Frederic Archer was born in Oxford, England, in 1838. His father was an organist and the boy learned the instrument from earliest childhood. He developed remarkable technique and studied in Leipsic, after which he took a distinguished rank in England. He produced a number of arrangements for organ which display fine technique, superior registration and good sense. When he came to this country he went as organist to Plymouth church in Brooklyn; afterwards to the Church of the Incarnation. He came to Chicago later, Milwaukee, where he directed the Arion Society for one or two years, and then was called to Pittsburg as conductor of the symphony concerts the choral society and organist for the organ. As conductor of the orchestra he could not succeed; no Englishman can in America. One has to be able to swear in German and to conceal the fact of his knowing the English language. Otherwise it is impossible to get an attack, a pianissimo or any kind of fine work. This is the narrowness of the German mind—particularly of the German musician mind—if the term may be permitted.

During the last few years Mr. Archer has held his position as organist at the Carnegie music hall in Pittsburg, where he gave two free organ recitals a week. His playing in some respects showed a falling off, particularly in the line of German organ sonatas and organ extravaganzas. Nevertheless, he always had technique enough for playing a good Bach fugue well, and his registration was interesting and effective—in short, that of the best of the English school, which in this part of organ playing is the best in the world. He was an educator. While a part of every program consisted of serious works he also loved to illustrate the powers of the organ in playing reminiscences from other parts of the musical heritage. Orchestral overtures, fragments of symphonies, and the like he arranged from pianoforte copies as he went along. Hence his concerts were very attractive to hearers who desired to be pleased rather than educated all at once. The recitals were largely attended, and it is very doubtful whether a successor can be found who can keep this part of the work up to his standard.

Mr. Archer was a very competent and interesting writer upon music. Being by nature a man not given to unnecessary work, he rarely wrote unless he had an immediate demand or

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had to fill copy in his own paper, where it was cheaper to write copy than to pay for it from other sources. He founded the *Keynote* and edited it for some years. Had he the good fortune to have been placed in an editorial chair, with a competent business office behind him, and no obligations to promote revenue by commercializing criticism, Mr. Archer had qualifications which would have made him a great power in American music. Unfortunately he never realized an opportunity of this kind; and I fancy that when he found out how impossible it was in New York to issue a musical periodical living upon advertising, and still be true to art, his heart sickened and he left the field.

Despite the few years during which Mr. Archer lived in America (he came here in 1881) he was undoubtedly the best known organist in America saving only Mr. Clarence Eddy. Everywhere his playing was highly esteemed. He was a very competent all-around musician, but his specific place was that of an organist, in which capacity he will long be missed, nor will his place be easily filled. It takes a great deal to fill Frederic Archer's place.

* * *

The Chicago symphony concerts opened October 16th with the following program:

March in E flat, Op. 40 (Thomas).....Schubert
Overture, "Oberon" .....Weber
2d Symphony .....Beethoven
"Macbeth," .....Richard Strauss
Fragments from "Rheingold" (Thomas).....Wagner

The orchestra played very well, indeed, for opening. The Schubert Marche is rather thin. The symphony was played delightfully. The first and second movements are admirable. All sonata finales are worth less than the time they occupy, saving only a few which still adhere to the sonata form. The Strauss "Macbeth" is one of his earlier works and as he has up to this time neglected to inform a waiting world what it all means, no fellow has been able to find out. It is a noisy and hardworking work, with a "Flying Dutchmann" note to it in the beginning. Possiby the meeting of the witches is mentioned in it, and so on. Everybody owned up to finding it unintelligible after one hearing. Perhaps after all this is the very point of the joke.

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It may be unintelligible because it means nothing. The closing piece consisted of what used to be called a "potpourri" from Wagner's "Rheingold," having for object to familiarize the public with the music of the Wagnerian dramas. I neglected to follow this music with the opera, and as the "Rheingold" is very seldom given, I do not know it well enough to judge how successful Mr. Thomas has been in giving the most important parts of the music. I can say, however, that the program notes were so insufficient on this part of the program as to leave the selection without value. All the principal motives and beginnings of parts, as Mr. Thomas has it in his arrangement, ought to have been illustrated in the program notes with musical citations and a brief indication of the progress of the story. With this assistance the questionable proceeding of playing operatic reminiscences of this sort would at least be educational; without it, not.

It is the fashion in the inner musical circles to pretend to understand all this kind of thing as matter of common knowledge; but as matter of fact it is often a bluff. People have not been able to hear these things often enough, and it is doubtful whether any one of the officers or trustees of the Chicago orchestral association could identify the opera from the Ring a given selection belonged to, except in the familiar selections, such as the magic fire scene, the ride of the valkyries, the *Waldweben,* etc.

The second concert had a real novelty in the form of a second symphony by Weingartner. The program was this:

Overture, "King Lear".....Berlioz
Symphony No. 2 (new).....Weingartner
Vorspiel, "Meistersinger" .....Wagner
Bourree, Gavotte and Rejouissance, 4th suite.....Bach
Symphonic Poem, "Le Chasseur Maudit,".....Caesar Franck

I did not hear the Berlioz overture. The Weingarten symphony follows a program, which the composer kindly furnished for this occasion. It runs as follows:

Introduction and First Movement.—Dawning, conflicting emotions of the youthful soul; appearance of an ideal, which is diligently pursued in devious ways.

Second Movement.—Unbounded enjoyment of life—in Nature—amongst people—playing with the images of phantasy—humor.

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Third Movement.—Entrance of the beautiful into the life of the youth, and a complete, enthusiastic surrender thereto.

Fourth Movement.—A more mature advance upon the path taken; new experiences, backward glances over the past, joyful confidence of attaining the ideal. The beautiful triumphs over all other desires and becomes the guiding star of life. (Observe the employment of the theme of the *Adagio* in the Finale.)

It is easy to see that this kind of program avoids many difficulties for the composer. For instance. The introduction was vague. Well, why not? What does the program say? Is it not: "Dawning, conflicting emotions?" It has a few Beethoven reminiscences. Well, why not? Are not these suitable to youth, who is full of his reverence for great masters? The second movement, the main allegro, lacks depth. The *World-Schmerz* (an incurable pain, peculiar to the German and to music) is not mentioned in it. All our later tendency towards ever more and ever more doubling over banisters with this miserable world-infliction, fails here to come to expression. Is it possible without it to have symphony? Let us look again at our program: "Unbounded enjoyment of life—in Nature—playing with the images of fantasy—humor. "In short this venturesome Weingartner has ignored the orchestral-*schmerz*, which no doubt has doubled him up as conductor so many and so many times, and here permits himself to write music which is simply music—or, if you must account for it, let us just say that it is having a good time. Even the first movement is allowed to pass without a mission. Look at its program, beginning with the Allegro proper: "Appearance of an ideal, which is diligently purused in devious way." This translated means that eventually, after groping through the introduction, a leading theme turns up and it is afterwards treated in devious ways—to-wit., the sonata form. And well treated, too, industriously treated, simultaneously treated in all its parts at the same time. The idea has a massage, a course of exercise, a bath and a course of alterative medicine all at one and the same time. In short, the ways are not only devious, but also complicated to a degree. It is a good movement, and I would like to hear it again.

The second movement expresses the enjoyment in life—in short, the Scherzo. Third movement, the beautiful, *i. e.*, a lyric theme, enters into the case, and upon it he develops a slow

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movement closely allied to the classical slow movement as illustrated in the works of Beethoven. And so the symphony goes on to a finish. In the last movement the composer does not forget to bring back all his previous ideals, just as they still glow in the mind of the man.

And the best of a program of this kind is that the music will sound just as well without it.

The other novelty of the concert was the fragment from Bach's fourth orchestral suite. I would have been glad to have heard the missing parts of it, and for that purpose would gladly have spared the *Chasseur Maudit* of the late Mr. Franck. Bach's music proved delightfully fresh and charming; and if he instrumented it as it was played he had a great deal more of the modern art of music than he is commonly credited with. I strongly suspect that a certain amount of addition was made, but I hope not. As for the Franck poem, it is a bad copy of Saint-Saens' "Phaeton" and not worth playing.

The audiences were fairly large in size and appreciative.

* * *

A Russian composer who is destined, apparently, to be much better known in America is Glazounov, the young Russian. He was born in 1865, and is therefore about thirty-six years of age. His opus numbers have reached to somewhere past seventy. I have a list of the first fifty-five and it makes interesting reading. Out of the fifty-five numbers no less than thirty-three are for orchestra, and most of them for full orchestra. And what a variety of topics they cover! For instance, there are five complete symphonies within this part of his work; and of symphonic poems, fantasies, pictures for orchestra and other serious matters, some six or eight more. Then what beautiful dances. For instance, there is that exquisite first concert waltz for orchestra, one of the most graceful, poetic and bewitching dance numbers known to modern art. This has been played by Mr. Thomas repeatedly. In looking over the list of Glazounov works I found an opus 41, concert waltz for pianoforte. "Aha!" I said, "this is the first form of the concert waltz, and finding it much better than he feared, he rewrote it for orchestra." Was this true? Not at all. I have the opus 41, and a charming waltz it is, too; but it is not at all the same as the first concert

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waltz for orchestra. The latter, by the way, is beautifully transcribed for concert pianists by Felix Bluemenfeld, of St. Petersburg. It is tremendously difficult, but a most charming piece, full of detail, rhythmic life and lovely melody.

In the earlier concerts of the present year Mr. Thomas will play the set called: "Ruses d'Amour," a ballet in one act. The pianoforte arrangement by A. Winkler is published in five movements. The opening is curious. A Horn motive of four measures, quick 4-4 time, is heard and this forms the substance of the next three pages, being treated in all sorts of imitations and queer and mirthful applications of science, and at the end the trombones give it out in great shape. The curious thing about all these dance movements of Glazounov is their lightness and grace. In this respect he is to be placed far above any writer since Schubert, and of course, as a young Russian and a gifted pupil of Rimsky-Korsakov, Glazounov far surpasses Schubert in structural capacity. For example, here in this first part of the *Ruses d'Amour* there is a gavotte, which, according to the stage directions, is danced by the young Dutchess Isabelle with a young count, accompanied by lutes and musettes, played by the nobility. The gavotte is in D minor with a very satisfying rhythm and that curious grace and ease of movement, which are the exclusive property of genius. Equally graceful in its way is the Sarabande which follows the gavotte. Later on there is a movement called "Ballabile des Paysans et des Paysannes," which is very amusing and spontaneous.

It happened to me some time ago after going through a lot of new music by very excellent writers, such as Wilhelm Berger, Balakirev and others, to come across Glazounov's opus 49, a set of three pieces for piano. At the end a gavotte in D major and a beauty it is. It was like a beam of sunlight in a cloudy day. All of his music seems to be conceived for orchestra, as it is full of suggestions of polyphony. This adds to the difficulty of playing it, but enhances the charm and the distinction.

Fancy what a talent this young man must have had! Within a year after he had, by the advice of Rimsky-Korsakov and Balakirev, entered the conservatory and resolved to give himself up to music (he was a pupil in the Polytechnic school) he composed a symphony which after being played with distinc-

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tion at St. Petersburg was produced at Weimar under the auspices of Liszt. This was in 1884—only two years before the death of Liszt. A composer who is content to write simply music and who does it with such ease and spontaneity as this master, may be expected to make a world-mark some day. He is the one genius of the Russian school, since Tschaikowsky, whose music makes way upon its own charm and without the slightest need of pushing. We need to know him better.

According to Dr. Baker's dictionary, the name of Glazounov is pronounced gla-tsoo-nov, with accent upon the second syllable. I follow Dr. Baker and others in spelling these Russian names with a final "v" in place of the "w" or "ff." All the names sound the last syllable like "ov," "ev," etc. The Russian letter corresponds to our "w" but it is never pronounced in that way, but more like "v." Therefore Balakirev (accent upon the third syllable) Tschaikovsky, Godovsky, and the like. It is the same Paderewski, which is pronounced "evsky." It is a nice point, with the Russian pronunciation sounding just a trifle sharper than our "v," yet not so sharp as our "f."

* * *

And speaking of Godowsky, I see that he has played two very excellent piano recitals in Berlin in October, and they were attended by very fine audiences. The marvel of his playing still continues and while no pianist can expect to make an European success without opposition, Godowsky holds such a strong hand that he is bound eventually, if he keeps his health, to tire out his opponents. He has been learning a lot of new additions to his repertory, but the list has not reached this office. He will not be in America this season nor probably next.

* * *

I doubt whether Oberlin has ever lost during her educational existence an officer and educator who will be more missed than the late head of the Conservatory of Music, Dr. Fenelon B. Rice; nor has any Oberlin educator left behind him a more significant monument to the solidity and wisdom of his life work than Professor Rice leaves in the great and sound school of music, which he has practically created.

It was no doubt a fortunate conjunction of the man and the opportunity. Oberlin College in its early days had no use for

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music except as an adjunct to religious service, and then only the most elementary applications of it. Merely the simultaneous utterance of song and the organ for covering up undesirable noises incident to opening and closing service and passing the contribution box.

According to my recollection, Dr. Rice was not concerned in the beginning of Oberlin school of music. I believe it was begun by Mr. Geo. W. Steele, afterwards, and perhaps now, of Hartford, Conn. Mr. Steele began the school of music, but for some reason decided to leave the field after two years. It was then, I think, that young Mr. Fenelon B. Rice, who was teaching music at Hillsdale College, in Michigan, was appointed to the directorship of music, and, I think, given a year leave of absence, which he spent mostly in Leipsic in study.

I do not suppose that Professor Rice at that time had any musical qualifications above those of hundreds of sincere young teachers of music nowadays; only such qualifications were rarer then. Neither then nor later was he specifically a great musician, speaking from a technical standpoint. He was a good organist, a rather inspiring leader of a choir, a good teacher of musical theory, and probably a fair teacher of piano. In the beginning he had to do all these things; later he left them off, one by one, as the younger teachers whom he had educated became able to do them better.

What he must have had in the beginning, and what he had more and more as years went on, was a general idea of everything which needed to enter into the advantages necessary for a first-class school of music. This idea he took care to augment by subsequent visits to Europe and examinations of conservatories there. At first the Leipsic idea ruled everything; even now, of the twenty-five teachers in the Oberlin school, sixteen have studied abroad and most at Leipsic, nearly all having first graduated from Oberlin.

Professor Rice had one qualification, without which his work would have been impossible. He was a religious man, and as such was able to appreciate the sincerity of the musical ignorance which Oberlin naturally had, as the most elemental expression of New England Congregationalism. He himself at first, no doubt, had moments when he considered that a life spent in teaching music, except as limited largely to religious

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uses, would be in great degree wasted. Later on, I think, he gained the breadth of Peter's vision, and saw that in art there is "nothing which is common or unclean," excepting uncleanness of intention.

In building up the school of music, Dr. Rice educated the college itself. More than that; he created a great art center in the little provincial town of Oberlin. Beginning with piano recitals, in which line an educator gets more for his money than in any other art-privilege he can buy, he rose to song-recitals by the greatest singers, and complete orchestral performances by the best orchestras in the world—those of Boston and Chicago.

In the beginning the school of music was a private institution. Most likely the college exacted a percentage of the profits, perhaps of the gross income. And as there was nobody to furnish funds, Dr. Rice began to furnish them himself, buying pianos for practice, now and then a small house, and so on, until after some years he had developed a great and successful business—probably the largest in Oberlin, saving the greater one of the College itself. It was through his efforts that the commodious Warner Hall was built, the money coming from a wealthy lover of Oberlin—whose mind probably had been educated by many influences, the genial head of the music department among them.

Dr. Rice made his first impression upon the college by means of his great chorus choir of the first church; afterwards he went to the second church, and some one else conducted the choir at the first church. In this choir of about one hundred and fifty he had practically a choral society, and soon one in fact of the two choirs. Then he began to do the great oratorios, at first with organ accompaniment; later with a few instruments, still later with full orchestra and artists for the solos. Thus great opportunities began to exist in Oberlin for hearing music.

The Leipsic standard, as set by Mendelssohn, has always been the idea at Oberlin. Every student in order to graduate must learn at least two instruments, of which one must be the piano; and must undergo a thorough course in theory and practical composition. They have followed this work so pro-

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ductively at Oberlin that, if my impression is right, they have turned out there more good composers than any other American school, excepting possibly Harvard College.

When the college authorities decided that it was time to take the music school into the college proper, it was not quite a promotion for Dr. Rice; his salary as "full professor" while equal to those of other members of the faculty, was about half what he had been earning for himself. I suppose he consented to the new arrangement for the sake of the "cause"—that shibboleth which covers so many sins in puritanism. Moreover, it tended to ensure the perpetuity of the music school after he was gone.

As a corollary to the effort to impress the college authorities with the importance of musical art in the world, Dr. Rice has always been a sincere and productive advocate of thorough education for music teachers. Of the twenty-five or more teachers in the Oberlin conservatory, five are A. M. and one A. B. Sixteen graduated at Oberlin conservatory. Eighteen have studied abroad, five or six of them in at least two cities each—such as Leipsic and Berlin, Berlin and Florence, Berlin and Munich, etc. I doubt whether the literary faculty of Oberlin will show as large a percentage of instructors who have made supplementary studies in European universities. The value of this addition to American education does not lie altogether in the correction of that training, but in the broadening influence of travel and experience.

During the years when the National Association of Music Teachers seemed to have vitality, Dr. Rice was a prominent member, always a sound advisor and twice president. I do not think I have ever met an educator who exercised so wide an influence for which it was difficult to account. Dr. Rice, so far as I know, never wrote for publication; never lectured, or but rarely, and was in no way aggressive. Yet there was something in his course at Oberlin which indicated an underlying force of character and a sincerity of purpose which everybody felt.

From whatever standpoint the life and work of Dr. Rice are examined, they stand out in strong light, as the expression of a broad, intelligent and God-fearing man and educator. There are few living in the world able to leave behind them a monu-

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ment of such worth and public beneficence for the future of the art they love so well as Dr. Rice leaves in the Oberlin Conservatory of Music. And the best is that it is now so well established and so completely organized and so well understood by the college authorities that its work can be maintained in full efficiency by officials who by their own powers could not have called it into being and developed it to its present strength.

This tribute to a strong and clear-headed man would be incomplete did it not omit certain personal references. It happened to the present writer three times in his life to find himself with an idea in which he believed, but in which publishers had no faith. The first was in 1880, when it was question of the first volume of "How to Understand Music"; the second was in 1891, when the "Popular History of Music" was produced, and the third was later in the same year, when the first number of MUSIC was sent out upon an unsuspecting world. Upon all three of these occasions I had the satisfaction of finding Dr. Rice not only agreeing with me as to the educational value of the literary works in question, but ready to extend the strong support of his unusual position. Each of the two books in turn was introduced at Oberlin and very many copies were used there, and to the magazine Dr. Rice has always been a friend and occasionally an advisor. In him I feel that I have lost a strong friend whom it would have been a pleasure to have known still more intimately, for we have met perhaps no more than a dozen or twenty times in all our lives.

* * *

Music Schools grow up as if by magic and start out at once with a crowd of pupils, such as a few years ago would have been large for a "college." The Chicago Musical College is said to have opened with the largest enrollment in its history; the American Conservatory reports the same; Mrs. Clare Osborne Read, for many years the leading lady teacher in the College, has now her own school with two hundred pupils at start. Miss Julia Caruthers, who formerly conducted a modest work in connection with other schools, has now her own, in which children have the place of honor. She has a large enrollment and employs four or five assistants. The Gottschalk

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school, National College, Watts school, and others seem to share this general wave of prosperity.

It is a mooted question whether the schools impair the patronage of private teachers; and if they do, what the private teachers are going to do about it. All the leading private teachers now add more or less to their private lessons, in the way of classes of one sort or another. And it is at least good to feel that music is being so much appreciated. W. S. B. M.

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THE OBJECT OF SCHOOL MUSIC.

The art of music occupies a peculiar place in modern life. Whatever the occasion or gathering, music in some form almost invariably appears; religious services, festivities of every kind, formal banquets, an evening at home, school-rooms,—there are very few places, if any, where a number of people come together in which music does not form a part of the exercises. In addition to this, the formal performance of music for art purposes is one of our most stated means of culture.

And yet the curious thing of it all is that while everybody is agreed that there must be some music on all these various occasions, if you ask any one *what* the music is supposed to do, and ***what kind*** of music we ought to have in order to do it, you will find, in the great majority of cases, no answer. With an emphasis almost peculiar to itself, music may be described in modern life as "meeting a long felt want." But the exact nature of that want and why it should be met are taken for granted, rather than understood.

I do not need to delay by calling your attention to the length of time that this long felt want has been maturing in human history. From the representations in the tombs in ancient Egypt it is plain that music was held in much the same kind of repute more than seven thousand years ago as it is to-day, although the means of producing music were more simple and in all probability the variety of tones was very much less. In fact, it is probable that the scale of those oldest musicians of whom we have any account embraced no more than five tones. Later in their history,—say six hundred years B. C., the Greek philosopher Pythagoras spent twenty years in Egypt in one of the temples, in order to learn philosophy; and one of the ideas he brought back to Greece was that everything in the

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universe is of number and order, and music, being the highest exposition of number and order in human utterance, brings man very close into connection with the divine. In consequence of this, if before retiring at night one should sing a few hymns and spiritual songs, he will attune his mind to a harmony with divine things and be in a position to arise in the morning to a new and beautiful life. For more than twenty-five hundred years this idea of Pythagoras has slumbered along in human consciousness and it underlies many of the things we do in music at the present day. And it would be a very bold man who should undertake to define the limits of the influence of music, or even to explain the grounds upon which that influence rests.

My distinguished friend, Mr. William L. Tomlins, for instance, holds that in the act of singing the nature of the child becomes open and made more genuine and true; that the real boy shows himself when he sings and his outer covering of suspicion and want of confidence is broken up and the soul expands, and a very pretty theory he makes of it. But as yet I have been unable to find why uttering the soul in sustained tones, practically without words (because when you repeat words that have been furnished to you they are no longer the words of the mind which is making the utterance), why this kind of utterance should break up the crust of suspicion, etc., any more than any other form.

The most that we know about the peculiar operation of music and its influence upon those who practice it and those who hear

But, unfortunately, it requires to be administered by an artist ably not a teacher before me who has not observed that on one of those mornings when everybody feels rusty, the teacher no less than the scholars, when the girls' hair is all flying at loose ends and that on the boy's head sticks up unusually straight, when there are little noises and rustles and uneasiness in the room, and nobody seems to know his lessons,—in short, when things are at sixes and sevens, if a singing exercise is had and two or three pleasant songs sung in many cases the room quiets down. Everybody seems to feel better. Things go more smoothly. Why? That is a question which we perhaps are not able to answer.

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Something, no doubt, lies in the unconscious discipline of all the room uniting in the same act, something more in a psychological influence of not only uniting in the same act but in doing so in measure and on just intonations of the voice, and united inflections. There is in the effort to keep the tune and to keep the time a discipline which is much finer than that of mere physical exercise, and even physical exercise will sometimes quiet an unruly room, although in my day the physical exercise was confined to the teacher and the boy who seemed to need it most. (But this, fortunately, has been changed in the new order of things.) Thus, I come to my question: What are the uses of music in the school room?

First, then, I take it that the simplest and most common-sense use of music in the school room, the beginning, the fundamental use, on which all the rest stands, is this,—the pleasure it gives the children and the unconscious discipline there is in singing together. Next above that I should place what I might call an elementary musical education; that is to say, an exercise upon the scale, the different kinds of time, etc., the use of exercises graded in difficulty, designed to make the pupils more and more intelligent in singing. So that later on they will be able to read and to sing independently, not alone the school room songs, but the finer art songs of culture. The third use of music in the school room, I take it, is what I might call the gilt-edged use of it, or the halo use of music, for the purposes of emotional culture: the treatment of melody in such a way as to awaken the children to the beauty of a refined and sweet melody, performed with a certain amplitude and grace, such as artists give it. This is the kind of use of music in which Mr. Tomlins has distinguished himself so greatly for many years in Chicago with his children's classes, and it is a use which he performs with more or less success in a very few lessons with any class of children that he happens to have. I think this is an entirely legitimate and proper use of music, and has in it a great deal that is worth having.

But, unfortunately, it requires to be administered by an artist or by a person who is able to interpret melody in this finer and larger way, such as ordinary singers very seldom have. I have happened, as a piano teacher, to have a number of pupils at

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different times who had been children in these classes of Mr. Tomlins, and I have found in every instance that their appreciation of fine melody and their intuition of the manner in which it ought to be played was entirely exceptional as compared with that of other children of the same age not having had similar advantages.

Such, then, in general, are the uses of music in the school room. First, as a pleasant exercise for the children to assist in order. Second, as a foundation of a wider musical education later on; and third, this finer emotional experience of melodies and the harmonies belonging to them, because melody and harmony make one.

It will be observed that in this enumeration I have placed emotional use of music last. I do so because in my opinion it ought to come last and not first. It is a very open question whether it is wise to attempt very much with children's voices in the line of the emotional. It has a tendency to destroy the natural poise of the voice and it makes it more difficult to form a pure tone later on. The child is naturally emotional only within certain limits and these limits do not require of his voice anything in the way of high strung and intense affection. The children who have the best voices and who make the purest tone are not those who are the most emotional, but on the contrary, those whose emotional life is still rather calm and even. No; if we take these even voices, many of which are naturally pure and well placed, and attempt to render them expressive in the sense of this intense yearning and passion which modern music demands, you are liable in my opinion to do two kinds of harm; first to the voice by destroying its balance and poise, and second to the individual by awakening passion too soon. These, however, are questions for experts and we will pass them.

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THINGS HERE AND THERE

IN MEMORY OF DR. RICE.

At the funeral of the late Professor Fenelon B. Rice, in the second church in Oberlin, Oct. 28, very tender and highly appreciative tributes were paid the memory of the departed along all his various lines of activity. First, naturally for his reliable Christian character; then as wise member of the prudential committee of the university, organist, choir director and founder and director of one of the foremost musical conservatories of this country. The speakers were President Barrows, Rev. Dr. H. M. Tenney, pastor of the church; Dr. Warner, of Brooklyn, the millionaire graduate of Oberlin, who built Warner Hall for the conservatory, and others. Dr. Warner summed up the character of Dr. Rice as consisting in a rare combination of musical enthusiasm, lovable personal character, sincere and unassuming religious principle, and a very good judgment and ability for administrative work. Over and over again it was testified by the speakers on this occasion that the great conservatory of Oberlin was in a true sense one man's work, and that man Professor Rice.

TRIBUTE BY FRANCIS E. REGAL.

Mr. Francis E. Regal, a former Oberlin boy and at one time editor of the newspaper there, but now long connected in a responsible position with the Springfield *Republican*, has the following:

"The life of Fenelon B. Rice, director of the Oberlin conservatory of music, at Oberlin, O., whose death from heart disease occurred Saturday evening, is worthy of more than a passing comment, because it illustrates what can be made of a small field by a man of high ideas and great strength of character who subordinates personal ambition to the interests of an institution. Born in the Western Reserve sixty years ago, educated in Boston and in Leipsic, he found himself, in 1869, after some experience in teaching at Hillsdale, Mich., in charge of the school of music connected with Oberlin college. At that time music was still in the pioneer stage in Ohio, as in most of the United States, and Oberlin was a very ordinary little village of 2,000 people, remote from art centers, and with no specially hopeful symptom except a hearty and pervasive love for choral singing, which had been a feature ever since the founding of the college in 1833. To build up a great school of music on the

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model of the Leipsic conservatory in an isolated Ohio village was a remarkable feat, and possible only through Prof. Rice's intense faith and strong personal magnetism. From the first he insisted upon a high standard and refused to tolerate within the halls of the school any music that was trashy or ephemeral. A conservatory to his notion was a place for fostering the study of great art, and he never allowed this high ideal to be forgotten. He cared less for producing virtuosi than for training solid-around musicians who should in turn play their part in making the country musical, and as a result Oberlin is the parent of dozens of thriving music schools scattered over the West. Of late years the conservatory has prospered greatly. Lucian P. Warner, a New York millionaire, has built for it Warner Hall, which is the most commodious music school building in the United States, yet is none too large for an attendance which sometimes numbers 600 pupils. Professor Rice was a sound musician and long taught the classes in musical theory, besides training a remarkably fine oratorio chorus of 200 singers, but of late years failing health had obliged him to restrict his activities to executive work, for which he had a remarkable gift."

DEATH OF COL. J. H. MAPLESON.

The famous operatic manager, Col. J. H. Mapleson, died in London, Nov. 14, 1901, of Bright's disease. Thus was removed from the living one of the most interesting and at one time most powerful figures of the musical world.

The United States owes the memory of Col. Mapleson a debt of gratitude, for it was he who advanced the standard of artists and ensemble in operatic representations in this country. He was the first to raise the orchestra from the twenty-five or thirty players under the Strakosch regimes (with which he played Meyerbeer's scores) to the more respectable number of fifty-five to sixty men, the latter being the number in his first appearances in Chicago in the Haverly theatre, on the present site of the First National Bank. This was perhaps in 1880. For twenty years then, or nearly so, Mapleson had been managing the greatest prima donnas, with varying fortunes, it is true, but always in that tone of genial "live and let live," which he retained almost to the last. When times were good no one paid more promptly and cheerfully than Mapleson; when they were bad and the salary ghost would not walk, no manager ever apologized more sweetly or persuasively. After years of learning that salaries once passed rarely came back, singers would again and again fall victims to that sweet manner of his and that bewitching optimism.

Despite his posing as the advocate of completeness, Manager Mapleson often took risks. Several cases have come under the observation of the present writer, and others have been told him by the singers concerned. For instance, a very promising young singer of Chicago appeared in *Il Trovatore* as Azucena, in the Mapleson company, without

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ever having been upon the stage before or having any public rehearsal. Solely she had a rehearsal alone and with Manrico with piano. It was this or nothing, and she accepted the risk. Fortunately for her future she got excellent notices and made a good career. The case of Miss Dora Henninges, then of Cincinnati, was not quite so bad. Her first appearance upon the stage was as Fidelio, in Beethoven's opera of that name, with the Mapleson company in Chicago. The present writer happened to be at the rehearsal and well remembers the difficulty poor Arditi had to get the singer to look at him at all, even in the ensembles. With her eyes elevated to the heavens or flies, she assumed a rapt expression and took whatever time she happened to want, despite Arditi's beat; in ensemble work this was a bit trying.

Mme. Carreno relates that when she was about sixteen, being in Edinburgh at the end of her provincial tour just when Mappleson was there, he had advertised Meyerbeer's "Hueguenots" for the queen's birthday and had sold out the house, when the singer cast as Queen fell sick, and he could not hear of another within practicable distance, Mapleson asid: "Teresa, I have an idea; you shall sing the Queen on Monday." "But I have never been upon the stage and I do not know the part," said Carreno. "Never mind," said the old optimist, "You have youth, beauty, are accustomed to public appearance, and have a lovely voice. You can easily learn the part in the time." Accordingly, after stipulating for certain great singers for her London concerts (all the great singers being just then controlled by Mapleson) she accepted, and appeared with distinction. But it was a risk all the same. Every old frequenter of the Mapleson season will remember what kind of Lohengrins he used to put up for Saturday night performances after a big matinee. Little puny Lohengrins, sweet little Lohengrins.

Some of the best Mapleson performances were not by the very greatest artists. I remember once a matinee of "Lohengrin" with Campanini and Minnie Hauk in the chief roles, which was so well done that it left an impression which lasted for weeks. I also remember another of the same opera with Christine Nilsson and Campanini in which Campanini had been dining far too generously. He was literally full of garlic and some kind of fiery Neapolitan wine—so full that he had difficulty in locating the center of gravity at times. It was very funny to see Nilsson hold him off at arms length in the tender scenes. Yet he got through with only one accident; leaning upon the head of a lounge in the scene in the third act, the lounge tipped up and he came near falling to the floor. But this is only one of the many incidents which generally pass unnoticed by the audience—incidents so funny that the wonder is how a singer can keep her gravity and go on with the role.

Col. Mapleson was full of reminiscences, but his most interesting ones he rarely told. It is a pity. His manner with the press was a very sweet combination of amiability and flattery. One night when his then new prima donna, Mme. Marimon, was singing Amina in

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"Somnabula," the hasty newspaper man was trying to get away before the close. But no! The genial manager buttonholed him and brought him down to the front of the balcony, for the meeting had chanced in the managerial office on the second floor, and held him there until Marimon had sung her "*Ah non giunge*" through the second verse. He wanted the critic to hear her beautiful vocalization of the running work, and indeed, it was not only worth staying for, but a necessary element for writing properly about her. This charming singer was in Chicago but one season, when she was rather past her prime. Without being great she had a lovely voice and exquisite training, but perhaps lacked in temperament.

When the late Mr. Abbey had broken up the Mapleson forces in 1884 it was curious to see on what pleasant terms Mapleson was with the Abbey singers who had left him in favor of this new impressario who promised so much more and as yet had the name of paying. Even to Mme. Schalchi, a singer whom Mapleson had brought up from the chorus (who had left him for Abbey), he was the same friendly, pleasant and fatherly adviser.

Col. Mapleson always had a kindly feeling for American singers. Mme. Doty of Detroit was with his companies for many years, and her capacity to assume the place of a missing artist at the shortest possible notice was highly appreciated by him. One day, perhaps in 1884, the writer chanced to meet Col. Mapleson at the Grand Pacific hotel, and on walking along Clark street towards the theatre (the Columbia), Col. Mapleson put his arm through that of the scribe ('twas a way he had) and opened: "You Americans are a queer lot," he said. "I have never seen anything like it. You will not support your own singers, even when they are better than others. Now here I have just been hearing an American singer who sings quite well enough for me. She has a most beautiful voice, magnificent stage presence, a superb delivery of the text, her Italian is faultless, and in all respects she is one of the best prima donnas I have ever heard. Yet I cannot engage her because the American public will not support her. You will pay any money to foreign singers not half as good. What am I to do about it?" He would not tell her name. "Some queer name," he said; "I cannot recall it!"

It was some time later before I succeeded in finding out the name of this lovely singer. It was Helene Hastreiter, then a dramatic soprano with a fine record in Italy as a very successful prima donna. This was before her American opera days and her change to lower roles, at first made necessary by the makeup of the troupe of Mrs. Thurber.

While Col. Mapleson was a prominent factor in raising the standard of operatic completeness during the decade between about 1878 and 1888, his work was surpassed later by Abbey and then by Grau—who brought together "aggregations of talent" (and expense) which would have swamped a manager in a few nights in Mapleson's time, instead of sometimes taking years to do it, as now. Mapleson was the mana-

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ger and friend of Grisi, Mario, Tietjens, Nilsson, Patti, and scores of great singers of the preceding generation.

Among other claims to congratulation, Mr. Mapleson always prided himself on having brought out Gounod's "Faust" in England when no other manager would undertake it.

RECITAL BY MRS. THEODORE WORCESTER.

Mrs. Theodore Worcester gave a recital at Aurora, Ill., Nov. 2, with a program of rather unusual novelty and construction. It ran as follows: Variations on a Theme of Glinka, by Liadov; Glinka-Balakirev, "The Lark"; Brahms, Rhapsody in B minor, Capriccio in B minor and Scherzo in E flat minor, Op. 4; Cradle Song, Henselt; Heymann's "Elfenspiel"; Jensen's "Kypris"; Tschaikovsky, Nocturne in C sharp minor; Glazounov, Etude, "The Night"; Schubert-Tausig, Marche Militaire.

The recital was given in a church, which was filled. The present writer was too late to hear the opening variations, except at a distance, through a closed door, but they seemed to please the audience. The best playing, on the whole, was in the Brahms Rhapsody in B minor, Op. 79, No. 1. The Capriccio was from Op. 76, No. 2, and is an excellent study in staccato. The Scherzo was very well done indeed, although a still higher speed would have been as well. Throughout the recital Mrs. Worcester played with ease, generally good repose and uncommonly fine technique, particularly in finger work—a circumstance no doubt due to talent as well as the inspiration of her teacher, Mr. Leopold Godowsky, with whom this recital had been prepared. The handsome program was enriched by annotations upon the various selections, a point well worth notice by all intending to include in their programs important compositions not generally familiar to audiences. The recital was a distinct success and at the close Mrs. Worcester received great applause and congratulation.

MUSIC IN KNOX COLLEGE.

Allied to Oberlin in spirit is the Congregationalist college of Knox, at Galesburg, Ill., and here there is growing up a very good school of music, in which the more prominent teachers are the director, Mr. William T. Bentley, and Mr. John Winter Thompson. The standard of scholarship is indicated in a lot of programs of graduating recitals which have reached this office. The first of these is a violin graduate, and the demonstration was centered mainly in a sonata in A major by Handel, the Bach-Wilhelmj Air on the G String, a group of small pieces and the first De Beriot Concerto.

There were three piano recitals. The first had for its most difficult numbers the Beethoven Sonata, Op. 31, No. 3, the Bach (Clavier)

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Prelude and Fugue in C minor, and the first movement of the Scharwenka Concerto in B flat, with accompaniment of piano, organ and string orchestra. The second had the little Beethoven Sonata in E, Op. 14, No. 1, two movements of the Mendelssohn Concerto in G minor (surely this is returning to earlier principles!) and some smaller pieces—rather a moderate standard. The third had the Beethoven Sonata, Op. 90, Jaell's Third Meditation (another old-time favorite salon piece) and the Chaminade Concert Piece.

There was also a course of artist recitals, the list including Mr. Glenn Dillard Gunn, of the Chicago Musical College, Mr. Jan Van Oordt, of the American Conservatory, Mr. Max Heinrich and daughter, a lecture-recital by Edward Baxter Perry, and a very good piano recital by Miss Augusta Cottlow. Also lectures, song-recitals, etc. In short, a very good beginning in a direction towards art.

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MINOR MENTION.

Mr. Glenn Dillard Gunn played a recital at the Musical College with a list of pieces from Chopin, Paganini-Liszt, etc. Mr. Vernon D'Arnalle sang a number of songs.

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Speaking of progress in the South, two programs from the Limestone College in South Carolina have reached this office which show decided advance over anything formerly possible in that quarter. One has among its selections the Brahms Rhapsody in G minor, Op. 79, No. 2, and the Intermezzo in E flat major, the slumber song, Op. 117, No. 1. Also the Beethoven "moonlight" sonata, Chopin Scherzo in B minor, etc. Another contains Grieg's "On the Mountains," Beethoven's Op. 26, some Chopin pieces, etc. The former was played by Mr. George Pratt Maxim. The latter by Miss Georgie Stedley.

* * *

Mr. Allen Spencer, President of the Illinois Music Teachers' Association, played in Milwaukee lately a recital illustrating the piano music of the period of Bach and Handel. The program contained pieces by John Bull, Daquin, Durante, Matheson, Emanuel Bach, Handel, Scarlatti and Rameau. A second program, illustrating the growth of piano playing, contained pieces by John Field, Rubinstein, Sinding, Chopin, MacDowell, Liszt, Moszkowski, Schuett, and Leschetizky (Tarantelle). The Liszt selection was the highly effective concert study in D flat.

* * *

Mr. Spencer has played at the American Conservatory, of which he is a prominent teacher, the Schuett Carnival Mignon, the Beethoven-Saint Saens Dance of the Dervishes, the Paganini-Liszt Campanella, etc.

* * *

Miss Mary Wood Chase, the brilliant and accomplished concert pianist, has become a member of the faculty of the Caruthers Normal School for piano. Miss Chase is extremely well informed in musical literature, not alone for piano solo but also in chamber music. She belongs to the list of earnest young students and artists. Her usefulness will be great.

* * *

Through an oversight, the establishment of a new music school some months ago was not mentioned in these pages. Miss Julia Lois Caruthers, formerly with the Chicago Conservatory and later with the Sherwood school, has opened a school of her own, in which her characteristic work with children will be carried on by several assistants, and the methods of teaching will be a prominent feature of the courses of study leading to graduation. Her own work has been often mentioned in these pages. It is based upon the ideas of her uncle, Mr. C. B.

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Cady, modified by experience and a desire to attain practical results while the children are still in short clothes. Its strong point is that of forming and educating the ear and tonal sense. The cause of musical education has everything to gain from progress in this direction, the proper form of which has as yet not been fully attained. It will be a work of years yet. The art of cognizing melody has been discovered and is now communicable; the central question is whether harmonic perceptions might not be formed earlier in the course than they now are. As for questions of keyboard command, they are of less importance, since any child understanding well what it is which she should play will soon muster up the needful finger ability. The crying failure of our musical education is that it does not educate. We get players and singers, but no musicians. We do not even get interpreters, because the things which interpretation ought to bring out are overlooked by the players. They do not listen; they do not hear. This in part is the line along which Miss Caruthers is working.

* * *

Mr. J. Irving Andrus has begun his work at Pomona College in California, where the late Prof. Fillmore formerly worked. The field is said to be favorable there for useful work.

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The seventh piano recital by pupils of Mrs. H. J. Hull, Kearney, Neb., is remarkable for poetical mottoes appended to the titles of the pieces. To give an idea of the trouble involved in making such a list, consider the variety of poets represented: Ecclesiastes, Tregina, William Howitt, Tennyson, Whittier, Burns, Longfellow, Mrs. Mary Dodge, R. W. Gilder, Schiller. The quotations often had something to do with the case.

* * *

The Spiering Quartet announces the ninth season in Chicago. Three concerts will be given at Music Hall (formerly University Hall), Fine Arts building, Tuesday evenings, November 19, December 17 and January 21. Mr. W. C. E. Seeboeck and Mr. Sidney Biden will be the assisting artists for the first concert. At the second concert Miss Bertha M. Kaderly and Mr. Walter Spry will be the assisting artists. Among the novelties to be brought out this season, perhaps the most important is the Second Quartet in E flat major by D'Albert, which has not been played in this city.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

DAILY PRACTICE FOR AN ADULT.

"Please inform me what would be the best technical daily piano practice to give strength and ability to the hands of a woman of thirty-five. She has not practiced regularly since girlhood. She has a frail physique and a hand too small to reach an octave. M. E."

This is a difficult case. I can think of nothing better than to take up Mason's two-finger exercises, according to the directions in my Manual for Teachers, and develop the different forms of the combination for daily practice, giving attention to all the cautions therein assigned. Also take up the systematic arpeggio practice according to the schedules on pages 97 to 99.

For experience in playing assigned forms, work through the grades of my Graded Materials, beginning at any point where the exercises are no longer so easy that you can play them at sight. Devote to all this a total of about an hour and a quarter a day. Then, for the compass of hand, if you will devote five minutes about twice a day to some stretching exercises, holding, for instance, G with the thumb and playing B (seven notes above) with the fourth finger, and then reach-some stretching exercises, holding, for instance, C with the thumb and you will presently find yourself able to reach the octave. When you can do this, then take the octave with the fourth finger and stretch for the ninth with the fifth finger. At first this may make your hand sore, but then you must not work at it so much. Of course your hand will not stretch so easily now as at sixteen or fourteen; but sooner or later it will come, and that without soreness, if you do a little every day. In the Mason exercises, work for strong tone in all the slow forms, and for the utmost lightness and speed in the fast forms. The rhythmic table in the arpeggios, do not try faster than 72 at first and play the quarters very strong, but with pure finger touch.

W. S. B. M.

TEACHERS' CERTIFICATES.

From an excellent convent school I have received the following, which touches upon a very important point:

"Will you kindly inform us what you require of a pupil in order to merit a teacher's certificate? We have a number of pupils who are

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quite advanced in music, and some of these desire to teach music. While teaching in Chicago, some years ago, a pupil left us to continue her music at one of the conservatories. In less than six months she had a certificate to teach music. Last year one of our pupils went to Minneapolis, returning in June with a teacher's certificate. Neither of these knew much about music. We have a number who are far superior, but we do not know just what to require of them. For the past six years we have been teaching Mason's method in connection with your graded studies. We use Mason and Mathews' Primer of Music and Clarke's Harmony. We do not use any History of Music. Once a week, at a general meeting, we have selections from 'The Masters and Their Music,' and from other works of yours. Please advise us concerning the proper standard for teacher's certificate. Sr. A."

This letter touches upon what is on the whole one of the most mistaken practices of the majority of conservatories. They give certificates to teach music upon insufficient grounds. In most cases the certificate to teach precedes graduation, in place of coming a year later, as it should. To teach even the early grades successfully, the candidate ought to be familiar with Mason's Technics, especially with his principles of arpeggio and scale practice, the tone productions, and have the whole in good comprehensive shape for applying to your students. She must have ear training and know how to give it to the young students. She must understand the teaching repertory, up to at least the middle of the fifth grade. She should be quite sound in the Primer of Music you mention, and should be capable of harmonizing a melody well in any voice and in any key. She should know the principal harmonic contents of the major and minor keys instanter when called upon for them. Should be able to transpose out of one key into another. Besides she must have had some practice in giving lessons as assistant, under the eye of an older teacher, and ought to understand what is meant by the higher art of piano playing—know it when she hears it. Hence a certificate properly comes later than graduation. I think if you will carry your candidates rapidly through the first five grades of my Graded Material as part of her year's course, merely to see that she knows how to make the best of all the studies and pieces, and examine her in the Primer and harmony, and in Mason's Technics, according to my Manual of Mason's Technics, and require her to assist in giving lessons to young pupils under your own eye (i. e., you tell her in advance what ground to cover, and then inspect the work after some lessons to ascertain whether it has been covered) you will be safe in giving a certificate for her to teach elementary piano playing, meaning thereby up to and including the fourth grade. A year later she ought to be able to pass up to and including the sixth grade—making sure that the qualities of this advanced parlor playing have been secured in her own playing and that she understands the qualities and knows how they come about.

Properly speaking, a certificate ought to be preceded by a normal course. By this I do not mean such a one as many of the lady teachers

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have for kindergarten work, in which they have what might be called a libretto for the instruction, the teacher saying thus and so. But the principles and points to cover in each grade must be understood, and good practical methods of doing so.

The most invaluable feature of the preparation of a young teacher is that for ear training and for teaching the child how to study. I have been trying to get my associate, Miss Dingley, to formulate her own method in this respect, for it is the most thorough I have ever seen; but as yet without avail. As yet there is no published material for this part of the training—or none of much value. It is an open point which needs to be covered. W. S. B. M.

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OXFORD HISTORY OF MUSIC. VOL. I., THE POLYPHONIC PERIOD. By Part I., Ending with the Rise of Measured Music. Oct., pp. 388. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

In this portly volume, for despite its less than 400 pages it is nearly two inches thick, we have the beginning of a truly monumental undertaking. Under the managing editorship of the brilliant English musical essayist, Mr. W. H. Hadow, the work has been designed and the labor distributed for a new history of the art of music, proceeding primarily from the standpoint of the development of the art as such; leaving personalities and the hero sagas of music (to-wit, the lives of great composers) in the background. The entire work is conceived in six volumes. The first two (of which the first is here published) trace the rise of polyphonic music, from diaphony and organum and measured discant—this being the point reached in the present volume, leaving the second to cover the Old French school and that of the Netherlands, down to the work of Palestrina and his successors. "The third volume is to be by Sir C. H. H. Parry, and will follow the course of the Monodic movement from its origin in Josquin and Arcadelt to its culmination in Purcell (here we have the English standpoint). The fourth, by Mr. J. A. Fuller-Maitland, will treat of Bach and Handel and harmonic Counterpoint, which is the characteristic of their time. The fifth volume, by Mr. Hadow, will deal with the Viennese school, tracing from Haydn to Schubert the development of the great instrumental forms. The sixth volume, by Mr. E. Dannreuther, will treat of the Romantic movement, and will discuss the formative conditions which inspired Weber in the theatre, Schumann and Chopin in the concert-room. Here it was thought advisable to stop."

The conception is interesting and promising, although undoubtedly subject to difficulties, chief of which is that of co-ordinating the philosophical discussions of so many workers into a single series. The difficulties which have hitherto beset those who have undertaken to write musical history upon a serious scale have been such that as yet we have no complete and well-balanced history of Music down even to the middle of the nineteenth century. The erudite Fetis, after all his years and years of preparation and his encylcopedic "fore-work," the Universal Biography of Musicians, accomplished only four volumes and a part of a fifth, of his plan, leaving the story just where it began to be interesting, namely, at about the middle of the third volume of

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the present series. Moreover, like the scientist mentioned by Artemus Ward, he turned out to know a multitude of things which have since been found out not to be so. His best work was his outline of musical history, which stands at the beginning of his first volume. This was a masterly conception, truly French in its clearness.

The learned and indefatigable German, Ambros, also died when he had reached the same fatal spot—the middle of the polyphonic development, leaving the whole heart of the matter untouched and modern art explained only in its earliest foundations. Moreover, Ambros wrote just a little too soon. When his work had been out only a few years it was found needful to rewrite his entire first volume, in the light of the later developments traced by Westphal and Gavaert.

The Germans have succeeded best in limited fields. The great biographies of Bach, Mozart and Beethoven (the latter a German biography by an American) have now prepared the ground and furnished means for making a complete study of the period of art with which Mr. Hadow will have to deal.

To come back again to this actually present first volume, which is by Mr. H. E. Woolridge, Slade Professor of Music at Oxford. It begins with diaphony, and traces the steps in the progress towards the actual beginning of polyphony, at Notre Dame in Paris. The steps in their large features were the mechanical diaphony or parallel movement of fourths, fifths and octaves of Hucbald, down to free organum, discant, and measured discant, thus preparing the foundation for an intelligible polyphony. The work of Mr. Wooldridge seems to be thoroughly well done. Written at Oxford, the English is naturally clear and unpretentious. Musical examples are abundant, and the deductions seem to have been made with judgment. The present and succeeding volume will probably include the net results of all the Cousemaker monographs concerning mediæval music, and the conclusions of F. A. Gavaert, as formulated last in his great works on the liturgic chants of the Latin church, together with much later and original research.

For performing a work of this kind, English scholars are in a more favorable position than those of any other country—in part as a consequence of temperament and national idiosyncracy, and in part simply by reason of the language, which lends itself so happily to conveying information, for which purpose English has a directness unsurpassed. The German is apt to lose himself between his nominative and his verb, and so many ideas occur to him for intervening modifying clauses that he himself sometimes forgets how far he had come along the main track of his idea. English has little patience with this kind of switch-yard digression. French is a trifle too polite to be precisely truthful. Moreover, the English nation has played a far more important part in the progress of music and of learning in general than it usually gets credit for. Particularly is this so in music. There is reason, therefore, to hope that this great work will finally be completed according to the original plan within no very long time—and

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this is the main good effect of the subdivision of labor. The only criticism upon the undertaking lies against the price, which is fifteen shillings per volume in England; this, when enlarged for American consumption into the customary fifty cents per shilling, brings the price of the whole work up to a rather imposing figure. The present writer believes that a lower publication price would enlarge the sale more than enough to offset the risk—far more. If the volumes are sold separately, those by Mr. Maitland and Mr. Hadow, and possibly that of Mr. Dannreuther, will have large sale. The doubt in the last instance is not based upon considerations of the lack of knowledge on the part of the editor, but upon his failure to give suitable development to the very important subjects allotted to him in Grove's dictionary. In all these he was far too concise. A concise history of the period which he has to cover will not be the book for which the world would wish. The elements are so varied and conflicting that brevity will be inconsistent with comprehensiveness. Mr. Hadow, the editor-in-chief, is undoubtedly one of the most competent writers in the musical world. Later volumes will be awaited with interest.

To revert again to the plan of the Oxford History of Music, there is one element in the progress which seems likely to be omitted from the account, and that element one of the most important and influential of all. To judge from the outline above, the plan contemplates tracing the development of our present art of music through what we might call its official channels, namely, the works of the great composers and the teachings of the authoritative schools. To indicate how very much there is before the story anywhere approaches our present art, take the case of the first large volume, which has not nearly got down to a place where the major third had been found out to be consonant, nor had the sixth been identified with the third in nature. The common chord is still far in the future, if we take the schools to represent the whole of the progress. There is reason to think, however, that the actual folk music before the tenth century made at least some use of plain consonances of thirds and sixths, if not of the common chord itself; and there can be no question that nothing but the most pig-headed obtuseness of players, or an utterly false method of tuning their instruments could have prevented the harpers, lute-players and crwth-players from discovering by the testimony of their ears that these intervals sounded well. And since we have at least a few examples of melodies proving that this discovery had really been made before the eleventh century, there is every reason to think that the popular music may have advanced quite a distance towards modern harmony and natural tunefulness while the official musicians, like sectarians pledged in advance to orthodoxy, remained insensible to these plain things of music which the ears alone could properly estimate.

Fetis thought that the early Britons had been the song-loving people who made this great advance in natural music. While his views are occasionally visionary and the evidence upon this point may not be so clear as we could wish, it certainly looks to the present writer as if

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there might be a good deal in it. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the new book will not ignore this missing link. At times when every gentleman played some instrument and when music was generally taught by ear and transmitted by memory, outside of the ecclesiastical organization, it stands to reason that obvious things would be found out. The instruments in use from the eighth to the thirteenth centuries were precisely those most likely to have awakened chord feeling, namely, the lute and the harp, the latter of unknown antiquity and equally unknown origin.

* * *

MEMORIES OF A MUSICAL LIFE. By William Mason, Mus. Doc. New York, The Century Co. Pp. 306. Cloth. Octavo.

In this *edition de luxe,* with large margins and fine paper, with pleasant illustrations, facsimiles, etc., the Century Company has brought out Dr. Mason's reminiscences, a part of which appeared in the Century Magazine last year. Dr. Mason has had a most curious and comprehensive experience. His boyhood in Boston coincided with the beginnings of school music in America and the period when the oratorios of Handel and Haydn marked the ultima thule of musical achievement. Dr. Lowell Mason and his associate, Mr. Geo. James Webb, were trying to interest the public in the symphonies of Beethoven and in the new orchestral music which was appearing from the pens of Weber, Mendelssohn, etc. Cradled in New England psalmody, William Mason made even in early years acquaintance with art music, playing concertos with orchestra by the time he was sixteen years of age. From Boston, he went to Leipsic, Prague, and at length to Weimar—thus taking in the whole great circle of modern music. As pianist he advanced from the school-girl technic of Aloys Schmidt to that of Liszt. He was a sort of New England Joshua, who after wandering in the wilderness was so fortunate as to live many years amid the blessings of the fruitful musical Canaan of the last half century. First and last he met almost all the great musicians of the period. The Memories are not so voluminous as they would have been if undertaken earlier, when the writer was more active; but what they may have lost in volume by keeping (like raisins and figs dried in the sun) they perhaps have gained in sweetness.

As an example of the kind of thing in the book, take the following story of the great theorist Moritz Hauptmann, who was Dr. Mason's teacher of composition at Leipsic:

"Not long after beginning my studies with Hauptmann, I received from my father a copy of his latest publication, being a collection of tunes, mostly his own composition, for choir and congregational use in church. He requested me to show this to Hauptmann and to get his opinion, if practicable. I felt a decided reluctance to do this, because I thought my father's work was not worthy the notice of such a profound musician, so I delayed carrying out his request. After a few weeks, however, I began receiving letters from my father on the subject, and realized that I could not postpone action any longer. So one

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day, going to my lesson, I took the book with me. I kept it as well out of sight as I could during the lesson, and then at the last moment, when about leaving the room, I placed it on Hauptmann's table, telling him in an apologetic way of my father's request and seeking to excuse myself for troubling him. I said I was afraid he would find nothing in the book to interest him.

"When the regular time for my lesson recurred, I hesitated to present myself again; but there was no way of avoiding the difficulty, so with a tremendous exercise of will I faced the situation. What was my surprise and relief when he greeted me with 'Mr. Mason, I have examined your father's book with much interest and pleasure, and his admirable treatment of the voices is most musicianly and satisfactory. Please give him my sincere regards and thank him for his attention in sending me the book."

* * *

THE CHORAL SERVICE BOOK. Containing the Authentic Plain Song Intonations and Responses for the Order of Morning Service, Matins, Vespers, Litany, and the Suffrages of the Common Service for the Use of Evangelical Lutheran Congregations. With Accompanying Harmonices for the Organ. Edited by Harry G. Archer, Organist, Pittsburg, and Rev. Luther D. Reed. Philadelphia, General Council Publication Board.

This handsomely printed book is one of uncommon quality and importance. Beginning with an elaborate and very instructive article upon the general grounds of assigning one melody or another to the different parts of the common service, together with a bibliography of previous works in the same field, the work proceeds to give the authentic liturgic melodies for the entire service, and most of them in harmonized form. The book is printed in two colors throughout, with initials and rubric directions, and altogether is a marvel at the publisher's price. Indispensable for Lutherans, and of value to all who take an interest in church music.

* * *

(From A. P. Schmidt.)

CLEMENS SCHULTZ-BIESANT. (Collection Litolff.)

"Colors." Tone Poem for Piano. (No. 2247.)
A Knight-Errant. Tone Poem for Piano. (No. 2246.)
Marche Humoristique. For Piano. (No. 2251.)
Transformations. Tone Poem for Piano. (No. 2249.)
Patheticon. Tone Poem for Piano. (No. 2250.)
Wilde Fahrt. (Recklessness.) (No. 2248.)

The foregoing six tone poems for piano are certainly among the most interesting of recent contributions to this important part of the musical art. If they represent, as appears, a young writer, they give additional assurance of later works from the same source of perhaps even greater worth. All of them belong to the aftermath of the Schumann cult, but all of them are decently original without going so far as to be beyond the reach of players of moderate ability. All fall

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within the technical demands of the sixth or seventh grades, the easiest (probably "Colors") not going materially beyond the fifth. They are, therefore, compositions which may become very useful as pieces for study and for playing in recitals.

"Colors" consists of a quiet subject, in 4-4 *moderato*; key of C sharp minor, afterwards appearing in E major. The colors are not designated, but we cannot go far wrong in taking this for some kind of a moderate hue, not quite so moderate as grey but certainly not garish. There are almost two pages of this mood, when the manner changes and we have what is essentially a variation of the same theme in an *allegretto* 5-8. This runs for a page and gives place to a new form in D flat and C sharp minor, 2-4 *allegro*. After this variation the original mood returns, after which there is a *presto octave* finale which is capable of some very brilliant playing.

"Transformations" again is a set of variations upon a theme in F sharp minor, *Andante lamentoso*. The first variation takes the theme for a *cantus fermus* in the bass, then there is a quick variation up high, and various changes of mood with again a finale in which octaves play important parts. The whole enjoyable and not a bit monotonous.

The "Humoristic March" is good of its kind, and pleasing. Its main claim to notice, aside from its popular tendency, is found in the naive melody of the trio, which is as diatonic as Schubert, and almost as easy and natural—a far more difficult problem than Schubert had to deal with, for in his time the halo had not been worn off the diatonic scale. Nobody can possibly be *innig, schmerzlich* or *leidenschaftlich* now except by the aid of many and many spirit-searching accidentals, dissonances and fiercely driving rhythms. In Schubert's time this was not so. A very few accidentals well placed served to take one out of the world where good digestion prevails into that where all sorts of grief and remorse incessantly gnaw at the vitals.

"The Knight Errant" travels much the same kind of a road as was before traveled by some of the Schumann Novelettes. The Rosinante is by no means so thoroughbred nor does the Pegasus soar so high. It is a good family animal, however, warranted kind in harness, and, as David Harum says, "to stand without hitching."

In "Patheticon" again we return to the variation spirit, and a continuous movement of considerable expressive force is developed.

"Recklessness" again consists of a thematic development quite after the Schumann manner, with short pauses of something quasi lyric by way of rest and refreshment. Three of these pieces are dedicated to Mme. Carreno. Of the works as a whole it can be said that, while a certain uniformtiy of type prevails in the treatment, more uniformity than is desirable in six pieces, they are original and deserving of attention. What their wearing powers may prove to be is for all of us to find out. At least, they are not too original to be understandable, nor can it be said of any important part that it has been better written before.

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(From A. P. Schmidt.)

OFFERTORY IN FORM OF A MARCH. For Organ. By Edgar A. Barrell.

A brilliant and rather effective march, well arranged, written for organ and not particularly difficult.

CANTILENE NUPTIALS. For Organ. By A. L. Barnes.

A rather commonplace melody, written to be played softly upon the organ during any quiet time requiring such ministration. The piece is printed without registration or marks of expression—a curious omission for a writer of the present time, who should not be above helping out incompetent players by a little assistance of the kind. Not difficult.

ALBUM MINIATURE. 12 short pieces for Pianoforte. By Graham D. Moore.

Rustic Song.
The Castagnets.
Humoresque.
Album Leaf.
Gypsy Musician.
Mazurek Mignon.
Song of the Twilight.
Hunting Fanfare.
Moment Valsant.
An April Day.
Will o' the Wisp.
Moment Lyrique.

A set of rather easy teaching pieces of about the third grade. Considerable care has been taken to obtain variety, and with fair success. Among the best is the Gypsy Musician, which contains some advantageous work. On the whole, well worthy the attention of teachers, as the style is modern and the substance, while superficial, still musical.

(From A. P. Schmidt.)

FROM FOREIGN TRAVELS. 6 Instructive pieces without Octaves. By Ludwig Mendelssohn.

Gypsy Dance.
Alpine Festival.
The Rose Queen.
Neapolitan Song.
Tarantelle.
March of the Janissaries.

A set of very easy teaching pieces. Second grade or thereabouts. The tarantelle and the Neapolitan song are perhaps better than the others. The latter is a trifle more difficult.

FIVE SONGS BY D. CHARLES DENNEE.

The Sandman. Lullaby.
Love's Argument.

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The Thoughts of You.
I Love Thee.
The Tryst.

These five songs by a well-known composer will appeal to many who will recognize melodic paths which they have pleasantly walked before. A few of the more old-fashioned may perhaps be unduly jarred by certain counterpoints—for instance, in the first song, at the words "And you and I," to accompany the A and B in the melody by precisely the same notes in the bass, does not invariably "go" in the advanced harmony classes of the institution in which Mr. Dennee is so deservedly a light. So also in the third song, the progression from the last note of the first page to the first on the page following, is not sanctified by the interval elapsing while the leaf is being turned. The objection intended is not so much that these progressions violate rules as that they do so badly. All the songs are written for low voice and for high. In ordering, the choice should be specified.

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MORNING WORSHIP AT THE HOUSE OF BACH.

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MUSIC.

JANUARY, 1902

THE PROPER RANGE OF EAR-TRAINING FOR YOUNG PUPILS.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MISS BLANCHE DINGLEY.

Of all educational questions just now pressing for solution, that of the proper range and character of elementary ear-training for piano and vocal music pupils, is decidedly the most important. This fact is already recognized by a large number of lady teachers who are hard at work with children. All these capable and enterprising teachers hold that ear-training is of the very first importance, and that the child's first step towards the ability to play music is to learn to hear music clearly and intelligently. All their work rests upon the postulate, which the whole history of art supports, that our modern art of music is a play of imagination through certain highly specialized faculties of hearing; remembering and being moved sub-consciously by tonal successions definitely organized into life through tonality and rhythm. In other words, our art of music does not rest immediately upon nature, in the sense of growing out of the noises we hear about us, but upon refined and specialized evolutions from the crude nature-sounds into those involving harmony, rhythm and at last the deepest human feeling. As Walt Whitman said, with wonderful insight, "music is that which awakens within us at the sound of the instruments." It follows therefore, that to become musical consists of two things: To *hear* and to *feel* after hearing.

The standpoint of pianistic education has changed immeasurably within the past fifty years, so that now all advanced pupils are supposed able to deal with the most masterly music the art affords. Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann and

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Liszt, not to mention Tschaikovsky and Brahms, are household words to thousands of American students.

It was pointed out by the editor of MUSIC more than twenty-five years ago, that the standpoint of the American teacher and that of the German differ in a very important particular; that whereas the German master derives his pupils from a select clientele among which the love for music and the faculty of hearing it have become hereditary, the American master obtains his from the great inexperienced American public, many with untrained faculties for hearing and often a lack of desire to know and love the best the art affords. He has, therefore, not only to develop pianists or singers, but still more to form musicians. It is quite certain that in America the domestic influences about the average child still stop a great ways short of forming in him an unconscious instinct for music in its better sense. The teacher, therefore, when he means to lead the pupil ultimately into the highest realms of art, must first of all plough his ground and sow his crop with care and wisdom. But the question is: What kind of seed must he sow? And how?

The teachers of children mentioned above mainly confine their earwork to training the child to hear, repeat and note down short melodies—generally of no more than two measures. The notation is made as simple as possible, but still is conducted by means of the staff. Later, measure and pulsation are noted, and still later the experience is carried to the point where a second voice can be heard and noted if played by the teacher while the child is still singing the first voice. To the average teacher, who does no ear-work at all with pupils, this hearing and noting a second voice while one is still singing the first, will appear a highly advanced stage of cultivation. But there are those who hold not only that it does not go far enough, they even say that it is not upon the right track. Upon this subject no one speaks with clearer accents than Miss Blanche Dingley, who being of artist temperament and broad training in music, and generally of quick and incisive mind, naturally views a question of this kind from the standpoint of the high art to be attained later on. I had an important interview with Miss Dingley upon this subject some time ago, from which the following statements are taken:

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"I differ from the practices you have outlined," said Miss Dingley, "in several important, I may say vital, respects. First of all I do not think that plain melody hearing is any trick at all for a musical child. I hold, on the contrary, that the melodic relations of the scale, and of all simple diatonic melody, are, as you might almost say innate in children of eight years of age attending the public schools in our cities. Where they sing songs by rote, sing the scale, practice skips in the scale, and enjoy generally the music training of the public schools, they ought to be able not simply to remember correctly the short melodies which are commonly given (in reality not complete melodies), but much longer ones. The second voice brings in a higher problem, I admit, and this part of the training is useful, if carried far enough. But I hold that this work is not made to begin in the right place nor in the right way. Let me explain."

"What is it which differentiates our higher music from the great flood of rag-time and popular two-step commonplaces, which litter up the piano forte of the average family? Are the melodies of these things especially different in intervals from those we find in the simpler pieces by Schumann, Chopin, or even Tschaikovsky? Little if any. What then is the difference? Precisely this, that all the popular music rests upon the simplest possible harmonic conception of the key. It is filled up with tonic, dominant and subdominant chords over and over again, and other chords very rarely occur. Accordingly there are those who begin the training of children upon the harmonic side by trying to familiarize them with these central ingredients of folks harmony; they form the ear of the child to tonality restricted to these most barren, unsuggestive and hackneyed elements. The consequence is that the child grows up thinking these to be the actual substance of music, and that all music in which these elements are kept in the background, in favor of the more expressive chords of the remaining degrees of the scale, and where highly appealing chords of the minor mode occur in large abundance, is felt to be something too 'complicated' for ordinary use. The child's ear is irretrievably vulgarized by the fundamental training it receives."

"In place of this I would say that the ear-training must be-

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gin upon the harmonic side, rather than with melody, upon the ground that harmony is the central point in which noble music distinguishes itself from that which is superficial and commonplace. And, second, I would never stop with this business of the three simple chords of the key, but teach the child to hear, understand and enjoy the chords of the other scale degrees, and bring her as soon as possible to the characteristic harmonies of the minor mode."

"I begin with triad effects—the child is to hear triads and distinguish between the major and minor effect. I do not play them invariably in the same position but change at pleasure; the major or minor effect remains unaffected by such a change. Nor do I repeat the chord several times until they have time to correct a mistaken diagnosis of the difference. I play the triad simply once and the child, after having first been given the two effects slowly and with attention to their characteristic mood, must answer instantly major or minor. We contiue this exercise until it succeeds perfectly. I hold that the distinction between the implied mood of the major and minor triad is one of the most fundamental facts in music. The child cannot learn it too young; and it ought not to be necessary for her to reflect upon it."

"In all this exercise there is no suggestion of measurement, nor as yet do we attend to the individuality of the tones composing the chord. No effort is made to place them in the scale; simply to distinguish unfailingly between a major effect and a minor effect. Later we go on to diminished effects, and we then have all the harmonic triad effects in the major key."

"Now, I teach the pupil to play them upon the piano, but before doing this we take all the triads of the scale in succession and distinguish how many are of each kind, then we classify them. So many major, such-and-such minor, and one, the seventh degree, diminished. With this stock of ear exercise and a little instruction in forming the triads, the child soon is able to find them herself upon the keyboard and to do this in more than one key. In fact I expect a pupil completing what I call the first grade to be able to play cadences of six chords in at least seven keys."

"The next step is to direct attention to the position of the

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chords, to hear unfailingly which tones are uppermost and which below, and to tell instantly the order and position of tones in any chord I may play. We are now ready to hear the melodies which result from connecting several chords properly. That in the soprano gives no trouble, the ear hearing it with unfailing certainty. The bass and the inner voices must be heard also just as correctly, and always from a single hearing. What I am after is to awaken a tonal fantasy in the mind of the child, in such a way that a strain of music is heard perfectly upon a single repetition, so that the child has within herself an audible photograph, if I may so call it, of the succession in its entirety and in all its particulars. Upon a foundation of this kind, which will take forty lessons or more, a child is working along towards the ability to hear and appreciate a true polyphony."

"When all the harmonies of the major scale have been thus learned, we turn to the minor, and there we remain until the augmented and diminished chords are just as certain and reliable as the major and minor have now become. Forming the triads comes later than hearing them. I am anxious to keep the idea of reckoning and measurement entirely out of this ear exercise. The mood of music turns upon the harmony, and the hearer who reckons out the harmony will invariably miss the mood which the harmony contained. The two kinds of attention are opposed to each other. An art attention is intuitional in character and not an application of reasoning. I wish the pupils to hear music off hand, intuitionally, to perceive the major, minor, augmented and diminished harmonies and to feel how the mood changes with them."

"In teaching chord successions, we must of course work towards the tonic, else we have no landmarks for knowing whether we are in one key or another. The easiest cadence form for children to hear, I find, is a variety of the plagal cadence, do, la, fa, do—the four chords in this succession. The chord of la, I think the easiest for a child to hear correctly; at least my children make no mistakes on this chord, whereas at first they often confuse the chords of fa and sol, particularly if an unusual order be taken. Ultimately we learn to hear cadences of six chords, and to designate instantly after hearing which chords were played and the order in which they occurred."

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"When we have learned to hear correctly with the chords in close position, I give them in dispersed positions and later in inversions, requiring the child to play after me not only the chords, but also the positions exactly as I gave them."

"Nine-tenths of all is to secure instantaneous attention. It is the hearing instantly which counts. In this respect I am reminded of the training which the conjurer Houdin received from his father in order to gain the necessary quickness and accuracy of observation with the eye—a quality upon which slight-of-hand depends. Passing along the streets the young Houdin was permitted one glance into a display window, and the task was to give a catalogue of the things displayed there and to describe the system upon which they were arranged. He said that at first he could not remember more than half a dozen articles; later he could see and remember several scores and the pattern into which they were arranged. This is the same kind of thing with the eye which I am trying to work out with the ear; only I am building along the lines of harmonic beauty and expect the pupil later on to be more concerned with what the music says to her than with a catalogue of the tones and chords which reached her ear."

"A later application of this training leads the pupil to follow at pleasure any voice in a four-voiced movement and hear it accurately. The habit of scale moods well established, and especially worked out in the minor, a point too much neglected, leads to the same kind of thoroughness in recognizing modulation. When a child knows all the chords of the key perfectly and their natural and usual progressions, she is prepared to recognize with equal certainty such an unusual harmonic feature as the appearance of a modulation or the passing use of a chord not in the tonalty. Thus ultimately we have ground upon which can be formed the complex harmonic perceptions of modern tonality, which we must remember are just as reliable and just as apprehensible by ear as the more restricted modulations of the Hadyn and Mozart school. Chopin and Schumann did not add anything to the innate possibilities of music; they simply discovered doors leading farther, which up to that time had been overlooked except by Bach and a few of the older geniuses."

"I do not particularly care for a perception of absolute pitch

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in these early stages. On the contrary, I prefer not to have it. The child in whose hearing a certain tone is permanently localized as a C or a G, or what not, has to learn to hear such a tone impersonally, *in its connection,* in order to receive its musical value; since the musical value of it does not at all turn upon its being C or D, but upon its holding a certain place in the harmonic phrase or the key. Later on, when harmonic perceptions are well established, perceptions of absolute pitch can be easily acquired and without harm, I think, although I do not know that such perceptions are of any very important musical value for the purpose of hearing music artistically."

"In all this I have not mentioned ear-training in rhythm. This must begin early and be kept up. I do a good deal of this by means of the Mason exercises. First teaching the child to hear the pulsation and the accent, to play two or more tones to a pulse, and to distinguish all kinds of measures. This is very easily and conveniently done by means of Mason's exercises in scales and arpeggios. There is one part of the rhythmic training, however, which has cost me not a little trouble; it is to teach children to compute note values when as yet they do not know the ordinary fractions. This part of the teaching I am still endeavoring to work out into a simple but thorough way."

The ground here outlined by Miss Dingley will strike the majority of teachers as being rather bold and unprecedented; and so it is. But she has been able to apply all this hearing with excellent success with pupils under eight years of age. And it is evident that if anything of this kind is possible it must contain certain extremely important advantages for a child later on in her musical studies. Practically it has in it the promise and potency of an entire artistic development.

When asked whether this work could not be carried on in classes, supplementary perhaps to the private lessons, Miss Dingley answered emphatically in the negative. "The whole value of this work," she said, "turns upon the child actually hearing these things and knowing them surely. In a class one is never quite sure about this. The smart child anticipates the coming answer of a surer one, and gets in ahead, creating the impression that she has heard when she was simply anticipated by a sort of mental telepathy. Moreover," she went

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on, "there is the question of mental quiet. I want concentration of attention; and this you cannot get in the same degree in a class, particularly when the child is sensitive and perhaps nervous. So far I do not see any possibility of doing this work except in private lessons; nor of any one doing it successfully without a great deal of patience and perseverance and a faith like that which could move mountains. But my experience demonstrates, I think, that all this *can* be done; whether it is worth doing, every artistic musician can judge. At all events it furnishes a very different foundation from the usual playing exercises from notes. Inability to hear is almost universal among piano pupils. Ability to hear underlies all memorizing, all good interpretative work, and all artistic playing before others. As the eye guides the painter, directing his hand, criticizing his lines and tones, so the ear directs the player or singer. Everything which is done without this higher light is absolutely devoid of art, however useful it may be as mental discipline. No doubt it would be a fine trick to teach a blind person to distinguish colors by ear or their relative resistance when spread upon the canvas. But would it be art?"

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A FEW BOSTON NOTES.

BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

While in Boston I had the pleasure of a chat with Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, the director of the Handel and Haydn Society, which is just now in its eighty-seventh season. Mr. Mollenhauer is a member of the numerous musical family of that name, for so long prominent in New York and now well distributed throughout the large cities of the country. He was a violinist and for many years one of Thomas' firsts during the time when Jacobsohn and Listemann were concert masters. Naturally, he knows a good deal about our Chicago director and speaks in no uncertain tone. He says quite frankly that he thinks Mr. Thomas by far the greatest director in this country, and one of the greatest in the world. He particularly admires Mr. Thomas' way of giving us all the remarkable novelties while they are still novel. Here in Boston, under Mr. Gericke, the range is a little restricted. Mr. Mollenhauer thinks, as I do, that when a great work like Richard Strauss' "Hero Life," is played it ought to be played a second time soon after, in order to permit the hearer to get used to it and be in position to judge how far one likes it or dislikes it. It is quite impossible, he says, for even a good musician to take in such a work upon a single hearing.

We were speaking of conductors and of the tendency among the later ones to conduct minute details of a work, thereby in many cases losing the sweep of the whole. This is plainly to be seen in the baton itself—as, for instance, with Mr. Victor Herbert. The baton is proceeding regularly according to the rhythm, when all of a sudden it goes off at a tangent in half and quarter pulse motion, just as an oboe or clarinet chances to have a bit of lively or pathetic *obligato*. The eye of the player is misled, no less than that of the spectator, and repose is broken in upon, almost always to the material detriment of the rhythmic effects.

"Thomas does most of that with his eye and with his left hand, which the audience rarely notices," said Mr. Mollenhauer. "I think it a much better way," he went on, "and when

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I was elected to the conductorship of the Handel and Haydn I stated my position at the start—that I would beat for them the same as for an orchestra the actual measure as I wished the music to go. When a part has notes to hold it must hold; when it has a phrase of quick notes they must get around within their allotted rhythm, but I shall not beat the fragments of beats. The result is that the singing is more rhythmical and buoyant than under the other system."

We had quite a bit of chat about other conductors, and I brought up what Mrs. H. H. A. Beach once said to me, that of all the Boston directors so far she remembered some readings of Emil Paur with the greatest thrill. "Yes," said Mollenhauer, "Paur sometimes played gloriously; I remember his playing of the Tschaikovsky sixth symphony once which was the most beautiful and thrilling I have ever heard it."

This led me to ask him whom he considered the greatest of recent composers, whereupon he answered:

"I am afraid you will think me heterodox but I believe Tschaikovsky the greatest master who has ever lived. I had in my orchestra last year a Russian violinist who had been a friend of Tschaikovsky. We often spoke of him, and he told me that to hear an opera by that great master was something to remember."

Mr. Mollenhauer is an American, despite his German stock, and he has not yet been in Germany. He looks forward to the time when our American musicians will form the mainstay of our orchestras. He said that in his festival orchestra of fifty last year all but eleven were Americans. He considers it much better; they are more spirited and responsive and are not so apt to be heavy with beer. Many and many a good man has succumbed to beer and late hours. Reiter, the long-haired horn player, has lost his pre-eminence from this cause.

On Wednesday evening, Jan. 1, I heard the Handel and Haydn give the "Messiah" in the Symphony hall, of which I wrote last year. The chorus numbered about 350 or more and sang with admirable promptness and vigor. Almost everything was better done than I remember to have heard this work given by any like number of singers. It will be remembered that we had formerly in Chicago, in the prime of Mr. William L. Tomlins, some performances of this work of phenomenal

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excellence, almost all the great qualities present in high degree. But this was years ago, when the chorus did not exceed 150. As the men and women had worked apart and had undergone elaborate technical practice and plenty of sub-rehearsal, the technique in the light running work, such as in "For unto us a child is born," and in other places, was remarkably fine—the work being light, true, and easy. So also the climaxes of power were strong and wonderfully prompt, though the high-water mark of the Apollo Club was reached in this respect, I think, when it sang before the Music Teachers' National Association in the old Exposition building, somewhere about 1886, in the opening of Mendelssohn's "Judge me, O God." The Apollo also made wonderful effect in the pathetic chorus, "Surely He hath borne our sorrows." But when the chorus was enlarged to 250 voices it never regained this precision; and when it again doubled to 400, preparatory to the auditorium, it lost much that it still had. Of all the choruses of 400 singers I have heard in this work the Handel and Haydn seems to me to have succeeded best. The running work was good, but not quite so fine as it might have been—certainly might have been with a third as many voices; in the climaxes it was splendid. The places where it seemed to me more might have been realized were the difficult, pathetic expression in "Surely He hath borne our griefs," and possibly in "Behold the Lamb of God"—though I do not consider this latter a very pathetic piece of music.

Mr. Mollenhauer is a really good conductor, able to command the orchestra and to be understood by them. The orchestra on this occasion was from the Boston Symphony organization and the playing was most excellent—the best I believe I have ever heard in this work—which is foreign to the tradition and feeling of German players—and the discipline and manner most excellent. The organ also was well handled.

The solo artists were not of great distinction, belonging to the grade of rather superior church singers, having voices above the average, carefully trained and very good traditions of the oratorio style. One of the best was the Chicago tenor, pupil of Mr. Karleton Hackett, Mr. Glenn Hall, who showed most excellent understanding of his role and sang with a great deal of artistic conviction and good style. His natural voice

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is not of large volume, but the quality is unusually fine. He made about the best impression of the evening. Having lost my program I am unable to speak of the other singers.

* * *

To one who frequented Boston fifty years ago the growth of the city away from the old centers seems abnormal—yet when one stops to think of it, it is much less than has been experienced right here in Chicago. It is not yet thirty years since residents of the west side along Madison street, a mile and a quarter from State, had to set up a series of lawsuits against the street railway to make it run its cars as often as once in seven minutes. Where the Tremont side of Boston common used to be the fashionable center for teachers, very few still remain; Boylston street near Park Square still holds a number, but the movement is already for quarters out towards the new symphony hall on Huntington avenue. In a pleasant office building called the "Huntington Chambers," I found the flourishing Faelten school, occupying an entire story of commodious and pleasant rooms. I have forgotten the statistics Mr. Faelten gave me, but as near as I remember he has some fifteen teaching rooms, upwards of sixty pianos (they use them in groups of eight for certain classes), for no more than ten teachers. This curious and unusual disproportion between the number of teachers and teaching rooms struck me with surprise. Mr. Faelten's work with children continues to hold a place of honor, but as usual he has a number of advanced students who are practically artists. He himself still keeps up his playing.

The former Chicago teacher, Mr. C. B. Cady, has his studio in the same building, but I did not chance to find him at home. I hear he likes Boston very much. It fills a long-felt want. Boston does that, sometimes.

* * *

Another studio which I visited with interest was upon the seventh floor of the Ditson Company's store, on Washington street. This company, which was the ruling factor in American music trade for so long, now restricts itself to a part of its building, having moved its piano department down to the end of the common, on Boylston street. In the advertising department of this house I found installed that genial writer

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and president of the National Association of Music Teachers, Mr. Arthur L. Manchester, who despite his work for the Ditson company, still continues to edit the Philadelphia publication, which his work has done so much to develop. It seems a little like the Scriptural abnormality of a man serving two masters—but perhaps I am wrong.

I missed having a talk with that most useful and attractive of the younger musicians, Mr. Thomas Tapper, who not only edits the Ditson Musical Record, but also writes text-books, assists in his system of school music (with Mr. Ripley—the "Natural System") and maintains a flourishing teaching work, in which theory holds a prominent place.

* * *

I met by chance in Boston that lovely character and most useful of American pianists, Mr. Ernst Perabo, whose influence while quiet and largely confined to Boston and vicinity, has nevertheless been of extremely great use in the progress of American art. Perabo was one of the first pianistic enthusiasts we had for the later works of Beethoven, the Chopin and Schumann cult, and the like, and he has educated a host of students who have followed his steps with distinction. As a pianist, I imagine that Mr. Perabo, who is now about fifty-seven years of age, does not keep up his practice for public work. That he should cease to play and to play a great deal is of course inconceivable, for the piano is ingrained with him. Personally he is a most delightful character, a true artist, simple, unpretending, and friendly. Along with Perabo was Mr. John Orth, an ambitious American, who from the ambition of being a concert pianist has practically contented himself with a flourishing teaching business in Boston.

* * *

Three people in Boston, whom I particularly desired to meet, were Mr. George W. Chadwick, Mr. George L. Osgood and Mrs. H. H. A. Beach. All three I missed. I hear that Mr. Chadwick, having accomplished something as director of the New England Conservatory to re-establish that very large school in the estimation of Bostonians, is now able to find a little time for himself, and his ambition is again awakening to put forth original works surpassing even the best of those

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which have already distinguished him. Mr. Chadwick's "Judith," performed at Worcester last autumn, has been lying upon my table this three months and I have not been able to find time to go through it. I hear that it contains some movements of remarkable power and beauty. I am sure it must.

Mr. George L. Osgood performed a service to the west, many years ago, when Theodore Thomas brought him around directly after his return from his European studies. Osgood sang songs by Schubert, Schumann and Franz as they had never been sung before in these parts. As a momentary representative of that versatile sheet, the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, I interviewed him, perhaps about 1878 or a year earlier, when the subject of the relative merits of the songs of Schubert and Schumann came up. Mr. Osgood showed excellent taste and insight. He was the first person who gave me the clue to the superiority of Schumann's songs over those of Schubert, namely, in the vastly closer correspondence between the poem and the music—a molecular correspondence, I might call it, the trait of following the text minutely as well as its general intention. A year or two later I took up the subject in earnest as student and the clue which Mr. Osgood had given was of assistance. At the moment of the interview I had arrived at the point of progress when I could see that while Schubert had a melody, Schumann did not; but it was later that I got in deeper and found that while Schubert had *a melody* Schuman had *melody* in plenty and above all music in a true sense. I desired after all these years to meet Mr. Osgood once more and thank him for the assistance I had been owing him so long. But I missed him.

Mrs. Beach, too, I hoped to have met and to have heard something of her latest works. This also was denied.

* * *

To return to the Handel and Haydn society, I rather think it has just now the best conductor it ever had. Mr. Mollenhauer would prefer greater liberty in the choice of modern works. He takes the ground, and rightly, I think, that the society is not a commercial club, to which the question of laying up a profit is important, but a society for educating its clientele in high choral art; and that they ought to expend their profits in producing at least one important new work

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every year. Up to this time the governing body of the society has not ventured upon this plan, being scared by former experiences of a deficit. I fancy, however, that in time Mr. Mollenhauer will have his way, and so far as I could judge by talking with some of the officers, the society feels the utmost confidence in their director, and the result of their last years has been profitable. This performance of the "Messiah" which I heard was the second, the first having taken place on Sunday night preceding, and both performances quite filled the large symphony hall.

Boston's traditional way of employing Sunday evenings for the rehearsals of the Handel and Haydn and for oratorio performances is a good one which might be practiced elsewhere to very good advantage. That there can be any wrong in attending a concert, or any other kind of good and instructive art-work, on a Sunday evening, is quite gone by in popular esteem nowadays, or is held only as a not recently examined survival.

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THE ETHICAL ASPECTS OF MUSIC.

(Queen Victoria Lecture, delivered at Trinity College, London, by Professor Niecks, Mus. D., on Thursday, June 20, 1901.)

I.

Subject and Object of the Lectures.

The title of my lectures may puzzle you. There are no treatises, short or long, on the subject, and the allusions to it to be found in literature are, as a rule, slight and vague. Remembering, however, the existence of a well-known book entitled "Music and Morals," you may be tempted to doubt this statement. But the book thus entitled contains little about music, and nothing whatever about morals. In fact, there would not be much exaggeration in saying that the only really good thing about the book is its title, which hints at a subject deserving the attention, not only of musicians, but also of philosophers, educators and statesmen. The title of this book explains the title of my lectures, at least to some extent. To be quite plain. The problem with which I intend to grapple is this: Has music ethical qualities and powers—has it qualities and powers that can exercise an influence on the character, morals and manners of its cultivators?

I shall answer this question in the affirmative, but must ask you to note at once what my assertion does not imply. My assertion that music can exercise an influence on the character, morals and manners of its cultivators implies neither that all music can do that, nor that music actually does that to a large extent. An immense mass of music is, for various reasons, non-ethic; and music, as at present cultivated, can exercise but a tithe and even less of the influence of which it is capable.

My subject is one of extreme difficulty, both on account of its vastness and its complexity. It would require more than one stout volume to set it forth fully. In the short time at my disposal I can do little more than draw your attention to it, and point out the most important facts involved. As the

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educative power of music depends largely on its expressive power, it will be necessary to pay, in my discussion, special attention to this much debated question. Let us note, however, that although the educative power of music depends largely on its expressive power, it does not depend solely on it. Music may educate by its æsthetic side as well as by its ethic side—by beauty of form and harmoniousness of proportion as well as by the matter expressed. Indeed, observation and thought will show us that the æsthetic is capable of exercising an ethic influence.

The following are the main questions with which we shall be concerned:

1. What are the views held in the past and present on the ethic powers of music?

2. In which way does the æsthetic side of music educate those who cultivate the art?

3. Is music expressive? And if it is expressive, which are the means that enable it to be so?

4. What practical conclusions have the teacher of music, the educator, the philosopher and the statesman to draw from these facts.

II.

Ethical Views of the Ancients.

The greatest attention was paid to the ethic powers of music and the most decided opinions expressed regarding them by the ancient Greeks. Already Pythagoras, of the sixth century, B. C., and his school were interested in the subject. Their philosophy was a number theory, a philosophy based on the principle of proportion and harmony. The universe, they said, is regulated by numbers; all things physical and psychical are—the motions of the stars, of music, of the soul itself. Owing to the corresponding regulated motion of music and in the soul, the one can influence the other; different melodies and rhythms producing different mental effects. The Pythagoreans claimed for music great ethical powers, among others that of changing a mental state of unrest and confusion into one of calm and serenity. They claimed for it also power of curing disease, especially mental disease.

In proceeding from Pythagoras to Plato, of the fifth and

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fourth centuries, B. C., we leave tradition and come to the written *ipsissima verba* of the author. The importance which Plato attaches to music may be gauged by the prominent position occupied by it in his dialogues, "The Republic" and "The Laws," where he points out the part music can play and ought to play in the training of the citizen, and the obligation of the state to legislate on the subject. It has, however, to be noted that Plato uses the word music in the wider sense, including poetry.

In the proposition that "rhythms and music in general are imitations of good and evil characters," we have the root from which Plato's teaching springs. Now let me illustrate this teaching by a few characteristic quotations:

"Good language and harmony and grace and rhythm depend on the simplicity of a truly and nobly ordered soul."

"If our youth are to do their work in life, they must make these graces and harmonies their perpetual aim."

"All life is full of them, as well as every creative and constructive art. * * * And absence of grace and inharmonious movement and discord are nearly allied to ill words and ill nature, as grace and harmony are the sisters of goodness and virtue and bear their likeness."

"Musical training is a more potent instrument than any other, because rhythm and melody find their way into the secret places of the soul, on which they mightily fasten, imparting grace, and making the soul graceful of him who is ill educated; and also because he who has received this true education of the inner being will most shrewdly perceive omissions or faults in art and nature, and with a true taste, while he praises and rejoices over and receives into his soul the good and becomes noble and good, he will justly blame and hate the bad, now in the days of his youth even before he is able to know the reason why, and when reason comes he will recognize and salute her as a friend with whom his education has made him long familiar."

"The harmonious soul is both temperate and valiant, the inharmonious soul is cowardly and boorish."

Plato, in "The Republic," declares, through the mouth of Socrates, that all modes, except the Dorian and the Phrygian, should be banished—the Ionian and Lydian because they in-

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duce softness, indolence and drunkenness, the mixolydian because it expresses sorrow, etc. On the other hand, the Dorian is the strain of necessity, of the unfortunate, of courage, the warlike mode, "which will sound the word or the note that a brave man utters in the hour of danger and stern resolve, or when his cause is failing and he is going to wounds or death or is overtaken by some other evil, and at every such crisis meets fortune with calmness and endurance," and the Phrygian is the strain of freedom, of the fortunate and of temperance, the mode "to be used by him in times of peace and freedom of action, when there is no pressure of necessity, and he is seeking to persuade God by prayer, or man by instruction and advice; or, on the other hand, which expresses his willingness to listen to persuasion or entreaty or advice, and which represents him when he has accomplished his aim, not carried away by success, but acting moderately and wisely, acquiescing in the event."

"Next in order to modes, rhythms will naturally follow, and they should be subject to the same rules, for we ought not to have complex or manifold systems of metre, but rather to discover what rhythms are the expressions of a courageous and harmonious life. * * * What rhythms are expressive of meanness, or insolence, or fury, or other unworthiness, and what rhythms are remaining for the expression of opposite feelings?"

Now listen to what Plato says about how music should be cultivated:

"When a man allows music to play and pour over his soul through the funnel of his ears those sweet and soft and melancholy airs of which we were just speaking, and his whole life is passed in warbling and the delights of song; in the first stage of the process the passion or spirit which is in him is tempered like iron and made useful, instead of brittle and useless. But, if he carries on the softening process, in the next stage he begins to melt and waste until he has wasted away his spirit and out and out the sinews of his soul, and he makes a feeble warior."

One more quotation shall conclude my statement of Plato's view. "Damon says that when modes of music change, the fundamental laws of the state always change with them."

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Aristotle, of the fourth century, B. C., shares in the main his master's views, but treats the question with more definiteness and particularity.

Here are some of his sayings:

"Rhythm and melody supply imitations of anger and gentleness, and also of courage and temperance and of virtues and vices in general, which hardly fall short of the actual affections, for in listening to such strains our souls undergo a change."

"Even in mere melodies there is an imitation of character, for the musical modes differ essentially from one another, and those who hear them are differently affected by each. Some of them make men sad and grave like the so-called mixolydian; others enfeeble the mind like the relaxed harmonies; others, again, produce a moderate and settled temper, which appears to be the peculiar effect of the Dorian; the Phrygian inspires enthusiasm. * * * The same principles apply to rhythms; some have a character of rest, others of motion, and of those latter, again, some have a more vulgar, others a nobler movement. Enough has been said to show that music has a power of forming the character, and should therefore be introduced into the education of the young."

"We accept the division of melodies proposed by certain philosophers into ethical melodies, melodies of action and passionate or inspiring melodies, each having, as they say, a mode corresponding to it. But we maintain further that music should be studied, not for the sake of one but of many benefits, that is to say with a view (1) to education, (2) to purification; music may also serve (3) for intellectual enjoyment, for relaxation and for recreation after exertion. It is clear that all the modes must be employed by us, but not all of them in the same manner. In education ethical melodies are to be preferred, but we may listen to the melodies of action and passion when they are performed by others. For feelings such as pity and fear, or again, enthusiasm, exist very strongly in some souls, and have more or less influence over all. Some persons fall into a religious frenzy, whom we see disenthralled by the use of mystic melodies, which bring healing and purification of the soul. * * * For the purpose of education * * * those modes and melodies should be employed which are ethical, such as the Dorian, although we may in-

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clude many others which are approved by philosophers who have had a musical education. * * *. All men agree that the Dorian music is the gravest and manliest. And, whereas we say that the extremes should be avoided and the mean followed, and whereas the Dorian is a mean between the Phrygian and Lydian, it is evident that our youth should be taught the Dorian."

My last quotation from Aristotle will be on the study of music.

"The right measure will be attained if students of music stop short of the arts which are practiced in professional contests, and do not seek to acquire those fantastic marvels of execution which are now the fashion in such contests, and from these have passed into education. Yet the young pursue their studies until they are able to feel delight in noble melodies and rhythms, and not merely in that common part of music in which every slave or child, and even animals, find pleasure * * * thus then we reject the professional mode of education in music."

Views like those of Pythagoras, Plato and Aristotle were not exceptional individual views, but views which up to the appearance of the Sophists, in the fifth century, B. C., seem to have been universally held and subsequently to have largely preponderated. Owing to the scarcity of documents that have come down to us, especially documents referring to the opposite views, it is, however, difficult to dogmatize. On the side of the Pythagoreans, Academics and Peripatetics, there were also the Stoics, whereas the Epicureans ranged themselves on the side of the Sophists. At least some of the most notable proclaimers of the ethical powers of music after Aristotle ought to be specially mentioned—two of his disciples, namely, Aristoxenus, the most important writer on Greek music, called by the ancients "the musician," and Theophrastus, who described the effect of music as a rhythmical moving of the soul; the Stoic Diogenes of Seleucia, of the second century, B. C., who looked upon music as a powerful moral instrument little inferior to philosophy in usefulness and thought, to quote from Dr. Hermann Abert's recently published book on "The Ethos in Greek Music," that "music impels our will to definite positive mani-

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festations, yea, even acts directly on our body, and is thus enabled to express both good and bad characters;" the Eclectic Aristides Quintilianus, of the first and second centuries of the Christian era, who sums up as it were the teachings of the schools of Pythagoras, Plato and Aristotle, and expounds the correlation of the soul and music, the expressiveness of melodies and rhythms, the importance of music in the education of the young, its purifying power and its influence on the life of states and nations; Claudius Ptolemy, of the second century, an outstanding writer on music as well as a great astronomer, who explained the ethical effect of music by the connection between musical and psychical motion, and pointed out that the smaller the intervals employed the more effeminate the ethos, chromaticism, for instance, being more effeminate than diatonicism, and, in conclusion, Boethius, executed in 524, of whom Gibbon says that he was "the last Roman of any note who understood the language and studied the literature of Greece, the last of the Romans whom Cato and Tully would have acknowledged for their countryman," Boethius, who in the first chapter of the first book of his "De Musica," declares that music is connected not merely with speculation but also with morality, and in the further discussion of this declaration refers frequently to Plato.

III.

The Anti-Ethical Views of the Ancients, and a Criticism of These and the Ethical Views.

As I have already said, these views did not remain unchallenged. This may have first been done in the fifth century B. C. by the Sophists. Unfortunately extremely little of early contemporary information exists, and for an account of some adequacy we must come down to the first century, B. C., to the Epicurean Philodemus of Gadara, in Syria, who wrote a book on music, of which, however, only fragments remain. The ancient antagonists in matters musical of the Pythagoreans, Academics, Peripatetics and the Stoics were the exact prototypes of our nineteenth century æsthetic formalists. In reading their objections and declarations we seem to be reading quotations from Hanslick's "On the Beautiful in Music." According to Philodemus, melodies and

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rhythms unconnected with words are meaningless, are mere formal combinations destitute of a content. This being the case they cannot in any way affect the states of the soul, cannot in any way exercise an ethical influence either for good or evil. In fact, Philodemus goes so far as to maintain that music has as little to do with the soul life as cookery, that it is a mere luxury, serving no useful purpose, except that of affording relaxation and lightening toil, that, in short, it has no other object than amusement.

The mistake of those who think differently arises, we are told, from two causes—from attributing the meaning and effect of the words which generally accompany music to the music itself, and from our readiness to accept as authoritative what has been believed by our forefathers, and what is told us by our elders. The formalists declare that the teaching of the philosophers whom they oppose consists solely of assertions. If this accusation were true, it could be effectively met by the question: "What else but assertions do you proffer?" But is the accusation true? Not quite. Although there may be more assertion than proof, and the proof not scientifically set forth, it cannot in fairness be denied that there is observation as well as assertion in statements such as those about the correlation of the soul and music, the connection between musical and psychical motion, the effect of music as a rhythmical moving of the soul, and the different character, the different expression, of different melodies and rhythms. For the different expression of different melodies and rhythms, support may be found in the teaching of the rhetoricians and grammarians. Some of the rhetoricians laid great stress on the importance of melody and rhythm in speaking if persuasion was aimed at, and the grammarians never wholly lost sight of the ethos of rhythms in their treatment of verse. As many of the rhetoricians and grammarians were formalists, and many ignorant of or indifferent to music, their procedure is so much the more significant. Cicero and St. Augustine, too, are valuable witnesses, for they are not only great intellects but also are disinterested, that is, not preoccupied by the theory in support of which they, unintentionally as it were, bear testimony. Cicero, although in one place he calls music a puerile amusement, says in another place that

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"every movement of the soul (animi) has a certain face, sound and gesture of its own." This remark, it is true, contains nothing about music as a moral instrument, but it points to how music can be expressive, and consequently also educative. St. Augustine's similar remark is even more interesting. After confessing that the holy words sung move him more deeply than the same words spoken, he writes: "All the states of my spirit have in accordance with their diversity their proper modes in voice and song, by which they are stirred through I do not know what secret familiarity," or, as we may also translate, "through I do not know what secret sympathy."

The opinions of the Greek philosophers as to the ethical powers of music are by many moderns regarded as mere fancies, and not infrequently are freely ridiculed. I am therefore prepared to have addressed to me the following two questions: (1) "Did Greek music really do all that Pythagoras, Plato, Aristotle and others claimed for it?" (2) "Do you look upon their utterances as proofs of your assertion that our music can exercise an influence on the manners, morals and character of its cultivators?" My answer to both questions is "No." We know far too little of Greek music to form an opinion of its powers, far too little to test the opinions of the ancients. It is not impossible that the philosophers may have been mistaken on some points, or that they may have indulged in exaggerations. I do not say that it was so, but say only that it may have been so. On the other hand, it seems to me that the skeptics overlook and misunderstand various things. They ask: "How could such great effects be produced by so simple a music as that of the Greeks?" The answer to this is that in those early times simple musical combinations may have made deeper impressions on the hearer than the complicated modern combinations make on our jaded ears. Is not youth more impressionable than age? But although ancient Greek music was comparatively simple, it had more means of expression than are usually taken into account. They had a greater number of modes; they had three genera (diatonic, chromatic and enharmonic, not to mention other modifications of their scales); they had modulation, and they had a very highly developed system of

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rhythm. Adverse critics laugh at the ascription of different qualities by different writers to one and the same mode. Most of these contradictions, however, arose not from the stupidity of the Greeks, but from the ignorance of the mediæval musicians, who misunderstood the Greek nomenclature, and confused the names of the modes. Some of the supposed contradictions are in reality reconcilable differences. In short, be our estimate of the prevailing Greek view ever so low, we cannot get rid of the fact that it represents the belief of the large majority of a pre-eminently intellectual and artistic race. Such a belief ought not to be ignored; on the contrary, it ought to be carefully noted and pondered.

[To be Continued.]

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JOHANN AND EDOUARD STRAUSS AND THE WALTZ.

BY JOHN S. VAN CLEVE.

The very word waltz suggests the name of Strauss, and seems to be synonymous with it. In treating this topic it is better rather to discuss the nature and character of the art form as such, and define the traits of the man, or rather men of the Strauss group than to attempt any specialized, or poetized analysis. When we utter the monosyllable Strauss, we generally mean Johann Strauss, Jr., but this is hardly fair. The fact of the matter is that there were four men of transcendent and unique genius of this name, and two of them were named Johann. Thus the founder of the name and fame of Strauss in music was Johann Strauss, who was born in 1804, and his three sons, Johann, born 1825, Joseph and Edouard were his equals. At least the two first named sons were, and some consider Joseph superior to all the others. Each of these gifted men created waltzes, and polkas, and gallops and other lively forms of music by the hundreds. One of the most wonderful festival occasions in the whole history of music was the jubilee of Johann Strauss, Jr., in commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of his debut as a public musician. On that occasion Johannes Brahms, one of the unquestioned mighty ones of music, paid Strauss, who certainly stood at the antipodes of the world of composers, a compliment of unsurpassed grace and brilliancy. Brahms had a phrase from the celebrated "Beautiful Blue Danube" engraved upon a costly fan with these words underneath:

"Unfortunately not from Johannes Brahms."

This fan he sent to Mme. Strauss.

This incident is profoundly significant, because it proves how truly all good music blood is the same, rich red tide, no matter how widely the forms of expression may differ.

Two men more absolutely opposed in the nature of their work could not be imagined than the frisking, gamboling, skipping Puck of the orchestra, Johann Strauss, and that solid, se-

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date abstract Johannes Brahms with his monumental pyramids of elaborated variations.

The waltz is usually understood to be the dance which is typical of Germany, as the Polka and Polonaise are of Poland, the Tarantella of Italy, the Fandango and Bolero of Spain, the Quadrille and Gavotte of France and so forth.

It is beyond any cavel the most popular dance of the nineteenth century and has performed to all the other varied and charming dances of Europe the miraculous incorporation which the rod of Moses, when changed into a serpent, did for those of the rival magicians. There is something in this graceful, billowy dance which captivates all the world. It first was heard about 1780 and at once the great composers of Vienna, Mozart, Beethoven and Schubert caught it up and used it as a vehicle for their inspirations.

At first it was but a simple pair of short and lucid sentences of eight measures each, in a most primitive structure, but Hummel hit upon the idea of conjoining a series of such waltzes, and Schubert gave to it many of his most ravishing thoughts. Indeed, for artistic purposes Franz Schubert may be regarded as the inventor of the waltz. Schubert did one thing for his form which has become an essential of it, that was entirely new when he first created it, viz., the prefixing a short recitative phrase in the bass, as of the voice of a man. This idea was seized upon by Weber, in his Invitation to the Dance, which was the first waltz as an art form, and it still remains unsurpassed for elevated poetic beauty, perfection of logical form, and utter charm, though, of course it has been far surpassed as to technical intricacy.

Later composers such as Chopin, Rubinstein, Moszkowski, Tschaikovsky, Wieniawski, and many others have done beautiful things, especially on the brilliant and virtuoso side of the art, but Brahms in his Liebeswaztzer has created after the similitude of Schubert, yet in a really new way something exceedingly beautiful and noble in form.

Thus it is evident that the waltz is held in high esteem by the greatest. As for the form, we will find it in absolute perfection in that one of the younger Johann Strauss, which has become the waltz classic of all the civilized world, viz., the Beautiful Blue Danube. As analyzed from this matchless

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creation of musical imagination, the waltz form is as follows: First, a portico to the temple, *i. e.*, an introduction in slow time and of a broad, stately character, not in strict form, but free, rising in expressiveness and animation, and foreshadowing waltzes, usually containing two symmetrical strains, or sentences, each of sixteen measures. Third, there will be found between these separate and distinct waltzes, bridges, or passages of free form, whereby there is a modulation or transition accomplished from one waltz to another. These often span a wide gap as to tonality. Thus in the one under consideration, the "Beautiful Blue Danube," once there is step by means of this bridge work from G major to the remote key of F major. Fourth, there is a conclusion, or peroration, as the logician and orator would term it, but a coda as it is termed in music, wherein there are bits of repetition, and recapitulation casting back the memory, and refreshing us with that joy of recalling past pleasure, which is one of the cardinal functions of music as an art. Thus it will be seen that the waltz in the hands of the Strausses, and especially of the junior Johann, has grown into an art form which is as worthy of intelligent study as the sonata or the fugue.

The history of the waltz has been like that of other dances, beset with outcry and reprobation. Sometimes there has even been legislation against it, or more strictly speaking, against the loose manners and uncontrolled actions which were perpetrated in its name. When it first invaded England in 1812 as a fad of the rich and idle classes, it drew down a perfect avalanche of denunciation, and even that model moralist the poet Byron wrote a satire against it. However, it seems to be pretty certain that man is a dancing animal as well as a tool-using animal, or a cooking animal, as he has been variously defined, and the best thing to do with an art form is to use, without abusing it.

The elder Johann Strauss was the first to institute the habit of labeling waltzes, and other pieces of music, with fanciful poetical titles. Some of the titles to his creations and those of his sons do not in the least afford a key to their inner meaning if they have any. Whenever beneath a vast assemblage of tones we find a distinct and intelligent purpose, the action of a comparing and measuring mind, there is what may be fairly

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termed "high-art." So then, despite the simplicity of the materials employed, despite the fact that we are concerned for the most part with mere basses and chord-answers, in threes, with an occasional deviation to kill monotony into three twos in place of two threes, the grand set of waltzes of the Strauss type is an art-work. Some of the more famous among the hundreds are the Beautiful Blue Danube, the Artist's Life, the Whispers from the Vienna Woods, the Vienna Bonbon, the Village Swallows, The Kiss Waltz, which forms the leading and pervading motive of one of his comic operas, and the waltz-song called Spring-Time. Johann Strauss, Jr., produced a number of gay and charming light operas which are little else than waltzes arranged for orchestra and voices, with some gay intrigue, and a deal of entertaining spectacular art. We may at times find tiny bits of characteristic music, as for instance the twitter-like figure in the Village Swallows, the rustlings of the Vienna Woods, and so perhaps a hint of the gentle, majestic sweep of the Danube in the F major waltz in the Danube set.

It may as well, however, be understood at once that in all this charming output of voluptuous, lively, intoxicating, magnetic and altogether musical music there is a minimum of what is now so common, viz., characteristic tone-painting. The purpose of this music is to utter in dulcet, and enticing tones, all the animated and thoroughly human feelings which associate themselves with the ball room and its festivities. This has been done so exquisitely, and so completely, and so abundantly, that it is about as difficult to compose a waltz after the Strausses as a sonata after Beethoven, or a fugue after Bach. Out of the tiny rootlet of the old-time skipping amusements of the common and uneducated people, this rich literature of bewitching dance-music has flourished up, with an augmentation, and an increment of meaning and design quite as wonderful as the development of the school of conterpoint when married to the lyric volksong, and no wide-minded musician need be ashamed to say that he relishes, for a time at least, the sound of a fine waltz. True, this naive and unelaborated form of art cannot hold for a long time the attention of a musical scholar, but it has its function, in the ameliorating and beautifying of human life, and is worthy of studious attention. The earliest waltz on record is the captivating but ludicrously familiar

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German waltz, "Ach Du Lieber Augustin." This was first known as far back as the year 1670, and was addressed or dedicated to a strolling musician of the time who was exceedingly popular. So small and so modest are often the tap-roots of art-forms, and so insignificant the beginnings of great things in music. Though a concert-waltz, as composed by Rubinstein, Moszkowski or other moderns may sound imposing and effective when delivered by two hands, these Strauss compositions will make a far better impression, if given with four hands. They are conceived, not in the virtuoso part, but in the orchestral spirit, and pre-suppose the varied and emotional voices of the modern orchestra at all times. There is no attempt to exploit the skill of the performer, and they are never quite released from the shackles of music to be danced to, or emancipated from the trammels of moderate tempi. In this particular they are entirely of another genre from the immortal waltz of Chopin, who did not create waltzes, but fantasies in the guise of waltzes. Among the names which cannot grow dim in the firmament of the stars of music the quadruple stars of the Strauss family will burn forever.

(*From Vol. II. of "The Great in Music."*)

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A ROMANCE IN TWO FLATS.

BY LEIGH GORDON GILTNER.

"Oh, hang it all! I can't stand this, you know," cried Halsted, throwing down his pen in despair. "If he'd only strike something remotely resembling a tune I shouldn't mind so much, but he's played that run sixteen times by actual count, and each time worse than before.'

As if in confirmation of his words, there floated up from the room below the blatant tones of a cornet in the hands of a performer who was evidently not an expert. Halsted sighed despairingly.

"If the landlord had mentioned this thing to me he'd never have got me for a tenant," he went on in an aggrieved tone, as he strove to collect his scattered thoughts. "But seeing he has got me—literally—for the rent's paid a month in advance—I suppose I must make the best of it," and with a sigh of resignation the promising young poet took up his pen, knit his brows, and by a supreme effort of the will began again upon the "Ode to Silence," he was doing for the "Arcadian Magazine."

"Across a wide abyss of Stygian gloom," he wrote.

"Tu-tu-tu-tu-tu-tu-u," breathed the cornet.

"Of rayless night—"

"Tu-tu-tu-tu-tu," came from below.

"Oh, I say!" groaned the afflicted poet.

"Across a wide abyss of Stygian gloom,
Of rayless night, unblest by sun or star."

"Tu-tu-tu-tu-tu-u-u-u-u" breathed his unseen tormentor.

Halsted made a remark that was more forceful than elegant.

"Tu-tu-u," blared the cornet.

"Now look here!" said Halsted, putting down his note book, "Endurance has its limits. I can't write with this thing going on. I'll go down stairs and throw myself on that fellow's mercy—offer to set up the wine, cigars—whatever he likes, in fact—if he'll only let up till I get this thing done for the "Arcadian."

In fancy he had been picturing his tormentor as a stout, stolid, bald-headed Teuton, of the type one sees in itinerant

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bands; and it occurred to Halsted that he might prove susceptible to the soothing influences mentioned, supplemented by a polite and conciliatory demeanor on his part.

"Tu-tu-tu——u—," came in a prolonged blast as Halsted opened his door and began to descend the stairs.

"Jove, what lungs the fellow has," thought Halsted, and associated with his appreciation of the musician's length of "wind" and staying qualities, there flashed across his mind an uncomfortable thought of what might happen should his persecutor *not* prove amenable to beer and blandishments. However, he "screwed his courage to the sticking place," and summoning a smile intended to be winning and propitiatory, knocked at the door of the apartment below his own.

There was an instant's delay and then the door was opened by a bewildering vision in blue, whom Halsted (who had an eye for the beautiful and who occasionally lapsed into colloquialism) mentally pronounced "a peach." Such a fair, blue eye, Dresden-china-shepherdess sort of little creature that Halsted's smile involuntarily broadened and his mien became engaging to a degree.

"I beg your pardon," he began in his best manner. "Is the gentleman of the house in? I should like to speak to him, please."

"Yes—no," replied the Dresden Shepherdness, blushing prettily. "Can I—is there anything I can do for you?"

Halsted, lost in contemplation of the pretty face before him, had well-nigh forgotten the existence of the cornist and his instrument of torture. He had a weakness for pretty faces. With an effort he pulled himself together.

"Oh, not at all, not at all," he rejoined with asinine blandness. "Er—that is—I'll call again."

With another bewitching blush and a still more bewitching smile the vision disappeared, and Halsted found himself facing the closed door and the cold fact that he had lost his opportunity of interviewing the objectionable musician.

"Surely," he mused as he ascended the stair, "the villian cannot have eluded me. He couldn't have come out without my seeing him. I wonder if she told me a fib? His daughter, I suppose. Well, she's deuced pretty anyhow."

However this might have been, peace reigned in the house

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for the next half hour, and Halsted added eight lines to his ode before he went out to lunch. On his way down town, he met Van Allen, who took him for a turn in the park and afterward to dinner at the club, so the evening was well advanced when Halsted returned to the abode that sheltered the charmer to whom his thoughts had been reverting all afternoon.

That everlasting ode must be finished before Saturday, so Halsted donned his smoking jacket, lit a cigar and sat down to work.

"Reads pretty well I think," he remarked complacently, as he took up the thread of his rhyme.

"And yet, methinks, from out the silent vast—"

Even as he wrote there came from the room below a series of musical pyrotechnics and skyrockets that fairly electrified Halsted and made him spring to his feet with a remark that would have given the cornist pain had he chanced to hear it. That ambitious performer, not content with his previous atrocities was trying an effect in "triple-tongueing," with disastrous result.

"Tu-tu-ku-tu-tu-ku," came in thunderous tones from the cornet.

"Good Lord," groaned the tortured poet, *"what* is he doing now?"

"Tu-tu-ku-tu-tu-ku" reiterated the unconscious cornist.

"What'll he do next I wonder?" groaned the unhappy Halsted.

"Tu-tu-ku-ku-u" blared the cornet cheerfully.

"And yet, methinks, ——" and then as a particularly agonizing "split" rent his ears, "Oh, good Heavens, I can't think—I can't write—I can't do anything in the face of that confounded racket. By Jove I'd like to wring his neck."

"Tu-tu-ku-tu-tu-ku-u-u-u———" shrieked the cornet.

Oh, Fire, Earth, Air, Appollo and Hades!" cried Halsted, flinging his book across the room, "I'm going down stairs to expostulate with that fiend—I don't care if he's her father, uncle, brother, double-first cousin, or what not."

He slipped into his coat, gave his hair a hasty brush, straightened his tie, and swelling with righteous indignation, marched down stairs.

The cornist by this time had ceased his inharmonious

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attempts at tongueing and was embarking on Tosti's "Would I Might Die"— a sentiment which would have been heartily echoed by his auditor had he been able to recognize the air.

In response to Halsteds' knock the door was opened by the same vision of beauty who had been haunting his thoughts all day.

She smiled pleasantly, and, as she held the door open, said: "Won't you come in?"

Halsted needed no second bidding. He took the chair she offered and was again on the point of forgetting his errand, when, as his glance traveled round the pretty sitting room, it fell upon the cause of all his woe—a rather dilapidated brass cornet, which lay, much in evidence, on the piano. The sight brought back something of his righteous wrath, and he asked with creditable severity:

"Madame, is your father in?"

Instantly the blue eyes filled with tears.

"My father died two years ago," she said.

Halsted felt distinctly uncomfortable.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," he blundered. "I—er, I mean your brother. Can I see him?"

She was smiling again, though her lashes were wet.

"I never had a brother," she said.

"Indeed," said Halsted much embarassed. "I thought you must have—the cornist, you know. I have the partments just above—my name is Halsted. I have heard this—er—music, and I came down to discuss it with him."

The pretty face lighted up.

"Oh, then you are fond of music," she cried joyously. "I am so glad, for I feared my practice would disturb you—*I'm* the cornist, you know."

For a minute Halsted sat looking at her in a state of utter bewilderment. He could hardly believe the evidence of his ears. Was it possible that this pretty creature and the odious cornist, whose head he had often longed to "punch," were one?

"I am studying with Şurmann," his pretty interlocutress went on, "and I'm so interested. But (plaintively) I fear I must annoy you dreadfully sometimes?"

"Oh, not in the least," asserted the mendacious Halsted,

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longing to kick himself the while. "I quite enjoy it, I assure you."

She beamed upon him.

"How kind of you to say so. Now I'll feel free to practice whenever I like." (Poor Halsted groaned inwardly.) "Do you know, Mr. Halsted, Mamma heard your name from our landlord the other day, and when she learned you were from Kentucky, she was at once sure you were one of the Halsteds she knew—the Bertram Halsteds of Lexington."

Halsted produced his card—a formality which had apparently occured to neither of them previously.

"*Mr. Bertram Hollingsworth Halsted*" it read.

"I am Colonel Bertram Halsted's eldest son," he said smiling. "And I never before had such reason to felicitate myself upon the fact."

She smiled in response.

"Don't you think, Mr. Halsted," she said, "that there is a sort of freemasonry existing between Kentuckians the world over?" And Halsted was only too happy to admit the existence of any bond that brought him nearer to his charmer.

"You are musical, I believe. Do you play at all?" Miss Langley presently asked.

"The piano—a little," Halsted reluctantly admitted.

"Then perhaps, sometime, you wouldn't mind accompanying me? An accompaniment adds so much I think." ("The punishment fits the crime," Halsted told himself), murmuring aloud the while,

"Delighted, I'm sure."

"How charming!" said Miss Langley, rapturously. "I do so love the cornet—though it does hurt my lips dreadfully sometimes." She held up for inspection the dearest little rosebud of a mouth, so innocently, yet so alluringly withal, that Halsted involuntarily bent toward the pretty lifted face—but happily recalled himself in time.

Presently there entered Mrs. Langley (a withered, little woman who had once been beautiful, but who now resembled a wax doll which had had its face washed—to the detriment of its complexion). She was charmed to meet any Kentuckian—particularly the son of an old friend and quondam admirer. She had countless questions to ask of old acquaint-

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ances in Kentucky, from which she had long been absent; and Halsted sat by unblushingly while Miss Langley told his mother of his interest in music and his enjoyment of the cornet.

He spent a most delightful evening and when he at length took his leave, he had committed himself to a promise to take tea with the Langleys the following afternoon, and later to accompany Doris' cornet. (Her name was Doris—so delightfully simple and pastoral and sweet, Halsted thought.)

"Bert Halsted, you're an imbecile, a moral coward—and several other things," he told himself as he went upstairs. "Nice sort of mess you've gotten yourseif into—but—oh, well, hang it! she's so deuced pretty, you know," and Halsted straightway went to bed and dreamed of Doris all night.

Halsted called on the Langleys the next day and many days thereafter. At first there was, he thought, a superabundance of music, but as time went on there grew to be less cornet and more conversation, and Mrs. Langley in her character of chaperon developed a habit of falling asleep over her embroidery that endeared her beyond measure to Halsted.

Thus it was that before Spring came, Halsted so far forgot his prejudices as to ask Doris to become his wife; and strange as it may seem (though it will perhaps not surprise those of us who know how plastic poor misguided man becomes in the hands of a pretty woman), Halsted's gift to his bride was a shining silver-mounted cornet which cost him the price of six sonnets, a rondeau, and the "Ode to Silence."

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NOTES ON AMERICAN MUSIC OF THE XVIII CENTURY.

BY KARLETON HACKETT.

The social life and amusements of our ancestors of Revolutionary times are matters of perennial interest to us their descendants. While almost all that they did and said has been thoroughly threshed out by our historians, there yet remains one corner of their lives that has received but scant courtesy—their regard for music. The Psalmody of New England has been the subject of much research and little can be added to what is already known, but our forefathers even in Boston had more musical longings than could be satisfied by Psalmody alone. Scattered all through contemporary publications is unmistakable evidence that music played an important part in social gatherings and in education. So many questions of the gravest import were then being fought out that the gentle voice of music could scarcely be heard through the din, but that voice could never be entirely stilled and has left traces that are of value to the student of manners.

The histories of the time are silent on the subject of music, and it is undoubtedly true that many serious minded men looked with more than doubtful eyes at anything that savored of the secular. From this fact, together with the crude psalmody that has come down to us, it has been the custom to deride their taste and even to deny them any desire for music. Yet musical aspirations they had, and while these found vent in much that could only cause a smile today, still the beginnings of art growth on so forbidding a soil as that of New England must have been but feeble, and are, therefore, the more interesting.

Contemporary notice is the only kind that can have any authority, and nothing could be more to the point that an article in the *Massachusetts Magazine* of June, 1796, which is expressed with much force, if little elegance.

"*Reflections on the Absurdity, Folly and Inconsistency of*

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certain fashionable Customs and Ceremonies practiced in public and private Companies.

There is another custom which of all others tires the senses and stupefies the fancy. This is the absurd parade of asking some pouting miss to sing, who will bear teasing for a full hour before she complies; and then in a most wretched squall she disturbs your ears for an hour:—for when once set off she rattles away like clack of a mill, while all the company are under the necessity of praising this screaming demon for the very torture she has given them.

Others again are plaguing some ass of a fellow for a song; who begins braying in a most dissonant tone without one requisite to please, and if you don't keep renewing your solicitations for his noise he thinks himself used very ill.

There are a set of fellows in the town who have a few songs cut and dried and are uneasy until they have shot them off upon the company.

Whenever a lady or gentleman has a fine voice it is sensible to ask them to sing, and it is good natured when they comply; but when the resolution is made of a company singing alternately, it is enough to confound one's senses, and make a philosopher vow that he will never go into the society of men more.

Besides I have ever made it an invariable observation that these singing companies in general consist of impenetrable blockheads, who have not fancy, nor education, nor sense to furnish out an evening's entertainment with sensible conversation. Whenever such singing is introduced it is sure to destroy all conversation; so you are under the necessity of proceeding from ballad to ballad until your coach relieves you.

> 'What ear, ye Siren, can endure the pest
> Of a man roaring like a storm at West?
> Or who can bear, that hath an ear at all
> To hear some hoyden Miss for evening's squall?
> Give me, ye Gods, my cabin free from care,
> And *jugging* nightingales in darkling air.'"

However uncomplimentary this may be to the music and the taste of the day, it is evidently the wail of one who had been treated to an abundance of it. There are, too, some words of

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wisdom to be found in another article in the same magazine, entitled:

"On the Female Accomplishments most Agreeable to a Husband!!!"

"In fact nothing but a well informed mind and stability of principles can insure lasting happiness in this state. In this particular the men are not such fools as the women think them. It is true they like to hear us sing—they like to hear us play to amuse an idle hour; but alas, the ornamental parts of our education, like the beauties of our persons, very greatly lessen in their esteem after a short time, and nothing maintains its ground but sterling good sense and real virtue."

But it was not only in the social gatherings that the power of music made itself felt. In the theatre it rose to the importance of a political "issue," and more than one riot was precipitated by the refusal of the theatre orchestra to play some piece demanded by the audience. 1794 was a year of intense national excitement when the lines were being sharply drawn between the two parties of Federalists and Republicans, the former sympathizing with England, the latter looking with grateful regard and strong hope towards France, then in the throes of its revolution. The almost triumphal tour of Citizen Genet had inflamed the public mind to a pitch of fury, and no considerable gathering was able or desirous to suppress its emotions. The New Theatre had just been opened in Boston and the management tried most earnestly to steer a course free from political snags and win the patronage of all parties. But it could not be, party feeling ran too high, and it broke loose over the playing of certain tunes which the parties considered as badges of fidelity, and which each insisted on hearing and cheering on every occasion. There is a circumstantial account of one vigorous expression of party feeling in Boston, which is best told by extracts from the daily press.

The *Chronicle* of January 13, 1794, sounded the first note in its review of the previous evening's performance.

* * * "Nor was the music less pleasing if we may judge from the reiterated burst of applause which alternately followed the playing of *Ca ira, Yankee Doodle* and *Washington's March.*"

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"This circumstance, we conceive, shows the impropriety of a bill of music being directed and published, and we are happy to find it is done away with and the music left to the direction of the audience for whose amusement they are employed. The omission of a favorite tune in the first play bill, contrary to the original wish of the Trustees, has caused much uneasiness to many, and we fear inconceivable mortification to some."

The Trustees had but a choice of evils, and they had only too good cause to dread the effect of a custom which permitted the audience to call for tunes which had assumed a party color, which awoke such bitter feelings, and turned the theatre into a political arena. So they determined again to print a list of the music to be played and trust to the good nature of the audience to sink party differences and attend to the play. Therefore, on January 30th, they published the following:

"*Regulations for the Boston Theatre.*

The music will be assigned for each evening; it is therefore requested that no particular tunes be called for by the audience, as the compliance with such a request would destroy the arrangements, and of course cannot be attended to."

This, however, did not suit at all. The *crux* of the matter lay in the demand for the French tune, *Ca ira,* which, to perhaps the great majority of our countrymen of that day, stood for love of liberty and admiration for the noble struggle France was then making against the combined powers of Europe. Whoever did not shout for *Ca ira* was a hater of liberty, at heart a sympathizer with aristocratic, overbearing, tyrannical England, and a traitor to his country."

The same paper a few days later gave expression to the general sentiments.

"*CA IRA*

or the new Yankee Doodle.

Some people object to the playing of this republican tune because it is *imported.* Pray let us ask—are not the players and the pieces to be performed also imported? and shall we object to this tune merely because it is of foreign growth? Certainly, no. Scarcely a tune that is played is manufactured in America. We must, therefore, have some imported tune, and no one will so well please a republican ear as the French Yankee Doodle—*Ca ira.*"

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In its Philadelphia correspondence there is a note on the opening of the Theatre there in the same strain:

"The music, it is added, was excellent, and the favorite air, *Ca ira*, was the first air that was played. They further mention that by attending to the call for and by a voluntary repetition of it during the evening the orchestra showed they did not forget their audience was American."

The Trustees desiring only peace and the well being of the theatre sought to pour oil on the troubled waters by another announcement in the paper.

"As we shall ever give what we conceive to be the most harmonic to the soul and congenial to the general sentiments of our brethren of the land we live in, the following distribution of music will precede the drawing up of the curtain:

Yankee Doodle.
Grand Battle Overture in Henry IV.
Gen'l Washington's March.
Grand Symphony by Sig. Charles Stametz.
Grand Overture by Sig. Vamhall.
Grand Symphony by Sig. Haydn."

Surely a generous selection, almost sufficient to suit the most fastidious taste. But the more enthusiastic of the audience demanded the right to select its music according to its desires at the moment, more especially demanded its darling *Ca ira;* the orchestra insisted on keeping to the printed program—and then came the rub. We may judge of the results by two announcements in the *Chronicle* of February 22, one of which is truly pathetic:

"THE MUSICIANS."

"The musicians that perform in the orchestra of the Boston theatre assure the public that it is not more their duty than it is their wish to oblige in playing such tunes as are called for, but at the same time they wish them to consider the peculiar poignancy of insult to men not accustomed to it. Thus situated they entreat a generous people to so far compassionate their feelings as to prevent the thoughtless or ill disposed from throwing apples, stones, etc., into the orchestra, that while they eat the bread of industry in a free country it may not be tinctured with the poison of humiliation."

"*Fifty Dollars Reward.*

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"Whereas some evil minded person from the gallery of the theatre threw into the orchestra at the last exhibition a piece of glass, and by that means destroyed one of the Kettle Drums belonging to the Proprietors; and as such practices, if continued, will endanger the safety of the audience in the Pit and the performers in the orchestra,

Therefore, if any person will give information to the Trustees of the person guilty of the above high handed trespass, or of any other of a like nature which may happen in the future, so as that the criminal may be brought to condign punishment, they shall receive a reward of *Fifty Dollars* to be paid you upon the conviction of each offense of which they may be the informers.

Samuel Brown,
Joseph Russell,
Perez Morton,
Henry Jackson,
Charles Bulfinch,
Trustees."

The demand for music is also evinced by the advertisements in the public press. From the same *Chronicle* are culled the following:

"THE FARMER."

"This day at 12 o'clock will be ready for sale at the bookstores of Wm. P. Blake, Cornhill, and Wm. T. Clapp, Newbery St.

THE FARMER.

A comic opera as performed with much applause at the new *Theatre, Boston.*

"MUSIC INSTRUMENTS

"For sale at Collender's Music Shop, a handsome assortment of well finished, good toned, high and low priced German flutes and fifes, made of wood not liable to check, by the dozen or single, large and small drums; C. and B. Clarinets; Horseman's Trumpets; Bassoons; a few excellent toned, well finished bass viols, violins, reeds, flagelets; Music Books, etc."

MUSIC.

"A collection of the most approved songs which are in vogue at the present time all over the continent and in Europe, with an assortment of other music for the Harpsichord, Pianoforte, Guitar, Clarinet, German Flute and Violin.

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Bland's collection of Sonatas, Lessons for the young, Collection of the most approved songs, Duetts, Catches and Glees.

"The bleak wind whistles o'er the main; Reconciliation; Hark, Hark, the Lark; Tom Bowlin.

Moller's collection of songs; Selection of Scotch Airs; Reinagle's Catalogue of all sorts of music, may be seen at the above shop."

"Mr. Mallet intends opening a Music School on the first of October. Those ladies and gentlemen who will confide that part of the education of their children to his care may depend on his grateful assiduity in their tuition. Having been educated to the profession of music, and in the habit of teaching it many years, he flatters himself of obtaining by the progress of his pupils their patronage and approbation. The intended regulations and terms may be known by application to his home, 23 Union St., from two until four in the afternoon every day."

When President Washington in 1789 visited Boston music played an important part in his reception and entertainment. The most noteworthy function in his honor was the concert at King's Chapel, which was made as brilliant an occasion as the resources of the town could afford. The performance had to be once postponed because of a peculiarly virulent cold which became epidemic, attacking both performers and audience, and which was nicknamed the Washington Influenza. However, when the appointed day arrived all the notables attended, the ladies wearing sashes with the Bald Eagle of the Republic and G. W. embroidered on them. The program is especially interesting since it announced the first oratorio performed in America. The subject was "Jonah," which may account for the unfortunate fact that it has entirely disappeared, much to the regret of musical antiquaries.

"The Oratorio, or Concert of Sacred Music, which was to have been performed Wednesday, will be performed to-morrow the 27th inst. at the Stone Chapel in Boston, in the presence of the President of the United States.

First Part.

1. A Congratulatory Ode to the President.
2. The favorite air in the Messiah—
   'Comfort Ye My People' by Mr. Rea.

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3. Organ Concerto by Mr. Selby.
4. The favorite air in the Oratorio of Samson—
   'Let the Bright Seraphim' by Mr. Rea.
5. Anthem from 100th Psalm Composed by Mr. Selby.

Second Part.

The Oratorio of Jonah Complete.

The solos by Messrs. Rea, Fay, Brewer and Dr. Rogerson The choruses by the Indepndent Musical Society. The instrumental parts by a corps of gentlemen, with the band of His Most Christian Majesty's Fleet. The music to begin precisely at 10 A. M.

No person will be admitted without a ticket. No more tickets will be sold than will admit of the auditory being conveniently accommodated. The doors will be open at nine o'clock.

" On Thursday will be given, by Mr. and Mrs. Pick, a *Concert* of *Vocal* and *Instrumental Music,* at *Concert Hall,* consisting of the following pieces:

First Part.

Grand Symphony ..... by Pepichell.
Song ..... by Mrs. Pick.
Flute Quartette ..... by an Amateur Society.
Song ..... by Mr. Pick.
Overture of the Deserter.
Song ..... by Mrs. Pick.
Chace of Stanitz—horn part ..... by Mr. Pick.

Second Part.

Overture of Blase Balst.
Italian Duette ..... by Pick and Mallet.
Violin Concerto ..... by Mr. Bonley.
Song ..... by Mr. Pick.
Overture.
Duette ..... by Mr. and Mrs. Pick.
Several airs on the Harmonica ..... by Mr. Pick.
The Battle of Ivri.

Tickets One Dollar each."

No consideration of the early music of our country can be in any way complete without some notice of that remarkable man—William Billings of Boston. He was the first to make himself a power by the influence of music, and whatever may

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be thought of his works his enthusiasm kindled a flame in his countrymen, to which we owe a debt of gratitude. The quips and cranks of his mind were manifold, and none is more amusing than his adress to the Goddess of Discord, which may best speak for itself.

TO THE GODDESS OF DISCORD.

Dread Sovereign:—

I have been sagatious enough of late to discover that some evil-minded persons have insinuated to your Highness that I am utterly unmindful of your ladyship's importance, and that all my time, as well as my talents, was wholly taken up in paying my divoto to your most implacable enemy and strenuous opposer, viz.: the *Goddess* of *Concord,* which representation is false as it is ill natured; for your ladyship may believe me without hesitation when I assure you on the word of an honest man, that knowing your ladyship to be of a very captious disposition, I have always been very careful of trespassing on your grounds for fear of incurring your displeasure, so far as to excite you to take vengeance.

Know then, dread Sovereign, that I have composed the following piece out of such materials as your kingdom is made up of, and, without vanity, I believe you will grant that it is the best piece that ever was composed: this I cheerfully offer at your shrine; and I must take the liberty to tell your majesty that I expect this one piece will fully compensate for my former delinquency and remissness to your word; and that you will not be so unreasonable as to insist upon another oblation from me, neither through time nor eternity: and let me tell you that in this offering I followed the example of our native Indians, who sacrifice to the angry God much oftener than to the good-natured one; not from any principle of love, but of fear; for, although you never could excite my love, you have frequently caused me to fear and tremble: and I solemnly declare that I fear your extempore speeches more than I do the threats and menaces of all the crowned heads of Europe: and now, Madame, after this candid and honest confession, I must insist on your signing the following receipt, which, for your honor and my security, I shall carry always about me:

A RECEIPT.

Received of the Author a piece of Jargon, it being the best

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piece ever composed, in full of all accounts, from the beginning of time, to and through the endless ages of eternity, I say received by me.

Goddess of Discord.

Given from our inharmonious Cavern in the land of Chaos from the year of our existence (which began at Adam's fall) Five Thousand Seven Hundred and Eighty-two.

Attest:

Demon Dread, Speaker.
Hamon Horror, Secretary.

And now, Madame Crossgrain, after informing you that this receipt shall be my discharge, I shall be so condescending as to acquaint your ladyship that I take great pleasure in subscribing myself, your most inveterate, most implacable, and most irreconcilable enemy—

The Author.

In order to do this piece ample justice the concert must be made up of vocal and instrumental music. Let it be performed in the following manner, viz.: Let an ass bray the Bass, let the filing of a saw carry the Tenor, let a hog who is extremely hungry squeal the Counter, and let a cart wheel, which is heavily loaded and that has been long without grease, squeal the Treble; and if the concert should appear too feeble, you may add the croaking of a crow, the howling of a dog, the squalling of a cat, and what would grace the concert yet more would be the rubbing of a wet finger upon a window glass; the last mentioned instrument no sooner salutes the drum of the ear, but it instantly conveys the sensation to the teeth: and if all these in conjunction should not reach the cause, you may add this most inharmonious of all sounds —

"pay me that thou owest."

The following piece of Jargon certainly can speak for itself. It seemed best to rearrange the music from the old clefs and put it into such shape that an idea of the composer's intention may be gained from playing it over on the piano. As for the full interpretation according to his precise and lucid instructions that must be left to individual initiative.

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The violinist Kubelik is one of those "appearances," as the Germans call them, who now and then startle the world of art. A young Bohemian, little if any past twenty-one, slight of stature, not imposing of presence, as free as possible from appearance of posing or of trying to startle, he has nevertheless managed to attract audiences almost everywhere he has played, limited only by the size of the houses. In Chicago he played twice in the week of January 16 to the auditorium entirely full, and a better appearing audience artist never had. Something of this may have been due to good management, the press having lent its services to this young artist's success with that hearty good will with which it welcomes and promotes every deserving candidate; but the advance agent does not account for audiences like these.

Nothing like it has been seen since the first two Paderewski seasons. Yet Kubelik, although evidently a personality, is without the seeming hypnotic power of the romantic Pole. However we may try to account for this unanimity of attention to the new artist there is no difficulty in accounting for the pleasure he affords. It is pure, legitimate and musical. While not apparently addicted to the Bach pieces for violin solo, and making the tremendously difficult masterpieces of Paganini's violin pyrotechnics his chief medium of astonishing the public, there is a curious lack in his appearance of any intention of awakening astonishment, even when he is doing tremendously difficult passages. This trick of doing things of stupendous difficulty as if they were everyday affairs (as they certainly have been with him, and many and long days) is quite unlike the way of the ordinary virtuoso, who not only astonishes you but plainly shows by his every motion that he has meant to astonish you and would have been grieved if he had not. Fancy a rather slender young man, shorter than medium in height, looking in fact like an almost feminine personality, an

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illusion which his long hair and smooth and rather refined face heightens, standing with most admirable repose and modesty of manner, and playing like a seraph. He is helped by a violin of exquisite tone, a refined tone which carries beautifully.

And what does Kubelik do, is it asked? On the occasion when I heard him he began with Ernst's concerto in F sharp minor, with piano accompaniment—not a very artistic idea. Yet he played it quite seriously and with all possible elements of mastery, saving only the one of seeming to display mastery. It might have been a song without words, or a nocturne, for all the fuss he made in doing the difficulties with which the work abounds. He seems to have both elements of the violin art to something very like perfection. Contrary to the old impression that the secret of his remarkable left hand technique in Paganini lay in his extremely long fingers, this young man has a small hand and they say rather short fingers. Yet every sort of difficult reach, all the famous double stops, long continued passages of them, and the like, are played with consummate sureness and without the slightest evidence that they involve any difficulty at all. In this respect no virtuoso performance that I know approaches this degree of art concealing art so much as Godowsky's runs in double thirds and sixths. It is the same art of doing impossible things with the mastery of genius. His intonation is exquisite, and his luck with the flageolet tones unfailing. In short, here was the whole art of violin playing, from the standpoint of technique pure and simple.

But what has the right hand to show? Here again, a mastery if possible even greater. No such beautiful cantilena has ever been heard by the ears of the present writer, from any or all of the great masters of violin who have been heard in this country. They say that his playing fairly jarred the violin playing world in the east. What kind of a wrist is this, they asked, which is able to do every kind of expression in every possible position of the bow? Naturally the purity of his cantilena is the basal secret of his power, for after all we are votaries of melody, every one of us, and the violin is the instrument which has educated mankind to appreciate the possibilities of melody. To me his technical mastery of bowing

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was less a mystery than his having such exquisite taste and knowledge as to what can legitimately be done with melody. No such singing as Kubelik's has been heard in our time—not even from our greatest vocalists. It is a higher art than the singer usually gets, due to the violinist's dealing with instrumental music, in which the tricks of the singer do not have to be considered. And it was the violin of Corelli which first opened the ears of mankind to the beauties of cantilena.

But while his exquisite bowing and his lovely melody playing are the basal sources of his power, he showed in other selections that he has all the tricks of the conjuring violinist, such as the spiccato bow, and the like. The second number of Kubelik consisted of three pieces, the Handel Largo, the Beethoven G major Romance, and Bazzini's Rondo of the Hobgoblins, a piece of violin diablerie, abounding in tricks and pleasing conceits. After this for a recall, a very soft dance, with mute. For a previous recall he had played Schumann's Evening Song. His program closed with Paganini's variations upon the air, "Nel piu Cor" by Paisiello—the same upon which Beethoven wrote six little variations. Here also there was little or no sensation but plenty of beauty and music, despite the sensational intention of the Italian wizard of the violin. And after this, again a soft melody, with mute, as distant and as delicate as possible.

The audience seemed to enjoy every note and lingered for more—which did not materialize.

The program was filled by a pianist, Miss Maria Victoria Torrilhon, who played the Gluck-Joseffy Arietta from "Alceste," the Chopin Nocturne in D flat, a Marche Grotesque by Sinding, the Bachmaninov Prelude and Rubinstein's fifth Barcarolle. Her playing was remarkably good without being commanding. The piano was a grand by Wissner, an instrument with many admirable traits. I had the pleasure of personally examining the Kubelik piano in Boston, where it showed that Mr. Wissner had made great advances in his grand. The tone is large, musical, sings well, and is an instrument as a whole to respect. Apparently it is not made along the Steinway lines—and is therefore an instrument which may later on rise to still farther perfection. The Steinway possibilities seem to have been thoroughly explored, not alone

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by the Steinways themselves, but by many other ambitious piano makers all over the world. Nothing essentially new can come now from this source; new paths must be tried, if they can be found.

* * *

The sixth concert of the Chicago Orchestra contained an unusual proportion of novelties, the entire program being this:

Overture, Solennelle, Op. 73.....Glazounov
The Enchanted Forest, Symphonic Legend, Op. 8.....Vincent d'Indy
Concerto for 'Cello, Op. 20.....d'Albert
Two Finlandish Legends, from Kalevala.....Sibelius
"The Swan of Tuonela."
"Lemminkaeinen Journey Homewards."
Symphony in D Minor, No. 4, Op. 120.....Schumann

Everything was played in these concerts for the first time except the Schumann symphony. Naturally the best of the program was the important overture by Glazounov, which was richly instrumented, free in style, musical and full of detail This is the opus 73 of this composer, who appears to be the one man in the whole world who just now is speaking music as it were his natural utterance. A still later opus number, a sonata for pianoforte, opus 74, is being played this season by Siloti in his European concerts.

Mr. Vincent d'Indy's "Enchanted Forest" is provided with a program, which here follows, in the translation from the program book:

"At the head of his warriors rode Harald, the hero full of bravery—they were going, by the light of the moon, through the wild forest, singing many songs of war.

"Who rustles and watches in the bushes? Who descends from the clouds and emerges from the spray of the torrent? Who murmurs so harmoniously and gives those sweet kisses? Who embraces the cavaliers so voluptuously?—It is the nimble troop of the Elves; all resistance is vain—The warriors have departed, departed for the land of the Fairies.

"He alone has remained, Harald, the hero full of bravery; he moves on by the light of the moon through the wild forest.

"At the foot of a rock bubbles a limpid spring; no sooner has Harald drunk of its enchanted waters than a strange drowsiness takes possession of his entire being; he falls asleep on the dark rock.

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"Seated on this same stone he sleeps for many centuries—and for many centuries, by the light of the moon, the Elves slowly circle round about Harald, the antique hero."

Such a program places the reader under a distinct disadvantage. In the effort to make out the place in the story that the orchestra has reached, the hearer misses the consecutive development of the music form and confines himself to vague guessing whether at just this moment the composer is dealing with the passionate kisses of the Elves (Is this not a new business for Elves?), the bubbling of the spring, or the hero sitting upon the bass trombone (a dark rock) for ages and ages. It is a quest which a study class or a woman's club might give up, as vanity and vexation of spirit. Otherwise than this Mr. Vincent d'Indy's music contains some very charming moments, elegantly orchestrated, and now and then a thought consecutively developed.

The 'cello concerto of Mr. d'Albert was played by Mr. Steindel with a beautiful tone and admirable manner. The music contains many interesting moments, but like all concertos for instruments in the low ranges of pitch, it tends to become monotonous. As a recall Mr. Steindel played Schumann's "Abendlie," arranged for 'cello and orchestra. The concerto was conducted by the first viola player, Mr. Stock, Mr. Thomas refraining from accompanying the present season, owing perhaps to his failing eyesight.

In the second part of the concert were the two novelties by the young Finnish composer, Sibelius. The story of these two selections, as given in the program, follows:

The first. The Swan of Tuonela, is a weird tone poem founded on a legend of Tuonela, the realm of death, and about which there flows a river broad and gloomy. Upon the bosom of these dark waters there rides a swan, singing his melancholy song of death as he glides along in dismal solitude. The movement opens mysteriously in the divided strings, and presently the English horn begins the intonation of a mournful melody to which the violoncellos and subsequently the violins respond with expressive phrases of similar hue. These melodies constitute the principal the matic elements of this composition, which bears no resemblance to any of the established classic forms, being simply a picturesque movement developed with remarkable facility in illustration of the subject named in the title.

The second number, "Lemminkaeinen turns homewards," is based upon an episode from the life of the war hero of Finnish mythology.

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The legend tells us that, exhausted by a long succession of struggles and combats, Lemminkaeinen determines to seek his native land. He turns his face homewards, and, after a journey filled with adventures, he at last finds himself again amongst the scenes of his childhood.

Both compositions were interesting in certain aspects, especially in tone, color and unsystematic development. The Swan of Tuonela was permitted to swim about singing his song through the English horn entirely too long; but the idea is pleasing and the work may perhaps prove welcome as a pastime in a program, especially if somewhat shortened. The other was more brilliant, but hardly less satisfactory. Perhaps on the whole the strongest point of these novelties was the vague and impassioned melody of the swan, in which the English horn had all necessary vacuity and lonesomeness.

After all these novelties came that symphony of Schumann apropos to which many years ago Theodore Thomas remarked to the present writer: "Well, if we come to that, Schumann could not write a symphony." He had in mind that curious opening subject of the allegro, which he specified as wanting in proper consideration for the natural powers of the violin. Nevertheless it sounded particularly sane on this occasion. While it was plain enough that here and there in it Schumann was "making an effort" to write something which Mendelssohn would perhaps rather like, it is after all Schumann and with certain novelties in instrumentation. The concert as a whole was well played, Mr. Thomas having apparently put considerable work upon the new productions. The audience was a little meagre, as usual before Christmas.

* * *

The Leipsic "Signale" publishes a list of operas performed in Germany during the period between September, 1900, and the end of August, 1901. The list opens with "Lohengrin," 294 representations, this favorite work leading as usual; next come "Freischuetz," 277; "Carmen," 277; "Tannhaueser," 273; "Cavalleria," 269; "Trovatore," 225; "Mignon," 214; "Margarethe," 192; "Undine," 192; "Magic Flute," 185; "Martha," 182; "Bajazzo," 187; "Meistersinger," 171; "Czaar und Zimmermann," 154; "Flying Dutchman," 155; "Fidelio," 154; "Waffenschmied," 145; "Barber," 139; "Merry Wives of Windsor," 137; "Walkuere," 131; "Figaro's Hochzeit,"

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126; "Daughter of the Regiment," 122; "Trumpeter of Sakkingen," 120; "Aida," 116; "Huguenots," 104; "Judin," 100; "Oberon," 97; "Postillion von Lonjumeau," 94; "Siegfired," 86; "Fra Diavolo," 84; "Don Juan," 83; "Traviata," 76; "Tristan and Isolde," 72; "Gotterdaemerung," 76; "Rheingold," 77, etc. In the line of light operas, "Die Fledermaus" leads the record as usual, with over 400 performances; "Geisha," 387; "Puppe," 252; "Gypsy Baron," 184; "Beggar Student," 167; "Landstreicher," 144; "Vogelhaendler," 107; "Mikado," 93; "Boccaccio," 85. This tends to show that Germany is more advanced than America in opera.

* * *

The well-known literateur and musical writer, Mr. Phillip Hale, is having what the boys call "a fine large time" in Boston about these days. Mr. Apthorpe, who had monopolized the making of program notes to the symphony concerts ever since the concerts were founded, is away upon sick leave or something of the kind, and Mr. Hale, whose pen fingers have itched for this contract lo these many years, is now running riot upon the swellings thereof. When in Boston lately I was fortunate enough to procure a copy of the eighth program of this season, the selections being as follows:

Dvorak: Overture......"Husitska"
Weber: Scene and Aria....."Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster"
Schubert.....Unfinished Symphony
Wagner: Scene....."Just God" and "My Life Fades," Rienzi
Berlioz: Will-of-the-Wisps, Ballet of Sylphs, and Rakoczy March from "Damnation of Faust."

The program book of the Boston concerts is a very cheap looking, low-toned affair, badly printed, of forty-eight pages, of which about thirty are advertising, cut in upon pages of reading matter wherever the wierd fancy of the advertiser could see his choice for preferred space. This is rather vulgar and I wonder why it is tolerated in a series like this, where one would suppose the commercial tendency might be held under a certain subjection to good taste. So far the Chicago program is far superior.

When it comes to information, however, I doubt whether any concert-goers were previously offered such a tropical

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luxuriance of facts, not always essential, as in these programs of Mr. Hale—which excell in the art of direct statement. I cannot better explain what I mean than by quoting his notes upon the Dvorak overture in this program. He says:

"Dvorak was invited to write an overture for the opening of the new Bohemian Theater at Prague, Nov. 18, 1883. As far back as 1876 there was at Prague a small and wretched theater in which Czech was the stage language. Czech was some time afterward permitted on the stage of the German theater recognized by the government. Plays in this language were performed only on Sunday afternoon, but in 1848 such performances were held twice a week.

"The Czechs had their own theater—'Interimstheater'—in 1862. It was small and cramped. Other buildings were tried, but the cornerstone of a new National Theater was laid in 1868, and Smetana's opera, 'Dalibor,' was performed in celebration. While this opera-house was building, a new Bohemian Theater of wood was used for Czech plays and operas, but the National Theater was finally dedicated June 11, 1881. Smetana's 'Libusa' was performed. The composer, stone-deaf, sat in the director's box, saw the enthusiasm, and heard not a note of his music. This theater was burned to the ground September 28 of that year. The fire kindled national pride. Concerts were given throughout Bohemia, meetings were held even in villages, the poorest contrived to give something, and the new National Theater was opened Nov. 18, 1883. Again the opera was 'Libusa.' No mention was made in the German music journals of this 'Husitska' overture by Dvorak, although the dedication of the theater was reported and the opera named.

"Dvorak for some years was a viola player in bands that picked up money at cafes and dance halls. The band that he belonged to in 1862 was chosen to supply the incidental music at the Interimstheater; and, when the National Theater was established he joined the orchestra. Smetana was the conductor (1866-74).

"The 'Husitska' overture was played at London, March 20, 1884, and at Berlin, Nov. 21, 1884, in each instance under the direction of the composer. The first performance in the United States was at New York, Oct. 25, 1884, at one of Mr.

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Van der Stucken's Novelty Concerts. The overture was played here under Mr. Nikisch, Nov. 26, 1892.

"It was Dvorak's purpose to celebrate in music the wars of the Hussites, and he used a phrase from a Hussite hymn as one important theme, which undergoes many changes. The theme is solemn, defiant, plaintive, a rallying-cry in battle. When the overture was produced in Vienna (1892)), Hanslick said in the course of his review: 'The *Allegro* is of fanatical spirit, as though passages were orchestrated with hatchets, scythes, and battle-maces.' Indeed, melancholy and fanaticism here go hand in hand; and the fanaticism of the Hussites found expression occasionally in rude music, as when Ziska, their general, dying of the plague, ordered his flesh to be exposed as prey to birds and wild beasts; 'but that his Skin should be made a Drum, assuring them the Enemy would fly at the very Beat of it; What he desir'd was done, which had the Effect he promis'd.'

"This Ziska is in the great gallery of opera. There is Kott's 'Ziskuvdub' (Brunn, 1841); and there is 'Ziska vom Kelch,' by Sobolewski (Konigsberg, 1851). Is the flaying of the dead hero the attraction of the last scene, or does the opera end with a drum solo? And what became of the Ziska drum?

"The story of the drum was accepted by many even in the sceptical eighteenth century. Frederick the Great, who was addicted to the flute, bore off Ziska turned to noise among the spoils of war, when he returned from Bohemia to his own town. Voltaire asked him in verse concerning the exploit and the king answered him in verse. These two poems (1743) would not pass, even with Sir Andrew Aguecheek, as 'very gracious fooling.' There is a picture of this drum in the Boston Public Library (Magasin Pittoresque, Paris, 1843, pp. 130, 131). The skin is that of a man and is taken from his back and chest.

"The Husitska overture was one of the orchestral pieces played at the Music Festival in Prague (Nov. 6-11, 1901) in celebration of Dvorak's sixtieth birthday.

"Hus and his followers have been treated in music: 'Johann Huss,' oratorio, Loewe (1842); 'Die Hussenbraut' opera by Sebor (1868); Henri Koing's music to Torgnetti's drama, 'Johann Huss' (about 1875); 'Die Hussen Hussiten von

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Naumberg,' play by Kotzebue, music by Salieri (1803); also by B. A. Weber, Chr. Schultz, Ign. Walter, Kranz, Ebell; Mehul wrote music for Duval's drama, 'Les Hussites,' an adaptation of Kotzebue's play (Paris, 1804); 'Johann Huss,' opera in four acts by Angelo Tessaro (Padua, 1886, revived at Treviso, 1898); Smetana's symphonic poems, 'Tabor' (1878), 'Blanik' (1879); Fibisch's 'Blanik' (1881.

"In connection with this subject it is of interest to note that some of the Czechs have applied to St. Petersburg for the canonization of John Huss, whom they would prefer to St. John Nepomuk as the national saint. They say that the latter was a money lender, who recovered his loans by spiritual terrors. Yet some excellent men have claimed that Huss was a Devil-worshipper, that he believed in the perfect equality of the powers of good and evil.

"Those old-fashioned enough to admire * * * George Sand's 'Consuelo' will remember the prominence she gives to this theory, which is, besides, likely enough when we consider the affinities between Bohemia and the Danubian provinces, which formed in Huss's time the seat of the Manichaean propaganda. It was doubtless this which caused the blameless Bohemian to be looked on by other Europeans as hardly human, and made Dukalld Dalgetty to speak of Bethlem Gabor's service as on a par with the Janissaries.

"Miss Pauline Cramer, who appears for the first time at these concerts, was born at Munich. Her father was a Danish painter. Her mother was a German. Miss Cramer studied singing under Mrs. Leonoff and at the Munich Music School and Opera House. She appeared in public for the first time at Bayreuth in 1882 as the bearer of the Grail in 'Parsifal'—a mute part; and she was one of the flower maidens. In 1884 she impersonated Venus in 'Tannhauser' at London. Since then she has made London her home. She came to the United States with Mr. Armbruster, the lecturer, and appeared here for the first time at the Lowell Institute last season."

Miss Pauline Cramer, mentioned in the last paragraph, with interesting particular of her previous occasions of distinguishing herself, was the soprano artist of the occasion, and the personal information was intended to lead to some remarks

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upon the Weber aria, as excursive and as full of meaty information as the Husitska egg just served up above.

* * *

I take the foregoing as a very interesting and significant ethnological document of Boston just now, the symphony concerts and of Mr. Hale himself. It is evident that the Bostonians know all about the overture in question, being so familiar with the Hussite themes that no clues of this kind were needed; and that anything more than a running suggestion of the composer's intention in the work, alleged to have been in question, would partake of the nature of carrying coals to Newcastle. But I do not remember to have read so many facts (at least I trust they really are facts!) in the same compass. It illustrates the discursiveness of Hale's fancy in a masterly degree and at the same time "faces the advertising" in a neat and workmanlike manner.

* * *

The Boston example of breaking pages of expensive and artistic literary matter for the accommodation of advertisers seems to me unnecessarily vulgar. It is too much like the case of the newly rich who, finding their new castle too expensive for their sole use, have rented out corners of the drawing rooms, music rooms and guest chambers, to tradesmen, cobblers, notions, furnishers, and promoters. It brings revenue, but it also occasions surprise among the guests of older and more secure finance. I am not informed as to the net result of the Boston program speculation, but I fancy a man paying five thousand dollars a year for the privilege of furnishing these pamphlets free every week, would still make money. I do not say I would take the job at the price. The Chicago program is understood to make a net profit of towards $3,500 a year.

* * *

The following statement of the object of Art was prepared a short time ago, at the request of the distinguished editor of the Lewiston Journal (Maine), Mr. Frank L. Dingley, and appeared in that most formidable of daily papers (outside the metropolitan centers) January 6, 1902.

"The object of Art is the expression of the beautiful. Ac-

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cording to Hegel, the entire compass of human feeling, the whole of the human heart, in its grandest aspirations and imaginations and in all its most secret evils and abhorrences, are legitimate subjects of art. And the end to be reached ultimately, he says, is to help man to know himself, both in his noblest traits and in his least attractive—the latter in order that he may more surely recognize and abhor them; the former, that his imagination and aspiration may be kindled, and his being purified and ennobled.

"Considered in this broad way, Art includes along with the five usual classes into which it is divided—namely, architecture, sculpture, painting, poetry and music, also the greater part or all of what we call literature, since the whole of it, when it has a true object, addresses itself to this general problem of revealing to man his innermost being.

"If any difference were to be made, therefore, in estimating the relative rank and dignity of the fine arts, it would necessarily be based upon their respective capacities for representing these untold chapters of human life.

"From another standpoint the fine arts may be classified according to the sense to which they are addressed. The first three address the eye, every work of architecture, sculpture and painting needing to be seen before their message can be experienced. Moreover, all three are subject to a necessary limitation of expressive capacity in this—namely, that each work can represent but a single moment of a conception, and therefore not even painting truthfully represents life, since life is continuous action, but only some one selected moment when an action is in progress or just completed. All the progress of the soul preceding or following, these arts ignore.

"The other two arts, literature and music, address the ear, they represent progressing actions, often with very full particulars of preparation and completion. Therefore, their capacity to represent life is far more satisfying, and their productions, so to say, vastly more personal.

"A recent writer has pointed out a very important principle of relation between literature and music, as expressions of soul, in this: That whereas literature works through the instrumentality of words addressing the mind, and arrives at its inspiration and satisfying action of soul only as a sort of ulti-

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mate result of a story, a drama, a poem, music deals with all those deeper and unformulated aspects of the soul, the half recognized moods, unregulated risings and sinkings of feeling, the aspirations and raptures such as one experiences in many circumstances of life without understanding them. So it might be said that literature has for its work to represent the whole of the conscious human soul, in all its moods, varieties, and qualities, in so far as they can be developed in a poem, a story, a play—in short, in so far as they have become fully realized and defined. Music, on the other hand, undertakes the remaining part of human life, the sub-conscious part: the feelings, the emotions generally, and the impulses.

"Curiously enough, the great works of musical art, even when representing very extreme and almost violent emotional states, seem to exercise a calming influence upon those who hear them—most of all upon those who are themselves in like moods or moments. Music adds to its remedial ministry by handling great moods in cycles, progressing from one extreme to another, leading out of conflict, sorrow, and strife to place, repose, and benediction.

"Literature and music address themselves to the ear, from which it results that any great work of these arts can be realized in its entirety and completeness wherever in the whole world it can be read, recited or played. Thus, these arts are commensurate with civilization in their influence, and the great literature and music of any one country is the prized possession of the whole world.

"Considered in such lights as these, it is easy to see that art is able to ennoble life and in many respects to minister and to teach. And therefore the intention and meaning of art selected for study involves far-reaching consequences."

* * *

Members of the Music Students' Extension Clubs will be glad to know that the second year of "The Great in Music" is now in press, and will be ready for delivery soon after this paragraph reaches the reader. The new book is larger than the first volume. It includes the following composers: Chopin and Schytte, Godard; Chaminade, Robert Franz, John Field—Wilson G. Smith, Ad. M. Foerster, Geo. W. Chadwick—Schumann, Moszkowski—Liszt, Heller, Weniawski—Brahms,

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Ed. Schuett, H. W. Parker, Edgar Stillman Kelley, Wilhelm Berger, Bruno Oscar Klein—Saint-Saens, Paderewski, Godowsky, Richard Strauss—Glazounov, Balakirev, Vogrich, Max Bruch—and Concluding Essays Covering the course as a whole. The most conspicuous departure from the first volume is in giving much greater space to the work of a few leading masters. This the former volume was unable to do, in consequence of the work having originally appeared in sixteen page installments. Upon collecting into book form the 160 pages of pamphlets were expanded to about 325; but in the new work this expansion of detail is carried much farther, the chapter on Schumann extending to nearly seventy-five pages, and forming perhaps the most complete discussion of the Schumann cult for piano which has thus far been made. Brahms also receives considerable attention. A variety of modern masters are included, such as at the original installation of the club work would have been regarded as impossible. Among these are chapters relating to Godowsky and Balakirev, Richard Strauss, etc.—merely as illustrating certain pregnant tendencies now at work. The close of the volume is devoted to a review of the entire development traced in the two volumes, several digressions of considerable importance having been included, the topic being: "Mendelssohn, Chopin, Schumann and Liszt as Related to Modern Piano Playing;" "The Romantic Movement;" "The Place of Bach in the Development;" "The Folk Song and Its Influence;" also many comparisons between the four great masters of the period covered by the book—Chopin, Schumann, Brahms, Liszt. It was thought that the treatment would render the book more useful to students in general and of service to young teachers in acquainting themselves with the tone-literature of these masters.

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PADEREWSKI'S "MANRU."

BY EGBERT SWAYNE.

Unquestionably Mr. Paderewski is the most conspicuous and picturesque figure in the musical world, just now. In this respect he forms a comely successor to the late Abbe Liszt, who was nothing if not picturesque. One of the features of the immediate American future of opera will be the production of Paderewski's "Manru," which is scheduled to take place early in February, at the Metropolitan Opera House. The piano score of the opera has lately been published by the house of Schirmer, and I have been delighted in reading it through. The conception of the plot is Paderewski's, the design being to afford opportunity for introducing some of those picturesque folks tone types of melody, of which Europe still has several varieties unknown to high art. Fundamental to a correct understanding of the opera, Mr. Krehbiel, the English translator, has prefixed an extract from Mr. C. G. Leland's book, "The Gypsies." He says:

"If you look wistfully at these ships far off and out at sea, with the sun upon their sails, and wonder what quaint mysteries of life they hide, verily you are not far from being affected or elected unto the Romany. And if, when you see the wild birds upon the wing, wending their way to the south, and wish that you could fly with them, anywhere, anywhere over the world and into adventure, then you are not far in spirit from the kingdom of Bohemia and its seven castles, in the windows of which Æolian harps sing forever. Now, as you wonder along, it may be that in the wood and by some grassy nook you will hear voices, and see the gleam of a red garment, and then find a man of the roads with a dusky wife and child. You speak one word, 'Sarishan!' and you are introduced. These people are like birds and bees, they belong to out of doors and nature. If you can chirp or buzz a little in their language and know their ways you will find out, as you sit in the forest, why he who loves green bushes and mossy rocks is glad to fly from cities, and likes to be free of the joyous citizenship of the roads, and everywhere at home in such boon company."

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Of the story Mr. Krehbiel speaks as follows:

"The story at the base of Manru is romantic in character and scene and tragical in outcome. In a general way it illustrates that irrepressible desire on the part of the Gypsy to wander, which Mr. Leland has characterized in his books on the Romanys; also, in an allegorical way, the contest supposed to exist between the artistic and domestic natures. The plot was borrowed from a Polish romance. *Manru* has won the love of a fair Galician maiden, *Ulana,* and married her Gypsy fashion. After a space she returns to her native village, among the Tatra mountains, to seek her mother's forgiveness and help. She receives instead the contumely of the villagers and a mother's curse. Her former friends taunt her with a song which tells of the inconstancy of all Gypsies under the influence of the full moon. Having already observed signs of uneasiness in her husband, *Ulana* seeks the help of *Urok,* a dwarf, who has the reputation of being a sorcerer, and who loves her. From him she obtains a magic draught, and by its aid wins *Manru* back to her side for a time. Alone among the mountains, however, the baleful influence of the moon, the charm of Gypsy music, and the fascinations of a Gypsy maiden, break down his better resolutions and he rejoins his black-blooded companions. *Oros,* the Gypsy chief, himself in love with the maiden *Asa,* opposes *Manru's* rehabilitation in the band, but through the influence of *Jagu,* a Gypsy fiddler, he is overruled, and *Manru* is made chief in *Oros'* stead. *Oros* takes his revenge by hurling his successful rival down a precipice, a moment after the distraught *Ulana* has drowned herself in a mountain lake."

Concerning the musical handling the following particulars may be of interest: The first act, naturally, is devoted to giving things a start. The work opens with a harvest festival of the villagers, in which naturally a good deal of simple and pleasing music of a quasi folks song and rustic character is introduced, along with more or less dancing, picturesque costumes, and the like. The elements in the real action here are first the chorus, which has a great deal to do all along, and is rarely off the stage throughout the act. As the chorus sing, Hedwig, mother of Urlana, sits one side and muses upon her absent daughter. The music to which she meditates is of no

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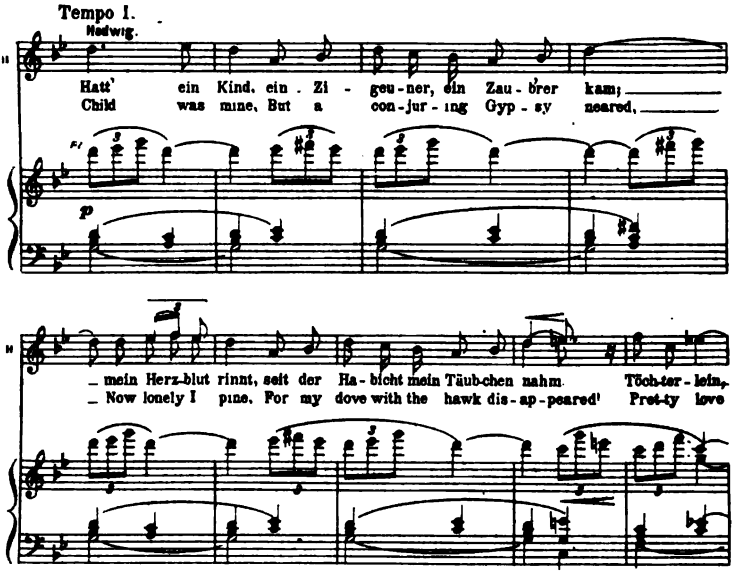
great importance, but the flute gives the characteristic Gypsy motive, of which a great deal is made later. For instance, Ex. 1 shows the manner of handling:

The cheerful music goes on more and more, Hedwig still throwing in passages of meditation until at length Urok comes in, only to receive the hateful greeting which a peasant people


Tempo I.
Hedwig.
Hatt' ein Kind, ein Zi - geu-ner, ein Zau-berer kam;
Child was mine, But a con-jur-ing Gyp-sy neared,
mein Herz-blut rinnt, seit der Ha-bicht mein Täub-chen nahm. Töch-ter-lein,
Now lonely I pine, For my dove with the hawk dis-ap-peared! Pret-ty love

EXAMPLE 1. HEDWIG'S SONG.

knows so well how to afford an unwelcome visitor, who is not only mishapen in body but evil and unlovely in mind. They call him names of spite, and many pages are thus consumed. Meanwhile Urok is full of the memory of Ulana. He is overheard and the chorus takes up this new subject of reproach. After a while Ulana herself approaches; she is greeted with contempt, even her mother disdaining to promise welcome or assistance. After some time of this "broken music," as Shakespeare called it, *Ulana* approaches her mother's hut, where she is seen but not recognized as a daughter. Here comes the first great moment of the music; it is the appeal which Ulana makes to her mother. Example 2 shows its manner and it is plain that a really great singer has here an opportunity for pathos such as many operas fail to afford.

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It will be observed that between the music in Example 1 and this in Example 2 no less than sixty pages of vocal score have intervened. Evidently a blue pencil will find application in this part of the work. Her mother is won by her entreaties but declines to permit her to remain unless she will sever her-

Ulana. (26) Andante.
Ein-sam leb' ich und ver-las - sen mit dem Mann, den al - le has-sen,
Lone-ly, sad, I sit in sor - row, Naught but grief and pain I bor-row.
fern von mei-ner Theu-ren Hüt - te, fern von mei - ner Kind-heit
Man - ru, hunt-ed by vile slaud-er, I from child-hood's home must
con anima
Sit-te. Tag - lich schlaf' ich Qual im In-nern, un - ter Thrä-nen ein -
wander; Nights are filled with bit-ter weeping, Naught can bring me rest.
Wie
A
con anima

EXAMPLE 2. ULANA'S SONG.

self from her husband, which she declines to do. She therefore receives her mother's curse, after which the villagers begin again, and a scene intervenes between Ulana and Urok, who urges his own love. This long argument finally ends by his succumbing to the "goo-goo eyes" which Ulana turns upon him, and he agrees to furnish the philter, trusting that in

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some way it may come back to his own benefit, his previous operatic experiences having shown him that philters are more uncertain in their action than a good revolver in the hands of a woman. The chorus returns and the act goes on with a ballet. Into the midst of this rejoicing, which is partly a mischievous restraining of poor Ulana, Manru comes, requir-

Andante molto sostenuto.
Ulana.
(Ulana's lullaby sounds from the hut.)
Schlaf' wohl, theures Kind, du mein Schatz, meine Pracht!
Sleep on, precious one, Treasure mine, darling son;
Vlnd. Vlc.
Cello
Lüftchen lind, komm geschwind, fächle süss mein einzig Kind! Du mein Schatz, meine Pracht,
Come quickly, zeph-yrs mild, Breathe up-on my on-ly child. Treasure mine, darling son;
schlaf' wohl! schlaf' wohl! Süss sei dir Tag und Nacht, schlaf' wohl! schlaf' wohl!
Sleep on! Sleep on! Hap-py tho' day be done, Sleep on! Sleep on!

EXAMPLE 3. ULANA'S LULLABYE.

ing his wife to follow him. At length they depart amid the curses of the pleasing populace. And so the act ends.

Urok has a good part, although a very unlovely one. Ulana has but little to do, but this is of good quality. There is plenty of chorus singing and dancing and not a little of the cumbersome horse play which operatic composers consider

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necessary. Even Wagner could not get rid of it. The sensuous maiden in tricot he often managed to avoid; but the chorus still found ways of putting in its say.

The second act opens with a scene in the mountains, Manru's court-yard, in the background a forest of firs; to the right a small smithy, a la Siegfried. Manru is working at the forge. Blessed and uphoped for opportunity for the composer. He can play the hammer. The idea is novel. Much can be done with a hammer. Manru sings as he works, at first merely in short phrases, relating his joy in his wife and their child, and to emphasize the idea their figures show through the open door. Despite his joy in his wife, Manru deplores the loss of his roving pleasures. Just here, when the husband's rising uneasiness begins to be felt more and more, Ulana sings her lullaby. It is a most lovely strain. Example 3 shows the beginning.

Then follows a long duet between Manru and Ulana; he showing more and more his dissatisfaction with his present lot and his roving tendencies, even though the gallows should afterward be his portion. Meanwhile poor Ulana does the best she can with her sweet little broom to push back this incoming tide of unholy aspirations. As usual the preacher gets the better of the argument only to fall into a worse affair, for Manru raises his hand to strike Ulana. Just here Urok comes in and withholds the blow. A dramatic scene follows in which Urok skillfully plays upon Manru's irritation and at last, despite Ulana's efforts, Manru is more and more inclined to depart. Then comes from the distance the sound of a Gypsy violin, and after much struggle he at length rushes off to find the band of Gypsies. After his departure Urok at length gives Ulana the magic philter.

The Gypsy music comes plainly out in the next scene, which begins by the entrance of Jagu, the Gypsy fiddler, from the forest. He is greeted by Urok and the music is characteristically Gypsy. Example 4.

Later Manru has his great solo, in which all the forces of his wild nature answer within him to the inspiration of the shining moon, the swelling buds, the mysterious awakening of Spring, and so on. This is followed by many taunts from Urok, who calls up the image of a fascinating maiden of whom Manru is thinking, until at length he is driven away.

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Then Ulana gives Manru a drink of wine, into which the potion is poured from the philter. The act closes with a very

Scene IV.
The Same. Manru, Jagu.
(Manru and Jagu to the right. Urok and Ulana to the left of hut.)
(In fear, seeking to approach Jagu.)
Wer ist's?
Who is't?
(Holding her back.)
Urok
Ein Gast. ein lie - ber Gast! Ge -
A guest a wel come guest! Be
Wer ist's?
Who is't?
faust! Der al te Ja - gu, der hier einst ge-haust.
brave! Our friend, old Ja - gu, who erst lived hard by.
Ulana
Maestoso
Der Geiger ist's, mir graust!
The fiddler 'tis! I die!

EXAMPLE 4. GYPSY MUSIC IN THE ORCHESTRA

long and very impassioned duet of reunited love. Quick curtain.

The third act is preceded by an elaborate prelude in which all the various motives find play, particularly those of Gypsy

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character. The curtain rises upon a lake in the foreground and a romantic mountain landscape in the background, with practicable paths, and so on. Manru from the mountain calls for air. He has come from the cottage, which seems to him smaller than ever. He feels the moon behind her cloudy

EXAMPLE 5. ENTRANCE OF THE GYPSIES.

veil. So does the music. In this inopportune moment the distant voice of the Gypsy enchantress is heard, and the sound of the band arranging to set up their camp. Manru, torn with all the driving impulses of his wild blood, remains upon the stage, because it would not be effective to go off.

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He speaks of what is surging through his troubled heart. Meanwhile the impassioned Gypsy music goes vigorously on, changing now and then into a strain of something softer. Manru quiets himself and lies down to sleep. Softer and more beautiful moonlight now floods the stage, the face of the sleeping Manru and the partiture of the opera. A magic veil is cast over all. Here is Paderewski's great opportunity to be romantic and expressive. He has recognized it. The full moon is clouded over and again revealed; the music participates. A storm springs up in the orchestra and the wind machine begins to turn. At last comes the strain of the Gypsy march, to which the band moves onwards towards their camping ground by this secluded lake. One page will serve as a sample. See Example 5.

The body of the march begins at the guiding number 48, in the second line of the music. No doubt this is scored with all the art of a modern Gypsy painter. Then follows a chorus of Gypsies, and at length a woman recognizes the sleeping Manru as the missing member of their band.

When he awakens his opening eyes rest upon the fascinating Asa, that typical enchantress without which no Saracen or Gypsy novel is at all complete. She is full of rich and warm blood, fair and voluptuous to look upon, and full of the mysterious health of open air and natural life.

From this point everything is already settled. Naturally Manru meets a certain ill reception from the chief Oros, who has a long scene of the "heavy old man" type. Asa greets Manru and aside tries to bring him back again to his allegiance to the band. He remembers his love and his wife and a long duet follows in which the opposing influences are unfolded. Asa sings. Example 6.

Later the Gypsies commence a dance and after a little Manru throws his arms around Asa and is swept away in its circling mazes. Meanwhile Manru is elected chief and takes command. Urok comes in as a messenger from Ulana and she appears later with a short but powerful solo immediately preceding her self-destruction. The opera is now done and the final scene probably occupies but a moment, and few will ever see it, owing to the general rush for wraps and carriages.

Undoubtedly the chief characters have a great deal of

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effective music in this opera, and the scoring is said to have been done with great care and skill. All who have fallen under the magic of Mr. Paderewski's personality, and who

das Zi - geu - ner - kind! Mut - ter war ihm die La - ger-flamme,
is the Gyp - sy child! Born is he of the blaz - ing fag-gots,
Str. pizz.
p
p Str.
cresc. -
Vä-ter war ihm der rau - he Wind, und der Thau
Fathered he by the whirl-wind wild! And the dew
cresc. -
p
p
Tri. Tim.
(Swinging the tambourine).
war sei - ne Am - me. Tra la la la la la la la la la la
give him his nur - ture! Tra la la la la la la la la la la
Str. pizz.
Harp

EXAMPLE 6. ASA'S SONG.

take pride in the great world-fame which this still young artist has acquired, will hope that this work may prove a success and lead to many others.

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SINGING AT SIGHT.

BY A SUPERVISOR OF MUSIC.

In the November "Music" the conclusion of an article on sight singing by the Editor is: "Before anything like sight reading can take place the singer must first of all have a good ear, a clear idea of music and a trained eye for the notation; able to take it in by whole phrases in place of adding one note to another without sense or connection. And there ought to be a reward offered for the method of doing this in such a way that exact results can be obtained in ordinary cases. This is what we are after."

The first sentence shows a keen appreciation of the weak point in public school sight singing schools. The second voices the prevalent wish for exactness in sight reading of music. The study of sight singing has in the last twenty years assumed immense proportions by reason of its introduction into public and private schools; but the pedagogy of the subject is not only incomplete, but much of that which is accepted is unsound. This is because the study is yet new, and because the scholarship which has so far been brought to bear upon school music and methods of teaching it has been that of the schoolmasters rather than that of the musician. Now the schoolmaster, by which name I typify all educators who look at sight singing from a certain point of view, has wished to make the art of singing music at sight an exact one, as exact, for instance, as the reading of English, the spelling of words or the results of combinations of numbers.

In the early days of school music, as luck would have it, a number of men came into prominence who held precisely these views, and so thoroughly was the public grounded in them that they yet receive general acceptance. Nor will the prevailing pedagogy on sight singing be easily displaced. It is deeply

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rooted in business interests and in the sentiment among teachers which clings to the known and fears the unknown.

Now, any rational method of teaching sight singing must take account of some facts, which are in school music at least, both consciously and unconsciously ignored. *First*, music does not crystallize into set forms as does speech. Speech has evolved through the demand for intercommunication among men. Not so music. Language can be classified into set forms which we call words. They are common property. They have definite and accepted meaning. We have nothing in music which corresponds very closely to them. Its rhythmic forms are the most positive, but in melody, music is kaleidoscopic in its variety. Who can make a dictionary of all the themes of music, and who would use them if they were collected? They are not common property like words. Compare the words of one book with another. They are alike. Compare the themes of one composition with another. They are merely similar, not identical. Even in chord formations and progressions the same instability of forms is found. If you know a thousand words you have positive measurable knowledge. They will appear and reappear in print whatever you read. If you know a thousand phrases or musical motives they will bear no such relation to the literature of music. The next thousand phrases will present similar melodic rhythmic and harmonic forms, but no two may be identical. It is this vast possibility of form which makes music the greatest of the arts. Its range of expression is infinite, immeasurable, and so is the range of its influence. It typifies the universe. Music, whether it be the simple song of the child or the great stream of complex, yet united tone of the orchestra has its separate meaning for each listener; nor can the listener put this meaning fully into words. Its mission in the world is to gladden, to soften grief, make the heart love and to give mortals a glimpse of the Divine.

Music, then, as a language, is so variable in its written or notational forms that singing or playing at sight with perfect accuracy must always be a doubtful undertaking. There is always a chance of error for the most proficient, even in simple music, and the element of uncertainty grows as the music becomes more complex. Before leaving this topic I must ac-

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knowledge that the prevailing idea is that music can be reduced to a vocabulary, and that this consists of its melodic intervals. It is positively wonderful that this idea has such a strong hold on the educational world. I do not believe that the entire history of education can show another case like this where one little sprout of truth has grown like Jonah's Gourd till it casts a mightly shadow. It is true, in vocal music that we often think from one tone to the next. It is like a child's spelling out the new word, and in reading notation we never get entirely beyond the need of spelling, but, thinking from note to note, while it may be necessary, is no more reading music as we use the term, than is spelling words reading language. It is an elementary process, like a baby's first steps, or a man's careful tread on dangerous paths, but rhythm, melody, harmony are all absent, the mind is struggling with isolated and, for the time being, awkward relations between tones which in themselves are musically without meaning.

The interval does not constitute the working material which the mind uses in thinking notation, not if this notation is mentally heard as music; for the mind recognizes nothing as music which does not produce upon it an impression of melody, rhythm or harmony. There is literally no music in much of the drill work of our schools. Vocally it may or may not be useful, but the plodding from note to note, the presistent drilling on interval arouses neither a sense of melody or rhythm in children, and is therefore worthless so far as music teaching is concerned. It may be that the child has to go through this process as a penitial preparation for the good to come, but I do not believe it.

The mind grasps music through its sound effects. It does written language also, but the sound element in language is soon recognized unconsciously, automatically. The mind or consciousness is passive to the mechanics of language and active in grasping its meaning. Not so in music, where sound is the beginning and the end. The essential element in music which differentiates it from the sounds of speech and other sounds, is its conformance to certain laws of regularity in rhythm and pitch. In reading music at sight there must be set up in the mind activities which are recognized in consciousness as a series of sounds of definite pitches flowing along in

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rhythmical order. As long as the order is unbroken save in musically rhetorical pauses, the mind is thinking or hearing music effects. In doing this the mind grasps the notation in groups, which express shorter or longer musical ideas, as the case may be. And mark this, the moment some obstacle occasions a break in the flow of the sound, and the reader has to stop and think from tone to tone, he ceases to read or think music, and begins to spell. Melody is gone; rhythm is gone; the skip or interval must be mastered. It is a means to an end and when it is grasped the mind again takes up the broken tune.

SECOND. There are the visual difficulties in music reading. Of course, as the article from which I quoted says, the tonic sol fa is an easy notation, and by shifting the syllabic notation as the key changes tells the singer just what he needs to know. The tonic sol fa would be a great boon to singers if it were generally used, but it probably never will be, because it is useless for instruments that play in parts. The staff notation is the one for the organist, pianist or conductor every time but tonic sol fa is easy for the individual singer. It is easy because it is abreviated English. Now the eye in reading print follows straight lines from left to right. The height of the various letters, whether short or extended is uniform. In music notation, however, the eye in following even one series of notes, one part like the soprano or alto, for instance, must not only take in the note, open, closed, with one or more hooks, etc., but it must follow the line of notes up and down the staff and recognize at a glance the constantly changing lines or spaces upon which these notes rest.

In reading more than one part the visual work grows harder. Well, even this would not be so bad if notes upon the same lines and spaces always meant the same sounds; but no, our system of keys and reading by relation imposes further work for the eye. There are those in educational work who fondly suppose that when a child has learned the mental effect of two tones, as do-me, that he can sing any notes so named wherever they may be found. Well, there are at least ten different positions in which do-mi may be written between *d*, space below the staff and *g*, space above, in the various keys. This must be multiplied by three when we consider that the eighth, the quarter, or

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the half note may each be used as a beat note, making thirty different visual pictures of this simple interval. Nor is this all, for it may appear in a hundred different rhythmic combinations. So far as the visual difficulties are concerned, reading print compared to reading notes is perfect play.

We come now to the complexities of music which grow naturally out of its infinite varieties of expression in melody, rhythm and harmonic progression. How far can children or adults carry this work in the modulations of modern music without instrumental assistance? It will depend upon education, of course. For instance, when the modulation is rather remote from the key, pupils can change syllables as in tonic sol fa. That sort of thing in staff notation involves knowledge however. The teacher must know things. Now all this goes to show that reading music at sight involves more mental activity than many teachers suppose, and in the more complex forms more education than most singers possess. It does not, however touch except by implication the question of method; but suggests certain data of fact and of psychology which may not be ignored in any successful scheme for sight singing. These are, *first,* The futility of attempting through the medium of memorized intervals to equip the mind with a vocabulary in music which is analagous to one of words which children have before the study of speech forms is begun. *Second,* the worthlessness of drill on isolated tones and skips, which has neither melody or rhythm, unless such drill has immediate application to some genuine musical phrase which is being studied. *Third,* the stability of rhythmic forms as compared with the variability of melodic and harmonic progressions; and, *fourth,* the supreme need of training the ear through the eye.

To see, to hear, to sing is the formula of sight singing. No matter how thoroughly the mind grasps music through hearing or rehearing by memory, it is vacant before the printed page until the eye interprets. Again, the pupil may be so taught that he recognizes every note by position, and by name, as he sees it, also its mathematical value in beats, and yet his mind be deaf to its musical effect. That subtle co-ordination of the nervous activities, through which the mind becomes conscious of the sound effects of groups of symbols presented to

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the eye, may fail frequently, as every person who sings knows by practical experience. Nor after the visual and auditory faculties have done their work is the task ended. The motor outlet for the mental energies thus released, involves further co-ordination of nervous and muscular activities. There must be many breaks in this series, before the co-ordination ceases to be conscious and becomes automatic, even in simple music.

A method of music reading should first be synthetic. The necessary elements should be combined into forms that make sense musically, into melodies, in short. The analysis of these forms may be undertaken earlier or later in the course, but in no case should the study of relationships of notes, etc., of any melody precede the study of its musical effects. The essential meaning of notation is sound flowing along in a series of definite pitches which are rhythmically co-ordinated. The pupil at any stage of sight singing needs to know those facts about notes and their relations which will aid him to interpet this melodic and rhythmic effect and he needs nothing more in the shape of knowledge about notes. The test of such a method of sight singing will be: how quickly and how well can the pupils sing the music placed in their hands? not how much can they tell of its structure.

I do not deprecate analytical processes and the study of musical grammar, but regret that they dominate most methods of sight singing today, especially in public schools. It is not at all difficult by certain methods to acquire facility in reading music at sight, nor to reach the point where one is practically sure of singing ordinary music correctly, but it is difficult by the roundabout methods in common use.

Bridgeport, Conn.

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THINGS HERE AND THERE

THE SPIERING QUARTET.

The Spiering Quartet is meeting with excellent success the present season, its attendance in Chicago being constantly upon the increase. The first series of three concerts was concluded by that in January, when a charming program was presented, consisting of a string quartet by Glazounov (new), the Canzonetta from the Tschaikovsky quartet and the Brahms Quintet with piano, Mr. Theodore Bohlmann at piano. The Glazounov work turned out to be very fluent, delightfully musical and modern. A second hearing would be welcome. The Brahms work was played with spirit and good effect, but the piano part might have been done with greater distinction. Mr. Bohlmann is an extremely cultivated lover of chamber music, and a pianist above the average; in this work, however, there was lack of fine discrimination and authority in the phrasing. The top of the piano was left down, which impaired the telling quality of the piano tone. It was unfortunate that the Chicago visit of this most highly esteemed of Cincinnati musical scholars should have been restricted to a single work, in which his opportunities perhaps did not lie in his best vein.

The playing of the quartet displayed freedom, spirit and sympathy. Mr. Spiering himself is a virtuoso of no mean calibre, and his devotion to artistic music is rapidly making his name a household word among music lovers.

LETTER FROM JOHN S. VAN CLEVE.

Apropos to the series of great festivals conducted by Theodore Thomas, many years ago, Mr. John S. Van Cleve writes the following corrections:

"Apropos to the article upon Theodore Thomas, why in the name of Sathanas did not you mention the long series of Cincinnati May festivals? There have been fifteen of them, and seven concerts in each, and they have covered the entire range of great choral music. You merely speak of that tour of three weeks in 1881, not 1882. It was not five, but three weeks, and the cities were Cincinnati, New York and Chicago. He had to get permission of the Cincinnati people to do it at all, since the festivals were by that time famous all over the land. That was the fifth in order. They afterward forbade the doing of it and yet the festivals have gone on and on for 20 years. Cincinnati certainly merits

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more consideration than you give it. It was Cincinnati that gave Thomas his first chance to do great things with chorus and orchestra, and that when he was only 38 years old. Chicago is a fine city, and has done some god things, but be honest and fair to a city which was piling up its fifty thousand dollars and its $78,000 to support big music when Chicago was in leading strings. The Cincinnati orchestra at present is a tin whistle to the great Chicago orchestra, but Van der Stuecken is a gifted man, no doubt. As for selfishness and personal ambition, commend me to Thomas every time, as against Van."

Here Mr. Van Cleve launches out into a comparison of the altruistic tendencies displayed by the two conductors in their work, which, properly considered, are nothing to nobody, and are therefore omitted.

PIANISTS WITH THE CHICAGO ORCHESTRA.

Mrs. Emma Dahl-Rich made a genuine success with her playing in the Tschaikovsky concerto early in January. Her playing displayed brilliancy, most perfect sureness and telling quality, and, a little unexpectedly, very great strength, whereby she was enabled to make herself heard even against the very rich orchestration of this strongly marked and highly original work. It is to be hoped that she will be heard in recitals before long. Mrs. Dahl-Rich was formerly a student at the Chicago Musical College, where she took many prizes and later studied with Leschetitzky in Vienna. She should be reckoned a Chicago pianist.

In a later concert another Chicago girl, Miss Augusta Cottlow, played the Grieg concerto in a manner characterized by refinement and musical intelligence, but without remarkable power or authority. Miss Cottlow was formerly a pupil with Mr. Wolfsohn, and lately with Busoni. She is a highly accomplished musician and a composer. One of her own works she played as an encore piece, but a better selection might easily have been made. The Grieg concerto affords a pianist very few great oportunities and it will be necessary to hear Miss Cottlow in a recital or in a more important work before pronouncing upon her place among the great. At least everything complimentary can be said of her industry, devotion to art and seriousness. She is also a charmingly lovely person, with apparently a tendency to sentiment, which did not find full expression in her playing.

Mr. Thomas accompanied the Tschaikovsky concerto himself, but the Grieg was entrusted to the careful interpretation of the excellent Mr. Stock, who is part of the orchestral stock itself.

SPIERING AS AN OPERATIC CONDUCTOR.

There is an old adage that everything comes to him who waits, and it must have been in this spirit that an application was made one day

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lately to Mr. Theodore Spiering to go on and conduct the Castle Square Opera in the "Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," the regular conductor, having broken down completely from nervous strain. Now Spiering is a most excellent conductor, a good drill master and a man of taste, but this call was at least unexpected. It had in it the following elements of difficulty, not to say of danger. The call was made about eleven o'clock for the matinee beginning at 2. He had never conducted an opera, nor even a chorus. He had never heard either of the works or read them. But every conductor who has ever emerged from obscurity has owed his success to just such an emergency, from Theodore Thomas up to Handel, though both these older men were called to conduct works which they had assisted in rehearsing and their work began with rehearsals. Spiering had not been rehearsing, had never conducted this orchestra, did not know the works in the slightest, and was not acquainted with the singers. He did not even have a piano rehearsal with the principals as he easily might, in order to learn their tempi and readings. All he could do he did, which was to read the vocal score diligently and observe all the instrumental cues marked in the piano copy used for conducting. When the singers came upon the stage they learned for the first time that a stranger sat in the conductor's chair. In spite of the danger of this kind of work there were very few hesitations in the first performance, and in the evening the work went extremely well and Spiering was able to bring out some effects of his own. It is not the policy of the Castle Square organization to employ as expensive conductors as a man of Mr. Spiering's musicianship necessarily is, so the experiment closed without having a sequel. But it was an interesting experiment.

THE CASTLE SQUARE OPERA AGAIN IN CHICAGO.

The Castle Square Opera Company resumed its performances of opera in English at the Studebaker directly after January first. On the week of January 6 the works were Mascagni's "Cavelleria Rusticana" and Leoncavallo's "I Pagliacci." The forces engaged include a number of new singers who show good voices. The chorus is admirable, and is in fact the best part of the affair, saving perhaps the stage settings. The orchestra is excellent in quality, but too few in number to do justice to large scores. On the occasion when *Music* was represented, the players numbered about twenty. The principal roles on this occasion were by Miss Rennyson and Mr. Sheahan, and in the second work Miss Ludwig and Mr. Roberts. Mr. Winfred Goff sang the prologue to "Pagliacci" in splendid manner, and, as an exception among the singers, in a variety of English recognizable as such. He has a fine baritone voice and good dramatic instincts. Messrs. Sheehan and Reginald Roberts are well known as among the most attractive of English opera tenors.

The association of these two works in particular in one program is

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not to be commended. The two stories are too much alike and everything runs to high strung passion and fatality. A work of the old school, such as an abbreviated "Barber," or one of those charming little French operas which the American opera used to do, would have made a better contrast with either of these. The attendance was good but not crowded.

The later weeks have been devoted to "Bohemian Girl" and "Lohengrin" is promised at the end of January.

Inasmuch as the city will defray the cost, they will most likely "do" it well, as we hear in the "Mikado."

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MINOR MENTION.

Mr. Charles E. Watt, of Chicago, gave two recitals at Springfield, Mo., in December. Among other things he played Beethoven's sonata Op. 90, and a Mozart sonata in F, liberal selections from Nevin, and a variety of classical pieces of moderate calibre. The recitals were well received.

* * *

Mr. Ad. M. Foerster, of Pittsburg, is not alone an industrious and prolific composer, but also an interesting and inspiring teacher. He has one quality which ought to have a favorable influence upon his style, the habit, namely, of giving entire evenings of his own compositions, in his studio, whereby he has the opportunity to find out by actual experiment the effect this music has upon an audience. Mr. Foerster has covered such a wide range in his music that he is able to arrange varied programs adapted to every kind of talent.

* * *

Mr. S. W. Mountz, a well-known Chicago musician and teacher, has removed to Los Angeles, California, where the prospects are favorable for the complete exercise of his many gifts.

* * *

Mr. August Geiger seems to be doing excellent work in the Southern Female College. At the concert of Dec. 19 the program included an air and variations by Mendelssohn, the Schubert-Liszt "By the Sea," a pleasant Chopin number, and a variety of smaller pieces, ending with the Liszt second rhapsody, played here with second piano also. As this rhapsody is on the whole about the best of the lot, it made a brilliant ending for the concert. In more advanced communities, however, the Liszt Hungarian Rhapsodies have practically "gone out." *Requiescant in pace.*

* * *

Mr. Constantin von Sternberg conducted an artist recital before the music students of Knox College, in November, in which he began with Saint-Saens' transcription of the Obverture to the 29th Church Cantata of Bach (the same, except in key, as the Preambule to the sixth violin sonata, transcribed admirably by Heinze in the Bach Album) the Beethoven Sonata pastorale; Tschaikovsky Theme and Variations, a strong but ill-regulated work; Mr. J. H. Hahn's Polonaise in D Flat (dedicated to Mr. Sternberg), MacDowell's March Wind and two of his own pieces.

* * *

The second historical concert of the Chicago Orchestra included the Mozart "Jupiter Symphony," the Spohr Gesangscene (Mr. Kreis-

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ler), the "Freyschuetz" overture, Shubert Unfinished Symphony and the Variations and March from Suite by Lachner. The Mozart work, as also the Schubert, was delightful, but the program as a whole was deficient in contrast.

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At the Mt. Union College a recital by Miss Marsh included Mendelssohn's Rondo Capriccioso, Chaminade's Flatterer, the Chopin Tarantelle, etc.

* * *

The second concert of the Spiering Quartet in Chicago had a program including D'Albert's Quartet in E Flat, some songs by Schumann, Grieg and Spiering, a Schubert Rondo for piano and violin, and the Beethoven Quartet in A Major, op. 18, No. 5. The solo artists were Mrs. Bertha Kaderly and Mr. Walter Spry. Mrs. Kaderly showed an agreeable intelligence in her work and a fine voice. The Spiering songs were very good indeed, but unfortunately in German. "No American need apply." Mr. Spiering himself speaks very good English, but perhaps his poetry was not so fortunate. Mr. Spry showed tasteful and musicianly playing.

* * *

Some time last autumn the Chicago Musical College received the following letter, which speaks for itself:

"Would it be asking too much to request you to let me know what instruction book for the piano is used in the college? I have not been in the States long and do not know of any but Mathews.' I wish to use the best."

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

DURATION AND FREQUENCY OF LESSONS.

A correspondent from an inland city states her case substantially as follows: "I have been teaching piano in this town for several years at the price of fifty cents for hour lessons. Some time ago I accepted a pupil for half-hour lessons at half the rate, and soon many other pupils changed from hour lessons to half hours once a week. Lately, owing to the unusual demands the public schools are making upon the home time of the grammar grade pupils, several of my pupils have applied for a half-hour lesson once in two weeks, on the ground that they have no time to practice, but still do not like to omit their music entirely. Now there are obviously two points to be considered here: First, whether the pupils can do good work with this small attention; and, second, my own position with regard to making a living. Who do you advise me to do? To refuse these lessons or take them? B. C. C.

To the question in general a direct answer may be given: Refuse. The application for one-half hour lessons once in two weeks rests upon an entire misconception of the case. What you are doing, or trying to do is not simply to see that each of your pupils has something suitable to practice on the piano, but to *teach* her music, not alone the keyboard, but also the music by its sound, its feeling. To open to her a new gateway into a world of the ideal, having in it no end of charm for the present generation and apparently an equally great charm for those who will come after us.

The case of the parents and the children is a hard one. The public schools tend to load up with more and more subjects which they work at with a solicitude truly parental. Meanwhile, amid the multiplicity of subjects, the child gains a mere smattering of each, and, as is generally charged, is liable to emerge from school unable to spell ordinary words in her own mother tongue.

Music as taught in the public schools is a striking illustration of the superficiality with which things are done. As a rule the pupils emerge from school unable to recognize ordinary tonal relations by ear clearly enough to be able to write them down. This, however, has nothing to do with our present purpose.

A music lesson is something more than a mere setting of a task to be learned. It should also be a lesson.

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DIRECTIONS WANTED AS TO REPERTORY OF THE PIANIST.

"I am a teacher living in a small town, and like many others was obliged to begin teaching before my education had been made sufficiently complete to give me assurance in my work. What I wish to know is, how I am to find out which composers of all those in the music lists are the greatest or the best worth knowing; and what pieces will be most practicable for me to begin with in order to understand them and enjoy them. Is there any book covering this ground, or a part of it?" J. S.

Your case is a very common one. The present writer began his teaching work under precisely similar conditions, and so did thousands of his readers. Many one-sided attempts have been made at supplying the need you mention. Almost all the publishers have more or less matter for teachers, in which they give graded lists of pieces, classified according to composers. The chief difficulties with these helps is that the author of the pamphlets always appears as the attorney for the publisher, rather than for the author. In my "How to Understand Music" a great deal of assistance is afforded towards a rational study of Beethoven, Chopin and Schumann. Dr. Fuchs has a truly monumental work in German, upon the artistic valuation of all the chief productions of the music-writers of the past and present. It is so large that it is of very little help to an ordinary teacher.

The nearest that has as yet come to the kind of information you are after is in the two volumes of "The Great in Music," of which the second volume is now in press. In the two volumes the following composers are represented: Bach, Haydn, Corelli, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Henselt, Shubert, Chopin, Schumann, Franz, Brahms, Liszt, Spohr, Grieg, Jensen, Sinding, Raff, Rubinstein, Tschaikovsky, Schytte, Godard, Chaminade, John Field, Moszkowsky, Richard Strauss, Paderewski, Balikirev, Glazounov, etc., and the following American writers: Mason, Gottschalk, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, Dudley Buck, John K. Paine, Arthur Foote, Gleason, Mrs. Gaynor, Emil Liebling, E. A. MacDowell, Sherwood, Margaret Lang, H. N. Bartlett, E. R. Kroeger, Wilson G. Smith, A. M. Foerster, Geo. W. Chadwick, Vogrich, and some others. Each composer is characterized according to his place in art and his importance or availability for study. These characterizations have been prepared by Messrs. Emil Liebling, Karleton Hackett, John S. Van Cleve, Theodore Spiering and the present writer; and a variety of the pieces of each author are analyzed and discussed for study, the grade of difficulty being marked. To give an idea of the second volume it may be mentioned that Schumann occupies about seventy-five pages, and upwards of one hundred of his compositions are discussed in detail. Chopin, Liszt, Brahms, and others receive liberal treatment. At the end of the volume there is a chapter in which the general significance of the entire development covered by the two volumes is summed up. These books were prepared for the

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exclusive use of the Music Student's Clubs, but they are now open to the general musical public. Nothing at all like them has ever appeared before. They represent an immense amount of study and experience on the part of the editors and writers. The more they are studied the more useful they will appear. W. S. B. M.

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REVIEWS AND NOTICES

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. By William Shakespeare. Edited for the Class Room by Frederic Manley. The Laurel Classics. Boston, C. C. Birchard & Company. 1901. 12 mo., Pp. 186, Cloth.

Mr. Frderic Manley, a poet and literateur of distinction and wide scholarship, has here prepared an edition of the great Shakespearean drama for the use of students, in which he has compressed the actual information obtainable concerning the play, annotated its principal scenes with intelligence and discernment, and successfully avoided the two main difficulties of such a task, by not giving too many discursions, nor, on the other hand, failing to assist the student at the right time. Deserves the attention of students and private readers.

* * *

AZARA: OPERA IN THREE ACTS. BY JOHN KNOWLES PAINE. Pianoforte Edition with Vocal Score and Text. Brietkopf and Haertel. Leipsic and New York.

For a number of years Professor Paine, of Harvard, has been working at a grand romantic opera upon a Saracen subject. The work having been some time completed is here issued in vocal score. It makes a portly and elegant volume of 374 pages. The subject is one which admits of and invites scenic splendor, and no doubt the orchestration and general musical handling have been created with the same possibility in view. It is an important work, and it is a pity that there is very little chance of its being heard upon the stage in the lifetime of its author—not that the death of the author would tend to simplify the production of such a work, but simply that the conditions are such that "No American need apply"—at any stage or orchestral door, saving only with a comic opera, in which line American works are now supreme. A more detailed notice will be given this work at an early opportunity. The present merely chronicles its appearance in type. Even this is an interesting occurrence, both from the light it throws upon the ideality of the Harvard professor and as an evidence that somebody remembers with at least an appearance of appreciation. So much is well. But of the music, which certainly looks promising, a careful notice will appear later.

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HANDBOOK FOR BOOKLOVERS' READING CLUB. COURSE II. MODERN MASTERS OF MUSIC.

This beautifully printed hand-book of 128 octavo pages contains a list

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of reading for the course and several essays of an advisory character by American writers: "Pianoforte Music and Its Performance," by H. E. Krehbiel; "How to Appreciate the Great Composers," by W. S. B. Mathews; Beethoven from a Modern Point of View," by Gustav Kobbe; "The Caprices of Musical Taste," by James G. Huneker. Also a variety of selected short passages of criticism.

The works recommended by Mr. Riginald De Kóven, as foundation of the course are three: Makers of Music, by R. Farquharson Sharp; A General History of Music, by W. S. Rockstro, and Studies in Modern Music, by W. H. Hadow. At the end of the volume is a list of supplementary works for reference. This musical course is one of twenty-five different courses conducted under the same auspices.

* * *

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION. For the Year 1901, Vol. I.

In the more than 750 pages of this bulky volume are included a variety of papers which, taken together, amount to an important furthering of the design of this institution, the general diffusion of useful knowledge. Besides detailed reports of the financial and other operations of the institution for the period specified, the volume contains a large number of papers of much importance. Among them such as these: Progress of Astronomy During the XIX Century, by Sir Norman Lockyer; A Preliminary Account of the Solar Eclipse of May 28, 1900, as Observed by the Smithsonian Expedition, by Secretary S. P. Langley; Progress of Aesronautics, by J. Jannsen; Lord Rayleigh on Flight; Liquid Hydrogen, by Prof. James Dewar; and upwards of forty more of equal importance. It is much to be regretted that this sterling institution has not as yet shared in the new endowments which are being made with so lavish a hand, but still remains with its small fund of years and years ago. Fortunately Congress appropriates in various directions for promoting lines of work which the institution is not able to undertake from its own funds.

* * *

(From A. P. Schmidt.)

A COLLECTION OF EASIEST ETUDES. By Ferdinand Meyer.

A collection of easy etudes suitable for early lesson, from a variety of authors, such as Myaylath, Gurlitt Biehl, and a variety of lesser writers for children. In a few cases a little training in two-part writing would have been in point, as, for example, on page 4, fourth study, fifth and sixth measures, where implied consecutive octaves impair the individuality of the two-voice movement and still more impair the sound.

The volume is likely to do good. It would have been better for most teachers if the editor had pointed out the particular result intended by each study. This might perhaps have led to omitting some—but there is no cause which might not have some effect. On the whole this collection keeps well off the old ruts. Among the best pieces in

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American composers, here appears in six compositions from the press of G. Schirmer. The first prelude is in the key of D flat, and the opening form is that of an arpeggio, played quickly by the two hands, the left hand crossing over and completing the affair by means of a superimposed melody note. This is followed by some melody with accompaniment in triplets. The harmonic structure is very modern indeed, and it would be necessary to hear it played very well indeed in order to judge adequately whether inspiration were by chance present in the work to anything like an equal extent with the cleverness of the handling.

The second prelude is in D major, and the motive is quite like that of one of the Capriccios by Brahms. It is capable of producing a good effect. The third prelude is in the key of E major and has the wholly unusual form of a prelude for right hand alone, the basses being put in later, the pedal holding the melody. One hesitates to assign a definite value to an idea of this kind, considering that the right hand is amlost invariably by far too good for the left hand, which has to accompany it. Prelude four is in A flat, and affords very pleasing practice for melody with lighter and faster notes around it. The thumbs generally play the chief melodies. All four are clever as work—and perhaps capable of agreeable salon effect.

The Menuet in C major begins rather sonorously and with promise, but the second measure and fourth are upon a very weak harmonic succession, the net result therefore of the first four measures being at least questionable. The second period is pleasing, and quite along the same line as many bits in Liszt, Liszt having been the first user, and, if anything, a little the better, as more to the manner born. The middle piece has very little value indeed. The capricieuse Gavotte in G minor is capable of pleasing effect.

All the titles of these six pieces are in the French language, from which it will be seen that even our composers do not escape the tendency to polyglottony to which our singers are so dreadfully liable. It is a great thing to encourage the American muse in one of the graceful languages of continental Europe, where all our American work is so highly prized.

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MME. GADSKI, AS BRUNHILDE.

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MUSIC.

FEBRUARY, 1902

PLATO ON THE EDUCATION OF THE YOUNG.

BY SERGIUS RECTOR, PH.D.

In his great dialogue, "The Laws," Plato unfolds his ideas in regard to forming a perfect state, entering with minute care into all the relations of life and the process of education and training by which children are brought up to be good citizens and useful men and women. The dialogue is very long, Jowett's translation extending to 480 pages. The subjects are not particularly well separated in the discussion, and the same topic occurs in more than one place. What Plato has to say in regard to music can at least be taken with a certain reserve, since under the term music is included everything relating to the Muses, that is to say, all that we now include under the term fine art, meaning thereby especially literature and music. In the paragraph numbered 655, he is speaking about differences of melody and rhythm. He says: "In music there are certainly figures and there are melodies; and music is concerned with harmony and rhythm, so that you may speak of a melody or figure having rhythm or harmony; the term is correct enough, but you cannot speak correctly, as the masters of choruses have a way of talking metaphorically, of the 'color' of a melody or figure. Although you can speak of the melodies or figures of the brave and the coward, praising the one and censuring the other. And, not to be tedious, the figures and melodies which are expressive of virtue of soul or body, or of images of virtue, are without exception good, and those which are expressive of vice are the reverse of good."

"Choric movements are imitations of manners occurring in various actions, chances, characters,—each particular is imi-

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tated, and those to whom the words, or songs, or dances are suited, either by nature or habit, or both, cannot help feeling pleasure in them, and applauding them, and calling them beautiful. But those whose natures, or ways, or habits are unsuited to them, cannot delight in them or applaud them, and they call them base. There are others, again, whose natures are right and their habits wrong, or whose habits are right and their natures wrong, and they praise one thing but are pleased at another. For they say that certain things are pleasant but not good. And in the presence of those whom they think wise, they are ashamed of dancing and singing in that fashion or of deliberately lending their countenance to such proceedings; and yet, they have a secret pleasure in them."

From this difference between the good and bad in music and habit, Plato deduces the principle that in education the noble forms are to be cultivated and preferred, and, as usual in that day, he supports his arguments by citing what was said to have been done in Egypt: "Long ago they appear to have recognized the very principle of which we are now speaking—that their young citizens must be habituated to forms and strains of virtue. These are fixed, and the patterns of them are exhibited in their temples; and no painter or artist is allowed to innovate upon them, or to leave the traditional forms and invent new ones. To this day, no alteration is allowed either in these arts or in music at all. And you will find that their works of art are painted or molded in the same forms which they had ten thousand years ago; this is literally true and no exaggeration,—their ancient paintings and sculptures are not a whit better or worse than the work of to-day, but are made with just the same skill."

All this Plato thinks to have been worthy of admiration, whereas we know now that the manner in which they did it restricted their art to the few primitive types with which they happened to be equipped when the law was established.

He then goes on to propose having festivals, in which there should be entertainments of all sorts, including gymnastic, musical or equestrian contests, leaving it to the assembled multitude to decide which entertainment was the most worthy of praise. He asks: "What is likely to be the result of such a proceeding?" To which he gives answer, "There will be

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various exhibitions. The Homeric bard will exhibit the rhapsody, another a performance on the lute; one would have a tragedy and another a comedy. Nor would there be anything astonishing in some one imagining that he could gain the prize by exhibiting a puppet-show. Suppose these competitors to meet, and not these only, but innumerable others as well, can you tell me who ought to be the victor?"

This question, who ought to be the victor, his interlocutor is unable to answer; whereupon Plato answers it for him, saying the children will decide for the puppet-show, because it is most interesting to them; whereas he thinks the old men would have the greatest pleasure in hearing the rhapsodist recite well the Iliad and Odyssey, or one of the Hesiodic poems. "Then who would really be the victor?" He goes on to ask: "Thus far I too should agree with the many, that the excellence of music is to be measured by pleasure. But the pleasure must not be that of chance persons; the fairest music is that which delights the best and best educated, and especially that which delights the one man who is preeminent in virtue and education. And therefore the judges will require virtue—they must possess wisdom and also courage; for the true judge ought not to learn from the theatre, nor ought he to be panic-stricken at the clamor of the many and his own incapacity; nor again, knowing the truth, ought he, through cowardice and unmanliness, carelessly to deliver a false judgment, out of the very same lips which have just appealed to the gods before he judged. He is sitting, not as the disciple of the theatre, but, in his proper place, as their instructor; and he ought to be the enemy of all pandering to the pleasure of the spectators. The ancient and common custom of Hellas, which still prevails in Italy and Sicily, did certainly leave the judgment to the body of spectators, who determined the victor by the show of hands; yet this custom has been the destruction of the poets; for they now compose with a view to please the bad taste of their judges, and the result is that the spectators instruct themselves, which has been the ruin of the theatre; when they ought to be hearing of characters of a higher stamp than their own, and receiving a higher pleasure, they are affected in an entirely opposite manner. Now what is the inference to be deduced from all this?

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"The inference at which we arrive, for the third or fourth time, is that education is the constraining and directing of youth towards that right reason, which the law affirms, and which the experience of the best of our elders has agreed to be truly right. In order, then, that the soul of the child may not be habituated to feel joy and sorrow in a manner at variance with the law and those who obey the law, but may rather follow the law and rejoice and sorrow at the same things as the aged,—in order, I say, to produce this effect, songs appear to have been invented, which are really charms, and are designed to implant that harmony of which we speak. And, because the mind of the child is incapable of enduring serious training, they are called plays or songs, and are performed in play; just as when men are sick and ailing in their bodies, their attendants give them wholesome diet in pleasant meats and drinks, but unwholesome diet in disagreeable things, in order that they may learn to like the one as they ought, and to dislike the other. And in like manner the true legislator will persuade, and, if he cannot persuade, will compel the poet to express as he ought, by fair and noble words, in his rhythms, the choric figures, and in his melodies, the music of temperate and brave and in every way good men.

"Are not the principles of education and music which prevail among you as follows: You compel your poets to say that the good man, if he be temperate and just, is fortunate and happy; and this whether he be great and strong, or small and weak; and whether he be rich or poor; and that, on the other hand, if he have a wealth passing that of Cinyras or Midas, and be unjust, he is miserable and lives in pain. As the poet says, and truly: 'I sing not, I care not, about him who accomplishes all the noble things of which he speaks, not having justice; let him be just who draws near and smites his enemies.'"

Then ensues a long discussion which would take us too far to follow, leading to the conclusion:

"The view which identifies the pleasant and the just and the good and the noble has an excellent moral and religious tendency. And the opposite view is most at variance with the designs of the legislator, and, in his opinion, infamous; for no one, if he can help, will be persuaded to do that which

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gives him more pain than pleasure. But as distant prospects are apt to make the world spin round us, especially in childhood, the legislator will try to purge away the darkness and exhibit the truth; he will persuade the citizens, in some way or other, by customs and praises and words, that just and unjust are opposed to one another as shadow and light, and that, seen from the point of view of a man's own evil and injustice, the unjust appears pleasant and the just unpleasant; but that, seen from the point of view of the just, the very opposite is the appearance which they wear."

After this he goes on to more practical suggestions:

"The next suggestion which I have to offer is, that all our three choruses shall sing to the young and tender souls of children, reciting in their strains all the noble thoughts of which we have already spoken, or are about to speak; and the sum of them shall be, that the life which is by the gods deemed to be the happiest is the holiest; we shall affirm this to be a most certain truth; and the minds of our young disciples will be more likely to receive these words of ours than any others which we might address to them.

"First will enter in their natural order the sacred choir composed of children, which is to sing lustily the heaven-taught lay to the whole city. Next will follow the choir of young men under the age of thirty, who will call upon the God Paean (Apollo) to be the witness of their words, and will pray him to be gracious to the youth and to turn their hearts. Thirdly, the choir of elder men, who are from thirty to sixty years of age, will also sing. There remain those who are too old to sing, and they will tell stories, illustrating the same virtues, as with the voice of an oracle.

"That every man and boy, slave and free, both sexes, and the whole city, should never cease charming themselves with the strains of which we have spoken; and that there should be every sort of change and variation of them in order to take away the effect of sameness, so that the singers may always receive pleasure from their hymns, and may never weary of them."

Occasionally Plato hits upon a great idea, as for example in the following:

"Then, when any one says that music is to be judged of by

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pleasure, this cannot be admitted; and if there be any music of which pleasure is the criterion, such music is not to be sought out or deemed to have any real excellence, but only that other kind of music which is an imitation of the good. And those who seek for the best kind of song and music, ought not to seek for that which is pleasant, but for that which is true; and the truth of imitation consists, as we were saying, in rendering the thing imitated according to quantity and quality. And every one will admit that musical compositions are all imitative and representative. Will not poets and spectators and actors all agree in this? Surely, then he who would judge correctly must know what each composition is; for if he does not know what is the character and meaning of the piece, and what it represents, he will never discern whether the intention is true or false.

"And can he who does not know what the exact object is which is imitated, ever know whether the resemblance is truthfully executed? I mean, for example, whether a statue has the proportions of a body, and how the parts fit into one another in due order; also their colors and conformation, or whether this is all confused in the execution? Do you think that any one can know about this who does not know what the animal is which has been imitated? But even if we know that the thing pictured or sculptured is a man, who has received at the hand of the artist all his proper parts and figures and colors, must we not also know whether the work is beautiful or in any respect deficient in beauty?

"And may we now say that in everything imitated, whether in drawing, music or any other art, he who is to be a competent judge must possess three things; he must know, in the first place, of what the imitation is; secondly, he must know that it is true; and thirdly, that it has been well executed in words and melodies and rhythms? Then let us not faint in discussing the peculiar difficulty of music. Music is more celebrated than any other kind of imitation, and therefore requires the greatest care of them all. For if a man makes a mistake here, he may do himself the greatest injury by welcoming evil dispositions, and the mistake may be very difficult to discern, because the poets are artists very inferior in character to the Muses themselves, who would never fall into the

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monstrous error of assigning to the words of men the gestures and songs of women; nor combine the melodies and gestures of freemen with the rhythms of slaves and men of the baser sort; or, beginning with the rhythms and gestures of freemen, assign to them a melody or words which are of an opposite character; nor would they mix up the voices and sounds of animals and of men and instruments, and every other sort of noise, as if they were all one. But human poets are fond of introducing this sort of inconsistent mixture, and thus make themselves ridiculous in the eyes of those who, as Orpheus says, 'have attained maturity in their pleasures.'

"The experienced see all this confusion, and yet the poets go on and make still further havoc by separating the rhythm and the figure of the dance from the melody, setting words to metre without music, and also separating the melody and rhythm from the words, using the lyre or the flute alone. For when there are no words, it is very difficult to recognize the meaning of the harmony and rhythm, or to see that any worthy object is imitated by them. And we must acknowledge that all this sort of thing, which aims only at swiftness and smoothness and a brutish noise, and uses the flute and lyre not as the mere accompaniments of the dance and song, is exceedingly rude and coarse. The use of either, when unaccompanied by the others, leads to every sort of irregularity and trickery. This is all true enough. But we are considering not how our choristers, who are from thirty to fifty years of age, and may be over fifty, are not to use the Muses, but how they are to use them."

In another part of this discussion, especially in the seventh book, where the education of children comes more particularly into view, he has many most wise remarks, together with many other things which can be taken with a grain of salt. Among the latter, for instance, I would include the following:

"There are many ancient musical compositions and dances which are excellent, and from them the government may freely select what is proper and suitable; and they shall choose judges of not less than fifty years of age, who shall make the selection, and any of the old poems which they deem sufficient they shall include; any that is deficient or altogether unsuitable, they shall either utterly throw aside or examine and amend,

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taking into their counsel poets and musicians, and making use of their poetical genius; but explaining to them the wishes of the legislator in order that they may regulate dancing, music, and all choral strains, according to his mind; and not allowing them to indulge, except in some minor matters, their individual pleasures and fancies. Now, the irregular strain of music is always made ten thousand times better by attaining to law and order; and when there is no infusion of the honeyed Muse—not, however, that we mean wholly to exclude pleasure, for that is common to all music."

This scheme has the objection that it imposes entirely too large a burden upon the judges, who are not less than fifty years of age. But the conclusion with which Plato supports this principle is excellent, namely, as follows:

"And if a man be brought up from childhood, to the age of discretion and maturity, in the use of the orderly and severe music, when he hears the opposite he detests it, and calls it illiberal; but if trained in the sweet and vulgar music, he deems the opposite sort cold and displeasing. So that, as I was saying before, while he who hears them gains no more pleasure from the one than from the other, the one has the advantage of making those who are trained in it better men, whereas the other makes them worse."

Plato by no means conceals from himself the fact that the thorough training of the young is a matter involving difficulties of its own. School in the Greek days began early. Plato says:

"When the day breaks, the time has arrived for youth to go to their schoolmasters. Now, neither sheep nor any other animals can live without shepherd, nor can children be left without tutors, or slaves without masters. And of all animals, the boy is the most unmanageable, inasmuch as he has the fountain of reason in him not yet regulated; he is the most insidious, sharp-witted, and insubordinate of animals. Wherefore he must be bound with many bridles; in the first place, when he gets away from mothers and nurses, he must be under the control of tutors on account of his childishness and foolishness; then, again, being a freeman, he must have teachers and be educated by them in anything which they teach, and must learn what he has to learn; but he is also a slave, and in

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that regard any freeman who comes in his way may punish him and his tutor and his instructor, if any of them does anything wrong; and he who comes across him and does not inflict upon him the punishment which he deserves, shall incur the greatest disgrace."

His scheme of apportioning the education of the young is the following:

"A fair time for a boy of ten years old to spend in letters is three years; at thirteen years he should begin to handle the lyre, and he may continue at this for another three years, neither more nor less, and whether his father or himself like or dislike the study, he is not to be allowed to spend more or less time in learning music than the law allows. And let him who disobeys the law be deprived of those youthful honors of which we shall hereafter speak. Hear, however, first of all, what the young ought to learn in the early days of life, and what their instructors ought to teach them. They ought to be occupied with their letters until they are able to read and write; but the acquisition of perfect beauty or quickness in writing, if nature has not stimulated them to acquire these accomplishments in the given number of years, they should let alone. And as to the learning of compositions committed to writing, which are unaccompanied by song, whether metrical or without rhythmical divisions, compositions in prose, as they are termed, having no rhythm or harmony,—seeing how dangerous are the writings handed down to us by many writers of this class—what will you do with them, O most excellent guardians of the law? or, how can the lawgiver rightly direct you about them? I believe that he will be in great difficulty."

Again he returns to the case of ancient Egypt:

"All freemen, I conceive, should learn as much of these various disciplines as every child in Egypt is taught when he learns his alphabet. In that country, systems of calculation have been actually invented for the use of children, which they learn as a pleasure and amusement. They have to distribute apples and garlands, adapting the same number either to a larger or less number of persons; and they distribute pugilists and wrestlers as they follow one another, or pair together by lot. Another mode of amusing them is by taking vessels of gold, and brass, and silver, and the like, and mingling them

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or distributing them without mingling; as I was saying, they adapt to their amusement the numbers in common use, and in this way make more intelligible to their pupils the arrangements and movements of armies and expeditions, and in the management of a household they make people more useful to themselves, and more wide awake; and again in measurements of things which have length, and breadth, and depth, they free us from that ludicrous and disgraceful ignorance of all these things which is natural to man."

This is the gist of the modern kindergarten and it would be interesting to know more of these ancient Egyptian kindergartens, which according to this authority may have been in existence as far back as the time of Moses or earlier. Plato wrote about 320 B. C.; his information probably came from Pythagoras, who lived in Egypt from about 600 B. C. to 580 B. C.

Many modern ideas occur in Plato; for example, this:

"That the right and left hand are supposed to differ by nature when we use them; whereas no difference is found in the use of the feet and lower limbs; but in the use of the hands we are in a manner lame, by reason of the folly of nurses and mothers; for although our several limbs are by nature balanced, we create a difference in them by bad habit. In some cases this is of no consequence, as, for example, when we hold the lyre in the left hand, and the plectrum in the right, but it is downright folly to adopt a similar practice in other cases."

He then goes on and argues in favor of the what is now called by the modest name of ambidexterity.

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MUSIC AND ETHICS.

BY PROFESSOR NIECKS.

(Concluded.)

VI.

Mediaeval Views.

In the literature of the middle ages there is hardly anything to be met with in regard to our subject that may not be described as an echo of the utterances of the ancients, or rather as an echo of echoes of them. Nevertheless, there are differences between the later and earlier writers. The characters of these differences will be understood if we remember that the mediæval writers were for the most part Christian churchmen thinking of Christian Church music, and subjects of states whose governments and social conditions were as unlike those of the Greece of Plato and Aristotle as anything could be. This explains, among other things, the drawing of examples from the Old Testament as well as from Greek sources, and the absence of discussions of the influence of music on the state. Acquaintance with the references to the ethical aspects of music to be found in mediæval treatises wholly concerned with music, or in which music is dealt with incidentally, cannot but lead us to think that there is no original thought and observation in them. Chapters on the utility of music and in praise of music occur frequently in musical treatises, and in them we find retailed not only the old judgments, but also accounts of the attitudes of famous men to the practice of music, tales of medical feats achieved by means of the art, and even fables, such as those of Orpheus and the listening of wild beasts and following rocks and trees, of Amphion and the moving stones with which the walls of Thebes were built, and of Arion and the dolphin. A few quotations will suffice. The first shall be a sober and brief one from the pen of St. Isidore, the learned Bishop of Seville, who died in 636. He writes in his "Twenty Books on Origins and Etymologies" that no training is complete without music; that music calls forth diverse kinds of emotion, softens the character and calms the excited

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spirits. Less sober and more elaborate are the remarks of John Cotton, an English monk, who probably flourished on the continent about the year 1100. He held that music has a great power to move the soul and delight the ear, that it uplifts the ruined and despairing, comforts travelers, disarms robbers, appeases the angry, gladdens the sad and anxious, pacifies the contentious, drives away vain cogitations, and tempers the fury of the mad. Having different powers, as it makes use of different modes, music can even by one kind of melody provoke lasciviousness, and by another induce continence. As illustrations of one of the points, Cotton mentions David mitigating by his singing to the harp Saul's madness and the physician Asclepiades curing by his singing one suffering from insanity. As illustrations of another point, he mentions Pythagoras recalling by means of music a young man from libidinousness, and Guido making with a young man an experiment of the same kind.

I shall not unnecessarily multiply quotations like these, but at once leap forward a few hundred years, to the excellent Netherlander Tinctoris, who died in 1511, when the art of counterpoint had been perfected. Tinctoris enumerates no less than twenty effects of music—the first is that it delights God; the ninth, that it puts the devil to flight; the seventeenth, that it allures love, and the twentieth, that it beautifies souls, or, in other words, that it suscitates compunction, and through compunction leads to salvation.

Renaissance Views.

A much more valueable contribution to our subject is made by the learned Venetian Zarlino, a great composer and a still greater theorist, in his famous book, the "Institutioni Harmoniche," published in 1558, which contains chapters on the origin of music, in praise of it, on the end in learning it, and on its usefulness. Starting from the proposition that a well educated person ought not to be ignorant of music, Zarlino asks what end we ought to propose to ourselves in learning it. He does not agree with those who have the vulgar and gross notion that music ought to be learned for the solace and delight of the ear, and for no other reason, except that of perfecting the sense of hearing as the sense of sight is perfected by the viewing of

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beautiful and well proportioned things. Nor does Zarlino agree with those who wish music to be nothing but one of the liberal disciplines in which noblemen exercised themselves—a discipline that inclines the mind to virtue and regulates its passions, accustoms it to rejoice and grieve virtuously, and disposes it to good habits; in short, does for the mind what gymnastics do for the body, and, further, a discipline by which speculation about different kinds of harmony may be reached, and the intellect taught the nature of musical consonances. But, however, right and estimable this end may be, Zarlino does not consider it enough. He, who learns music says our illustrious authority, learns it not only to attain the perfection of the intellect, but also to be able, when laying aside cares and business, be it of the body or mind, to pass the time and amuse himself virtuously, so that shunning idleness and living uprightly and commendably, he may in that way become prudent and get to do better and more praiseworthy things. This end is not only estimable, but it is the true end.

Notwithstanding his high opinion of the art and his belief in the many excellent things it can do, Zarlino keeps free from one-sidedness and exaggeration. Music, he emphatically declares, if its usefulness is to be as great as it can be, must be cultivated temperately; man is made for much more excellent things than singing and playing on instruments for the sole satisfaction of the ear, and abuses his nature if he neglects to provide food for the intellect. The chapter entitled "In Which Way Harmony, Melody and Rhythm can move the Soul and dispose it to various affections and can induce into man changed habits," throws no new light on the question. The author's explanation, which in our time can only raise a smile, is, that the passions of the soul, being placed as they are in the body, consist of certain proportions of hot and cold and humid and dry, and as similar proportions of qualities exist in music, it can, owing to this similarity, act upon the soul.

The citation of so many Greek and Latin authors by Zarlino, not in a vague, second-hand way, but with indication of chapter and verse, reminds us, that the revival of learning begun in the fourteenth century, and vigorously prosecuted in the fifteenth, was in the sixteenth, when Zarlino wrote, at its height. It reminds us also that with it there arose a new spirit, a new way

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of thinking and a wider and clearer outlook. To the man of the earlier middle ages, the ancient art and literature were, in so far as they were not forgotten, a dead tradition; to the man of the renaissance they became alive again and fruitful. Moreover, the intellectual interests spread and stirred up classes that till then had been content with a vegetating existence.

It is impossible for me to resist the temptation of alluding to that characteristic renaissance work, Count Baldassare Castiglione's "Book of the Courtier" ("Il Libro de Cortegiano"), of the early sixteenth century, in which is a lively discussion on the question whether a courtier ought to be musical. One of the interlocutors thinks that music, like other vanities is fit only for women and effeminate men. The prevailing opinion of the company, however, is that the courtier ought to understand and practice music; that music is to him not only an ornament but a necessity; that the spirits of him who has no taste for music are indisputably discordant with each other; that music not only sweetens human minds, but often even tames wild beasts; that no repose from fatigue, no medicine for drooping spirits can be found more becoming and praiseworthy in leisure than music. Of course, the principal speaker does not forget to reinforce his opinions by references to Plato, Aristotle, Themistocles, Chiron and Achilles, and to Lycurgus, the legendary lawgiver of Sparta. But not to them alone; he reinforces his opinions also by references to the toiling laborers in the fields and to the peasant girls at the spinning wheels.

Not only of a much greater, but of the utmost interest and importance to us, are the discussions and achievements of a set of amateurs poets and musicians at Florence in the last quarter of the sixteenth century, who brought certain tendencies of the century to a head and thereby revolutionized the art, changing it from one chiefly of harmonic proportion to one chiefly of expression, substituting instrumentally accompanied one voice music for instrumentally unaccompanied many voice music or, to use technical terms, substituting the monodic for the madrigalesque style. These men—more especially the Counts Bardi and Corsi, Vincenzo Galilei, Peri, Caccini and the poet Ottavio Rinuccini—were the founders of the musical renaissance, which came in the rear of that of the formative

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arts and of literature. But this renaissance was not a renaissance in the sense of being a revival of ancient Greek music, although the founders believed it to be that. They had, no doubt, been inspired by Plato, but the realization of the ideas thus obtained led to very different results. It could not be otherwise, for there were no ancient musical monuments to study, the imperfectly understood theoretical treatises could not make up for the lack of art works, and it was impossible to ignore and forget the harmonic acquisitions of the later middle ages. Count Bardi divided music into counterpoint and the art of singing well. The former he and the rest of the reformers rejected, because it seemed to them a hindrance to the latter. The moderns, like the ancients, Bardi remarked to Caccini, should aim first of all at intelligibility of the words, for as the soul is greater than the body, so are the words nobler than counterpoint, and then they should aim at correspondence between the character and mode of the music and the meaning of the poem. It is the stanch belief in the expressive power of music and the institution of a style that favored the development of this power which makes this Florentine reforming brotherhood of the last quarter of the sixteenth cenutry so interesting to us.

It would be waste of time to continue in detail our survey in modern times. We should not find anything new or even anything in any way satisfactory. Generalities and echoings of the saws of the ancients form the staple pabulum. With what expectations one opens for instance the chapter "On the Utility of Music in the State," in the famous Mattheson's famous book, "Der vollkommene Capellmeister" (1739), and with what disappointment one closes it! But it is not only musicians who refer to the ethical aspects of music in their treatises of a more general nature, also many laymen refer to them in their publications, and even write whole books on the subject. The curious may be advised to consult Forkel's "General Musical Literature," where an extensive, although, of course, not complete enumeration of books is given under the headings, "Beauty and Utility of Music," "Nature and Object of Music," "Moral Effects of Music" and "Physical Effects of Music on Men and Animals."

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VIII.

Luther's View.

Before proceeding to a general consideration of the question in modern times, we have to turn our attention to a man very different from those who have hitherto come before us, a man unique in this way as in so many others. I mean Luther. In looking back from the sixteenth century after Christ to the fifth century before Christ, we cannot but perceive that we have traveled a long distance, not only in time but also in other respects. Christianity had introduced and evolved new modes of thinking and feeling, and music had become a different art. And what could be more unlike than the speculative pagan philosophers and the perfervid Christian reformer! Luther, although he knew probably more of the art than Plato and Aristotle—who, be it said to their credit, make no pretense to superior knowledge—does not come before us as a philosopher, but simply as an ardent lover of music and a thorough believer in its ethical powers.

Again and again Luther says that in his estimation the place of music is next to theology, the one as well as the other producing a calm and serene mind.

"The usefulness of music is so great that no one, be he ever so eloquent, can say enough of it. * * * Music is a mighty ruler of all movements of the human heart, by which, nevertheless, men are often governed and subjugated as by a master."

"Music has of necessity to be retained in schools. A schoolmaster must know how to sing, otherwise I won't look at him."

"Music is a semi-discipline and instructress; it makes people milder, gentler, better behaved and more reasonable."

"Music is the best comfort of a sorrowful man, by which the heart becomes again contented, strengthened and refreshed."

IX.

Modern Views.

It is inexplicably strange that in modern times, and even in quite recent times, so little has been said about music as an educational power, so infinitely less than in ancient times when

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music, compared with what it is at the present day, was in its childhood, and in many respects rudimentary. Then harmony hardly existed at all, the contrapuntal interweaving of parts was undreamt of, the compass of sounds in use very restricted, the executive technique (as proved by the structure of the instruments) insignificant, and even melody and rhythm undeveloped. This last statement will surprise many and shock some, but I cannot stop to prove it. The eminent musician, Gevaert, an undoubted admirer of ancient Greek music and the weightiest authority on it, describes it thus: "A melodic design, sober in outline and expression, indicating the general sentiment by some exquisite traits of a supreme simplicity, and accompanied by a small number of harmonic intervals." Suppose we accept this estimate, the most favorable I conceive to be possible; still, what an immense superiority the music of our time presents in the variety and amount of means, and, consequently, of expressiveness! But the more expressive the art, the greater must be its power of influencing us, not only momentarily, but also permanently, not only by rousing and soothing our emotions but also by molding our character. That music has become more and more expressive, especially since the later part of the sixteenth century, when accompanied solo song and the musical drama began to be cultivated, is a fact too obvious to stand in need of proof. Not to go further back, who can doubt the expressiveness and impassioned nature of the music of Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin and Wagner? Not he who is musical. I repeat, it is inexpressibly strange that with the increase of the power the recognition of the power has decreased. Instead of hearing of it as a mighty instrument of education, we hear of music only as an elegant accomplishment, by which we can make ourselves agreeable in company, while away weary hours and keep ourselves out of mischief. Beyond this we hear of nothing that is not extremely vague. There is, for instance, a vague idea that music may have a refining influence, but how it has this is not explained. Even the books and pamphlets written with the object of recommending the study of music in elementary schools, at home and in conservatoriums, fail to make it clear why they recommend it. You will search in vain in Pestalozzi's and Frœbel's works for a true perception

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of the powers of the art and an adequate utilization of them. J. J. Rousseau, a musician as well as a philosopher, one who composed music and wrote on music, forgets the art in his treatise on education, "Emile, ou de l'Education." And, strangest of all, Herbert Spencer, than whom no one has shown a deeper insight into the nature of music, writes a book on education and hardly alludes to the art that can be made so powerful a factor in it. Moreover, the allusion is solely concerned with æsthetic culture and its pleasures.

It is high time to reconsider the question of the ethical aspects of music, and to examine it earnestly, carefully and thoroughly. What is wanted is not assertions as to the powers of music in this respect, but expositions of their nature and workings. In the next lecture I shall make an attempt at such an exposition, in the hope of thereby rousing the attention and curiosity of educationists and the public.

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RATIONAL ORGAN TEACHING.

BY T. CARL WHITMER.

Certainly it is a curious condition of musical life which, in this twentieth century, permits the teaching of instruments having similar keyboard construction in such diverse ways. On the one hand there exists for the most part rational study, on the other distressingly irrational. In the one case there is systematic work outlined; in the other there is an indescribable looseness. In piano work pupils are made to toe a chalk-line; in organ work they are left unhitched.

And then, too, memory work in one; playing constantly from notes in the other.

It is indeed surprising that many organists play as well as they do. But the sorrow of it is, that they do not play better.

A superficial analysis of even about-the-average playing will reveal certain existent symptoms which indicate most clearly the lack of a carefully outlined plan of elementary study.

Probably the most evident weaknesses are the lack of a true pedal legato (especially on white keys played with a single foot); then lack of fluency on pedal black key passages; poor pedal phrasing and unbalanced pedal registration; inability to define clearly the various touches used in modern organ playing; palyphonic indistinctness; lack of logic and unity in registration; inability to transpose quickly, modulate subtly and improvise at all; and then entire incapacity for playing from memory.

The average organ student does not concentrate his energies as does the pianist. Even if he comes with an ample muscular preparation—which is not often—there is no justification for bulking principles and hurling them at his head the first lessons.

The organ has its idioms and needs carefully analyzed and homeopathically served teaching. The whole attitude of pupil and teacher towards organ work is inconsistent with their beliefs concerning study in general, is as out-of-date as the piano teaching of even twenty-five years ago, and as unpedagogical as is possible in a civilized nation.

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Without any further generalities I will make several suggestions along the line of rational organ methods.

First: A separation of pedal study from all manual work until such time as the muscles of the feet and legs are developed in all the characteristics of the hands and arms. That is, until all muscles are brought into active and automatic connection with mental energy; so that key pressure and release are fully adequate to the touch and speed demands of the most exacting compositions. A pedal keyboard alone should be used for this work for many months.

Second: After the technique of the pedals is assured (and all exercises memorized from the start) manual work should be taken up—but not at the organ—at the piano! (a) The work—if pupil is muscularly prepared by previous piano practice—should consist of daily pianistic studies for the preservation of good muscular conditions. (b) The work— if pupil is not prepared—should be along the purely piano lines until intimate conditions of brain and muscles are assured. (c) All work should be practiced and memorized at the piano—and this no matter how advanced the player.

The organ writers are requiring execution that demands the highest and ripest muscular automatism. And organ key resistance does not develop muscles so well as that found in piano.

Third: When on any given composition manual and pedal parts are understood, memorized and made second nature, then and then only should they be taken to the organ. Then the peculiarities of the organ technique will never seriously trouble the student and he can devote his time and energies to what is, after technique, the weakest features of organists' playing—viz., lack of variety, unity, logic and fluency in registration.

Fourth: Compelling students to memorize everything studied. There is no need in these days of enlightenment to exude arguments in favor of memory work. Owing to the multitude of mechanical appliances on organs it is in fact more necessary to memorize for that instrument than any other. And anyone who listens to the attempts of an organist to turn his pages and manage his register and play, all at the same time, wonders with all his mind why organists are not centipedes and fathers of centipedes. And then, too, if from the beginning

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of organ study a student memorizes he will have no more trouble memorizing than a piano student has.

If in later years he comes to a realization of the mechanical and musical necessity for memorizing it is hard work. Pardoning a personal reference, I wish to say that a few years ago in the New Jerusalem Church in Philadelphia I played my first memory recital, the whole of Charles Marie Widor's symphonies Nos. 2 and 5, and parts of the 6th, together with a fanfare from his piano works. I had never memorized for the organ, no teacher having ever suggested or demanded it. Consequently not only did I spend practically a whole four months at simply the memorizing part of it, but during the whole time was conscious of an unnaturalness which would never have in the slightest way suggested itself to me had each and every step in the organ development been so adapted to the various faculties of mind which are in everyone's possession that not one becomes atrophied. This is study.

Fifth: The orderly teaching of modulation, transposition and extemporization. Such work demands a preliminary theoretical training. But when the time comes for the putting into practice of these branches let them first be done at the more simply constructed instrument—the piano. (Sawyer's book on extemporization is orderly.)

Sixth: Permitting no pupil to accept an organ position until he is adjudged well equipped. There is a race of church organists in this country (we are not alone) whose playing is vicious, and so long as teachers permit their students to fill (!) a position before they can put into execution the simplest principles of organ management, it is useless to talk about reforms in the grade and position of music in the church.

There is hard work involved in keeping up to such high standards of work. But the best piano teachers are doing it. Why not the teachers of organ?

I hope in a future article to discuss the above suggestions in relation to special exercises and compositions.

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ROSSINI AND THE SENSUOUS IN MUSIC.

FROM THE GERMAN OF A. W. AMBROS, BY J. H. SINGER.

If in Beethoven we have a grand being who expresses himarrange themselves according to the measure and laws of beauty, with the highest spiritual import—then in Rossini, his contemporary, we find the very opposite: the composer who has first exalted to the highest bounds the principle of the sensuous enjoyment in music. Kiesiwetter justly calls the period between 1800 and 1832 the epoch of Beethoven-Rossini—because these names designate their extreme limits in nature and influence. When Beethoven refused Rossini's visit, it certainly indicated no petty jealousy—for, how high did he rate Cherubini, how cordially did he receive Weber, then filled with the glory earned through his Freischutz, with the expression that he at last was a "brave lad." To Rossini he could only say, as did Brutus and Cæsar to one another in Schiller's poem, "go thou to the left, I will to the right." The composer who degraded, according to Beethoven's own word, the "holy" art in general wantoness, with a negligence almost bordering on frivolity to a mere sensualism of the ear, he, Beethoven would not make fellowship with—and that which nearly aroused intoxication in the great public could only fill the exalted master with indignation.

In Paris the controversy was raised whether Beethoven or Rossini was greatest—of course, referring only to the pleasure the respective composers gave to either parties. There was no suspicion of the fundamental and principal problems that attached themselves to this dispute. Rossini is decidedly the tone-artist from whose career, as brilliant as it is, the decay of music dates itself. When the desert comes the feast is at an end. Beethoven, whose childhood fell in the time of Mozart, thought thus. If we would allegorize the young composer in the beginning of his career, according to the Prodicus-Hercules myth, instead of the two beings striving after the highest, the heroic life of pain and toil and that of sensual enjoyment, Beethoven and Rossini would necessarily

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appear to him with the question, *which* of their paths he chose. Every composer of our time whom we recall is found to wander in the one path or the other; not, of course, referring to their style, but their appreciation of the value and dignity of their art.

That Beethoven knew right well how to estimate Rossini's natural talents, we are given to understand from several facts. The time is finally arrived when an unprejudiced word can be spoken of the once apostrophized and stigmatized Rossini. That which affected the contemporaries of thirty years ago as the immediate product of their time, has in our fast age already (1859) been relegated to art history—the yet living Rossini wanders about as his own reliquiæ. While on all the stages of Europe Tancredi, Semiramis, Zelmira, L'Italiana in Algeri, etc., were heard, a time when the panegyrics rose to the famous apostrophe of Heine to the "Helios of Algiers," and the disgust was expressed in vulgar denunciation of the "Italian retailer of sweets," we to-day are quiet enough in order to view all with unclouded sight. The appreciation of Rossini is with all sufficiently great that we are convinced if he presented us with a new opera the most undoubted success would follow it—whether lasting would of course depend upon its value.

As Rossini joyously lived in music, and carried it on for his own happiness, and as a composer would know nothing of the earnestness of his own mission in life, setting aside all feelings of earnestness in the enjoyment of the art in his public, causing it to *sip* music with a sensual delight, or exciting it as with a bottle of champagne—so has he created between the so-called connoisseur (the musicians *ex professo*) and the so-called public, a deep impassible gulf. The *dilettanti* who with ecstatic eyes came from a representation of Donna del Largo or Cenerentola echoing the melodies and intoxicated on the roulades, became enraged at the endeavors of the music professors to prejudice their satisfaction by means of critiques, without for a moment guessing the real subject under consideration. They, therefore, in order to have some sort of explanation, hit upon the theory that if the connoisseurs possessed a dark, peculiarly valueless science which bears the curious name of "thorough bass." If, then, a new work

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appears these professors snuffle in it, but for the purpose of convincing themselves whether everything is made good correctly according to this "thorough bass" and praise and blame according to its verdict. And for not having troubled himself so much about this "thorough bass" they are so bitter against Rossini. Why should such mystics impose upon them? The success of the despised works confutes the pedants. Since the public stands upon its dignity as having sovereign judgment the philistine will not presume to abuse Goethe or Raphael, even if he does not at all understand their work—but to hear Gluck's Iphigenia hissed and branded as miserable stuff, and Mozart's Don Juan declared "mathematical music" he will not endure.

All music that does not gain easy possession of him the philistine designates "learned music," or "music made according to "thorough bass"—and such music he wholly disdains. First, because it gives him *ennui;* second, because he discerns nothing meritorious in it, as according to his notion any amount can be manufactured by means of certain "mathematical principles," just as vinegar or sackcloth can. In our days the suggestion is hardly needed to put us in mind of the fact that Rossini, who in his time was placed in opposition to the pedantically correct "thorough bass composer," is not alone a good, but even a correct musician, and as in life, so in his scores, shines in irreproachable toillette and a *quartre epingles.* He has too much music in him to deliver aught but sweet sounds. He can venture even into the deeper and darker regions of harmony without danger—more, as it appears, on the strength of his innate genius, which leads him safely over the crags, than a systematic education. Elaboration and thoroughness in his work is seldom to be found—not because he was undesirous of them, but because he would not trouble himself to this end—and for what purpose? His audiences shouted and applauded nevertheless. And thus Rossini employed formulas designed for a happy effect, using and filling them continually with patchwork.

For Rossini's peculiar audiences this was decidedly an advantage—they had no unaccustomed form to batter at to find its sweet contents; Felicita divulged the approaching finale and aroused all to applause—and with all this the colorature

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had its effect, as nothing appeals quicker to "Peter Publius" than a roulade or a trill. Was it possible for the newspapers to record the success other than the most brilliant—*unanimous applause*?

The *dilettanti* in their ecstacy never noticed that in Rossini's operas, particularly the tragical—often during long periods, the most tedious wearisomeness reigned and contrarywise many passages of exceeding beauty and vivacity in his operas, particularly the comical, were unrecognized by the resolute anti-Rossinians. Who has not noticed in the dark eyes of Titian's feminine form a wonderful something, a peculiar, at the same time hidden, sensuousness, that invites and appears noble. It is a sultry, orange-perfumed breath from the bewitching night of a southern climate. The profounder passages of Rossini's music that often emerge in small bits along with the brilliant pyrotechnics of his allegri have this character. Such a passage is contained in Cenerentola's duet with the prince, in the words "*una grazia, un certo in canto.*" Aye, indeed, *una grazia, un certo in canto*!

The specific Rossinian melody is of great sweetness and wonderful sensuous attraction. In hearing it we are rocked half-dreaming in a sort of happy enjoyment and are irresistibly excited to liveliness. Who can withstand the piquant attraction, the laughing sunshine, which animates the first finale of Cenerentola in the beginning of the allegro "zitti, zitti, piano, piano"? Or the cheering roguery of the Barber of Seville? That which Rossinin has received as natural endowment (as no amount of study can replace its absence) it is which made him a genius, for such he really is. His muse is, however, a kind of Philine, though still a goddess! His melodies have at all events a family likeness—they are the daughters of a noble family—very beautiful, very pleasing, but everywhere, with but slight modifications, of the same family face, whose beginning is very easily noticeable in the female portraits of the 16th century.

Rossini is an extremely melodic composer, but not truly an original one in the sense of Beethoven, with whom every melody could be called an individualized being. Compare, for instance, the melodic contents of Beethoven's pianoforte sonatas with Rossini's scores. As Rossini's melody was de-

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signed simply to please and excite, so marked and characteristic a nature would probably have been more detrimental to this end than otherwise. The genuine, artistic kernel that undeniably remains beneath the finery and ornateness, advances more prominently before our view, because his Italian followers, who exceed him in his weakness and fall far short of his excellence, employ him as foil.

If we consider that many of the musical conservatories of the present are not free from degenerations and recklessness of forms and art means, of obscurity and crudity in harmony, then does Rossini with his fine sense of beauty in sound, endowed with the faculty of delivering rounded, comprehensible forms, skilled in the easy mastery of voices and instruments while decking them out so tastefully, create the impression of a classicist. And as such he is acknowledged in Italy—somewhat as Mozart in Germany. That he bears a peculiar resemblance to the latter (single passages of either could be mistaken for the other) is as certain as that he nowhere approaches him.

Mozart lived in music and for music, it was his all to the last breath—dying with a passage from his Requiem on his lips. To loaf about the boulevards of Paris in his old days, picking his teeth and cracking jokes as a lazy *flaneur*, or to turn fish dealer, he never could have done. With moral earnestness he viewed music as his life mission and as such served it, not to acquire wealth, not for the applause of the multitude, but because God willed that he should become a great musician. For this reason music made him master of all her realms.

Rossini dedicated himself (no exception need be made of his few sacred pieces) wholly to the opera, this sensually attractive composition, that has long enough served idle display and immorality not to rid itself of this stain. Like Mozart, is he master in tragedy as well as comedy. But in neither does he stand upon the heights of his forerunner. With Mozart the extremely beautiful is accompanied by the most thoughtful, profoundly apprehended character of the whole, and with it and through it the richest and most fascinating variety manifests itself. Rossini often works according to rule. He has his definite phraseology for tragedy as well

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as comedy—and this he fits to his various opera texts with great skill. Compared to Nozze di Figaro, the Barbiere di Seviglia seems mere surface merriment. This trait of character which Mozart would have infused into, e. g., Almaviva, had been impossible to Rossini.

Notwithstanding the famous "a basso de parole," Rossini also paints character,—but more in giving a common color to an entire scene or situation,—the dramatic personæ of which throwing a general light upon either without appearing conspicuously in any peculiarities of their own. An example of this is found in Othello, particularly the third act. In other of his heroic operas (Semirimis, Aurelian, Zelmira, etc.) the emotions and passions speak that ettiquette-measured language which here is an heirloom of the old opera seria, and which in their turn descended to us from the courtly tragedy in the style of the French-classical taste.

Until William Tell was written, which contradicts the entire list of characters drawn by Rossini, the wonderful world of the romantic was for him non-existent. The Italian "who firmly clings to things earthy" has no faculty to apprehend this. Even from the peculiarly noble sentimentalism is he debarred. Wherever he touches this side of the human heart he becomes theatrically pathetic—falsely phrase-making. The famous song of mourning in Othello, this death chant decked out in its motley finery, is the best instance of this. Aside from the fact that Desdemona sings artistic variations, as though to show in the few moments before her approaching expiration, that she has not thrown away her money in vain upon the singing master, the melody is itself tame, *manufactured* mourning. And just as the comprehension of the romantic and sentimentalism is denied to the Italian—accounting therefore for the necessary failure of the Freischutz in Florence—so on the other hand the Germans lack the faculty and even partly the understanding for that buffo nature that exists in the very blood of Italian comedy. The Italian beholds in the "solitude of the forest" only an unfelled collection of building and burning material, and to the German the tumult of a Roman carnival is only the unendurable noise of liberated lunatics. The concealed fool in every man, particularly him of genius, has the inalienable right to appear on

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the surface in his complete checkered oddity, without desiring more than simply showing himself. *"Dulce est desipere in loco,"* says Horace, and costlier than wisdom is a little folly for a short time, is the opinion of Solomon. Nowhere is this *desipere* more harmless and charming than in Italian buffoonery, who craves no more than to be extravagant; and, having no humorous, satrical or other serious intention, it can bring no definite form to our sight as, e. g., the fool in King Lear. If his Doctor Bartolo as a man of distinguished position must represent a sort of person of respect, his Don Magnifico and similar characters attain to the highest stages of whimsicality. Similar characters of Lortzing (von Bett, The Weapon-smith, Schoolmaster Baculus, etc.) have always something of the German narrow minded villager (Spieszburger)—still another form of the comical.

Rossini's crazy personæ have their likeness in Don Geronio out of Cimarosa's "Matrimonio segrito," those of Lortzing in the Hieronymus Knicker of Dittersdorf. It is remarkable that the German word "Spieszburger" (there is no adequate synonym in our tongue) and the French "bouffone" are not to be literally translated in the other language. To possess such indigenous terms is the peculiar privilege of nations in the realm of comedy.

This buffoonery is aroused by an easy life of sensuous pleasure free from trouble—and the German "villager" is so serious and leaden, because in his town he has to battle with cares as chancellor or common councillor or merchant (*minorum gentium*), which the lazzaroni under the beautiful heaven of the pro pi-Campagna does not know—hardly dreams of—and therefore gives his buffo nature the reins unrestrainedly. Therefore was Rossini the most sensuous of all artists, who interiorly carried his *campania felix* with him everyhere, here in his element. In this sense will his "Barbiere" ever remain an immortal work of classical content.

Goethe in his remarks to Reameau's nephew, speaking of Voltaire, characterizes the celebrated author as follows: "Profundity, genius, intuition, exaltedness, naturalness, talent, meritoriousness, nobility, spirit, beautiful spirit, good spirit, feeling, sensibility, taste, good taste, reason, correctness, aptitude, tone, good tone, high tone, variety, fullness, richness,

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fruitfulness, warmth, agreeableness, grace, politeness, complaisance, holiness, fineness, brilliancy, briskness, piquancy, delicacy, ingeniousness, style, versification, harmony, purity, elegance, completion—of all these qualities but two, the first and last, profundity in nature and completion in workmanship, can be disputed."

This is all pertinent regarding Rossini, with the slight alteration of the word "versification" into "melody." If we reflected what sort of being it must be who unites all these qualities in himself, then the position which we must assign to Rossini with all his weaknesses (partly very charming ones) and errors, is nevertheless a very exalted one. Even the "depth of disposition" and "completion in execution" can only be affirmed of his William Tell. This last opera creates the impression that not the composer himself, but rather the genius of music, played a joke through him to prove to art criticism that when it seems to have thoroughly explored the nature of an artist, he could deliver something totally different from his previous efforts in the twelfth hour.

In Tell, Rossini without warning rises before us as a grand nature expressing himself in simple emotions and pure, deep feeling for the romantic—and this new estimation is justified, for the opera is really a great tone painting of Switzerland, a kind of pastoral symphony in opera form to which the fable of W. Tell is only an accessory, or as the figure of a grand landscape—tyranny almost playing merely the role of a wolf or other troublesome beast of prey from the Swiss forests.

This tone begins with the overture, paints, after the first appropriate local coloring of the andante, the furious power of the storm, as it issues from the caves and lashes the sea (alas! it is painted here in pretty rough and ordinary brush daubs as the common theatre decorations are made). The storm settles and the wonderfully lovely pastorale begins—it is actually the first scene of Schiller's drama. Who would have believed that Rossini was capable of the frame of mind which is embodied in Mathilde's cavatine *sombres forets?* It is the wonderful magic of the solitude of the mountain forest, and the softly intruding tympani rolls sound as though from the distant hill tops the avalanche were descending. How fascinating is the gloomy desert and silence of the

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Rutli sketched even in the first bars of the splendid scene! All that characterizes the former operas of Rossini so markedly is absolutely missing in Tell—of his peculiar mannerisms not a single one—on the contrary, wealth of form, loving, highly careful execution of minutia coupled with a grand conception of the whole—a superfluity of ornamentation and the trill and roulade wholly banished, excess of cadenzas avoided, character and truth from beginning to end—even the melodies lacking the family feature, having nothing in common with the earlier peculiarities of Rossinian melody except the pleasing attraction and glowing coloring. In short, Rossini, as though transformed by magic, stands before the Rossini of Tancredi and Othello as a completely altered, a new and transformed creative artist, who had all of a sudden, as we might say, awakened to an inner sense of the possibilities of the beautiful and the true in music. Such is the point which this picturesque and highly prosperous composer selected as the closing point of his long career as composer. Having devoted all his early years to educating the musical world into believing the sensuous principle in music that best worthy of being followed, he here at the close of his career raises his voice, with even greater power and influence, in favor of the true and the worthy in musical art. Surely such a death-bed repentance was never before known!

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LISZT: PERSONALITY AND ARTIST.

BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

Liszt, born in 1811, began his artistic career in Vienna, where he played many concerts as a child artist, a pupil of Czerny, at the last of which he was kissed by Beethoven (in 1823), who had observed his performances with delight. Then he went to Paris and travelled throughout central Europe, making Paris his home, everywhere welcomed as a most attractive young artist, able to play with new and astonishing effect anything he cared to undertake in the existing literature of the instrument. In this way he filled up his time until he had reached the age of about twenty-one.

In 1831 Paganini, the wizard of the violin, made his first appearances in Paris, and very naturally exicted there the interest which always followed his playing, for he was a virtuoso of unexampled powers, a composer of attractive and sensational qualities and a personality of singular fascination. Paganini's playing exercised upon Liszt a powerful stimulation towards doing something himself of similar originality and daring.

About the same time Chopin came to Paris to live, and the two young pianists, being of about the same age (Chopin one year older) became fast friends. Chopin had already at this time composed all his works up to and including his opus 22, and had therefore given the key-note of his entire pianistic cult. His epoch-marking studies had all been composed, both his concertos, and a variety of those charming things which the world has cherished ever since with so great admiration.

According to all appearances, while Liszt showed himself completely sympathetic to Chopin's piano compositions and made it a point to play them with his usual mastery, his original musical invention was not thoroughly fired up until the occasion of Paganini's second visit to Paris, in 1834. Now, however, the time was ripe for the new inspiration to begin to take effect. A year later yet another stimulus was brought to bear, in the form of the Viennese pianist, Sigismund Thalberg, whose elegant, reposeful and aristocratic playing was

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most highly esteemed and for the moment rather left that of Liszt in the background. All these influences together, with his own consciousness of powers as yet unexercised, led Liszt into a series of experiments and finally to the development of a style of writing peculiarly his own.

Thus he began to write his first version of his studies for "Transcendent Execution," studies for a grade of playing surpassing anything at that time practiced. These studies were first published some years later, in 1839.

Liszt now left Paris and lived for several years in Switzerland and Italy, engaged in concert tours, long and absorbing spells of composition, transcribing for the piano many songs of Schubert, melodies from operas, and orchestral symphonies and overtures. He also wrote many original pieces, mostly intended to please or astonish concert audiences.

At the close of the Swiss episode he gave himself over more and more to concert tours, and his playing reached a renown and a fashionable vogue such as no pianist before his own time had ever enjoyed; a vogue and a financial success surpassed by none since, saving only Rubinstein in his American tour, and Paderewski in the immediate past. This part of his life lasted until the year 1849, when he resolved to give up the life of a traveling virtuoso, in so many ways distasteful to any artist of refined and sensitive nature, and he accepted the position of director of the court opera at Weimar, a city famous in art and literature, since it had been the home of the great poet, Goethe, and in music had a century before been the fortunate possessor of a young virtuoso named Johann Sebastian Bach. The pianist Hummel, Liszt's immediate predecessor at Weimar as conductor, had died in 1837.

Liszt lived in Weimar the greater part of his life, from then on. His active career as musical director there continued until 1859, when he resigned his post, but continued to make Weimar his home when not in Rome or Hungary, especially so after 1870. His financial position was a curious one. This great virtuoso, who had been able to endow the Beethoven monument at Bonn with a subscription of no less than $10,000, which he had accumulated by concerts given for the purpose, worked here for a salary not quite reaching one thousand dollars a year. It was his task to rehearse and conduct the lead-

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ing performances at the opera and to exercise a general supervision over the artistic ensemble of the establishment, both in the department of players and singers. He distinguished himself by many revivals of the operas of the older masters, which had fallen into the forgotten—works having in them qualities of musical significance and influence. Then he began to bring out new works, and his position was made a leading one in Germany through his preparing and conducting the first performance of Wagner's "Lohengrin," in 1850. Wagner, who had occupied the foremost position as conductor of the court opera in Dresden, had become mixed up in some revolutionary attempts in 1848 and had fled to Switzerland,—banished from Germany, a sentence which practically debarred his operas from performance at all court opera houses. In face of this situation Liszt had the nerve to bring out "Lohengrin" in 1850, and the beauties of the work so impressed the public that many repetitions were given and musicians came to Weimar from all over Germany. Later Liszt brought out other works of Wagner as well as many operas by great musicians which had been rejected for performance at the usual opera houses, owing in part to lack of dramatic interest and in part to the reluctance of singers since the world was made to learn new parts. Thus the Weimar opera became renowned all over the world as a musical headquarters, where one could be always sure of hearing something worth while. The difficulty of getting capable singers for unusual and heroic roles in a small opera house, Liszt overcame by the German system of "guesting," *i. e.*, borrowing a desirable singer for a few performances from any of the other court operas—all singers being by this time ready and anxious to cooperate with this new and most benevolent musical demon, who made impossible things seem possible and beautiful.

Under the stimulation of constant control of an orchestra, and inspired by Wagner's music, which was now regularly sent him as soon as composed, Liszt began to compose for orchestra on his own account. In place of writing symphonies he undertook what he called "Symphonic Poems," *i. e.*, orchestral works which in seriousness and elaboration of instrumentation were symphonic in character, but which were shorter, always in a single movement, and nearly always named with a fanci-

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ful title and furnished with a poetic motto, designed to explain the standpoint of the music. Among the names the most celebrated are the following:

"Tasso:" Lament and Triumph.
"The Preludes."
"What One Sees Upon a Mountain."
"The Battle of the Huns."
"Mazeppa," etc.

Liszt entered quite naturally into the inner brotherhood of composing directors. Meanwhile he was active as a literary advocate of Wagner's new principles, and wrote many articles intended to explain new features in these works. He was also active as a composer for the pianoforte, the publishers sending in frequent applications for operatic transcriptions from his pen.

Thus in a few years Liszt had made himself as much talked of in his work as musical director and highly appreciative artist as he had always been as a pianist. Accordingly, Weimar became a sort of Mecca to which resorted all leading musicians whenever upon their travels. Such men as the young Rubinstein, Saint-Saens, Berlioz, and a host of others came to Liszt to submit whatever they had which they thought new, and to learn from him whatever he had in hand which showed new beauties.

Nor were the budding pianists lacking in this company. From about 1849 to the end of Liszt's life, whenever he was at Weimar, he was surrounded by a group of young men who were first of all pianists. Among these were such names as those of Hans Von Buelow, William Mason, Dionys Pruckner, Joachim Raff (though Raff lived at Weimar as composer and did not study piano), J. M. Tracy, later Miss Amy Fay, and many others. Tausig was a protege of Liszt, as Stavenhagen and D'Albert were later. In short all pianists of any eminence stayed longer or shorter at Weimar in order to drink in their inspiration from this wonderful fountain of art-life and appreciation. All these people who had lessons from Liszt received them gratis. Liszt could have had any price he cared to ask, but after settling at Weimar he never took money for lessons. He was not a good teacher, but his criticism was very inspiring and to the point.

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During all this time Liszt did not play in public, excepting now and then for some appealing charity. Yet, through the constant reports from these youngsters who came under his influence his fame as a pianist was as lively at the end of his life as if he had just been heard in the concert room.

Thus we see that Liszt's work as composer was spread over almost every province of music. After 1855 or so he wrote several large works for chorus, soli and orchestra, such as the Grand Mass for the opening of the Gram Cathedral in Hungary; his "Legend of the Holy Elizabeth," and a variety of other works.

His piano works were nearly all written before 1855, and most of them by the close of the Swiss period of his life; but many of these he afterwards rewrote for later editions. His studies were rewritten three times, so that it is now practically impossible to ascertain precisely the form in which they first appeared; consequently it is impossible to find out exactly how much of the new art of playing the piano, as illustrated in the compositions of Chopin and Schumann, Liszt had discovered and embodied in his works before 1840.

The piano works of Liszt naturally divide themselves into three classes: First of all, by reason of time and also the magnitude of the works involved, were the transcriptions of orchestral symphonies and overtures. In this list he began with Berlioz's "Episodes in the Life of an Artist;" he went on with the entire nine symphonies of Beethoven and added to the list many overtures and the like, the "Tannhauser" of Wagner being the most difficult of all. Liszt was by no means narrow-minded in his tastes. Rossini's sparkling and empty overture to "William Tell" is treated as carefully as the serious "Tannhauser." These pianoforte transcriptions of large orchestral pieces led him presently to a more ready ability to adapt the piano to all the changing orchestral colors, and therefore enlarged his idea of the possibilities of the piano in the direction of discriminative touch. In this department he is closely allied to Schumann, but Schumann worked out his ideas from within, and in the effort to satisfy his own conceptions.

The second department of the Liszt works is one which is still more important in our own day, namely, that which in-

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cludes so many transcriptions of songs by Schubert, Schumann, Robert Franz, and others. Here also he worked as loyally to the composer as in the great orchestral transcriptions, but as the works were shorter he was able to keep within reach of players of less phenomenal powers. Many of these transcriptions are now quite within the resources of ordinary good players; and among them are to be heard such striking concert numbers as the "Erl King," "To Be Sung on the Waters," and many songs of Schumann. In this chapter of his works Liszt enlarged the repertory of the concert player with a multitude of pieces which the world would not willingly lose.

Another department of his transcribing is found in the concert paraphrases of operatic melodies, of which he wrote first and last many scores. Some of these are of great difficulty, but having been composed during the Swiss period, or a little later, are lacking in taste and were designed to please and astonish an unthinking concert public which cared more for keyboard command than for musical quality. Among those which are least pleasing from an artistic standpoint are the fantasies upon Bellini's "Somnambula," Meyerbeer's "Prophete" and "Hueguenots" and Mozart's "Don Juan." All of these are what we now class as trash, meaning thereby that the musical idea is drowned amid a multitude of empty finger work. The best of the transcriptions of this class are those from Wagner operas: "The Flying Dutchman," "Lohengrin," "Tannhauser," "Tristan and Isolde" and the like.

The third category of Liszt's works consists of his own original compositions for piano. These also cover an extremely wide range in subject and ideal, and were written during considerable lapses of time, covering say from about 1832 to about 1855. All of these compositions have something in common. First of all they are fragmentary and rhapsodical. The melodies and moods are short; the contrasts are more violent than classical composition permitted. Some of them have very sentimental melodies, even tender melodies, (The Love Dreams, etc.); some are a sort of program picture of impressions derived from nature, as for instance his Swiss Scenes, "On Lake Wallerstein," "At the Spring," etc.

Some are serious attempts at broad and deep musical paint-

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ing, having occasionally the form of classical works, and the seriousness of a great orchestral work, yet with the peculiarities of the pianist-composer. The two most shining examples in this department are his Ballade in B minor and the Sonata in B minor. The latter is one of the most extraordinary works ever composed under this time-honored title; it is a very strong, interesting, and poetical work, likely to be better known in years to come, as the standard of playing advances and brings it within reach of a larger number of players.

In all of Liszt's works there are sensational moments, where his love of making an effect and of stirring up and astonishing his audience carried him farther than most composers would have thought it proper to go. These moments, when interpreted in the light of the very empty operatic fantasias, mentioned above, led most pedagogues and critics to undervalue their really artistic qualities, and so for many years all works of Liszt were rigorously debarred from academic instruction in Europe, and even from the training of would-be artists—a restriction which of course could not last, since it is evident that a young player can gain the external qualities of the concert pianist best from those works which illustrate these qualities in the most striking manner. At the present time a pianist who should undertake to complete his preparation for public playing without studying many works by Liszt would be in the same category as the violinist who should expect to become a concert player without the stimulation of the Paganini caprices, which are the fountain head of sensational playing.

Liszt, however, is something more than a merely sensational player. All his life long, ever after coming into contact with the young Chopin, he was the friend of all original artists. He did much to make the works and ideals of Chopin better understood; partly the same he did for Schumann, a composer as far as possible from him in temperament and personality; he was the friend of Rubinstein, Berlioz, the guardian angel of Wagner, and the friendly adviser of all young geniuses. So also in his works we find much of this many-sided musical interest. Granting that he always rhapsodizes and never works out a theme after the manner of the con-

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trapuntal schools, we find that he always gets music out of the piano, and always gives the hearer something to think about; and at times this something is of the most remarkable and epoch-marking charm—as for instance in the great sonata, where are some of the most striking pages to be found in the literature of the piano. Therefore in the program of works selected for study we are always to look for suggestions of music and deep feeling; and only occasionally for sensationalism.

Besides his piano and orchestral music Liszt wrote a number of songs. These are also very lovely, many of them, although they are not generally known.

What will be the verdict of posterity concerning this strongly marked personality we cannot know; but probably he will be highly esteemed as a composer, an epoch-marking piano player, and one of the most gifted, genial and influential personalities known in the art of music.

—*From "The Great in Music," Vol. II.*

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PIANISTS OF THE PAST.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS, BY CHARLES SALAMAN.

(From Blackwood's Magazine.)

[Since this paper was written, and before he could revise it for the press, we have had to lament the death of the gifted pianist and composer, some of whose reminiscences, which link the present with the great musical figures of the past, are recorded in it.—Ed. B. M.]

Probably there are few living besides myself who can establish what I may call a personal link with the actual beginning of pianoforte-playing, as modern musicians understand it. I have a distinct remembrance of the great Muzio Clementi, the "Father of the Pianoforte," as he was called, the earliest of the classic composers for that instrument, and the author of that pioneer work, the "Gradus ad Parnassum," which laid the foundation for all subsequent study of the art.

Born in 1752, four years before the birth of Mozart and seven before the death of Handel, Clementi was an old man of seventy-five when I saw him at the Philharmonic rehearsal at the Old Argyll Rooms on the morning of May 25, 1827. The venerable appearance and benevolent expression of the baldheaded veteran, and the deference shown to him by all in that select assembly, attracted my attention, alert with boyish enthusiasm; and great was my delight when my master, Charles Neate, whom I had accompanied to the rehearsal, spoke to him, and then, turning to me as the old man kindly patted my head, said, "This is Muzio Clementi, a very great pianist and composer." I can well remember my excitement on learning that I was in the presence of the famous Italian musician who had practically founded and developed the art of pianoforte-playing, while the harpsichord was still the instrument of general use. Keenly did I watch the aged Clementi's face as, with intense interest, and his brilliant dark eyes glistening, he followed the marvelous performance of Hummel's now cruelly-neglected Concerto in A minor by a pale-faced boy of fifteen, the afterwards world-famed Franz Liszt. Of Clementi's playing and his "pearly"

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touch I can only speak from hearsay, for although he lived another five years he had given up performing in public at the time I first saw him, and I believe he afterward played to an audience on only two special occasions. But though I was never fortunate enough to hear the "father of the pianoforte," I had seen him seated at the instrument. His last public appearance was as conductor of the opening concert of the Philharmonic season of 1828, at the rehearsal of which I was present, and saw the grand old man for the second and last time. He sat at the piano—as conductors used to do in those days—waving his right hand rhythmically as he followed the score in front of him, while one of the first violins, acting as "leader" for the occasion, beat the time with his violin bow—not always synchronizing exactly with Clementi's wave! This practice, by the way, must have become obsolete very shortly afterwards, for certainly I remember Mendelsshon, in the following year, standing at a desk, facing the orchestra, and directing the performance with a *baton*, according to modern custom.

It is from the year 1824, however, that I date my earliest recollection of a great pianist. This was John Baptist Cramer, a pupil of Clementi, and at that period the most renowned pianoforte player in Europe, whose ascendency in his art few would have been bold enough to dispute. He was fifty-one years of age when, as a boy of ten, I was taken to play to him, and never shall I forget the kindly encouragement with which he listened to my juvenile efforts, and the tremendous impression he made upon me by his own playing. I remember on that occasion his recommending that I should have his "Studies"—a recommendation which I found of infinite value, and one I would transmit to every pianoforte student, even in these days of elaborate systems, of "technique" and dumb gymnastic pianos! He also advised my father to let me enter as a candidate at the approaching competitive examination for studentship at the then recently founded Royal Academy of Music; and shortly afterwards he was one of my judges, together with Sir George Smart, Cipriani Potter and others, though I never took advantage of my election. Of course I heard Cramer many times in those distant days and conceived a great admiration for his purity of tone and his distinguished classical style. As a musician he was of the school of Mozart, whose compositions

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he constantly interpreted with true enthusiasm and perfect sympathy; and it was beautiful to hear him speak of Mozart, with whom he was contemporary for the first twenty years of his life. In appearance Cramer was dignified and elegant, with something of the look and bearing of the Kembles; and well can I recall the tranquil manner in which he displayed his mastery of the instrument, so different from the exhibitions of restless exaggeration and affectation one so often sees at the modern pianoforte recitals. It was a pleasure to watch the easy grace with which John Cramer moved his hands with bent fingers covering the keys.

Another famous pianist I can remember as far back as 1826 was Ignace Moscheles, then thirty-two years of age, the inventor of the *bravura* style of playing, the teacher of Mendelssohn and the friend of all the great musicians of his day. In that year I went to his residence in Upper Norton Street, Fitzroy Square, to play to him, and I recollect that, after some complimentary remarks, he warned me against flattery, and the belief that I had not still a great deal to learn—sound advice enough to a boy of twelve! Moscheles had taken Europe by storm, and initiated his great reputation by his wonderful performance of the extraordinary *bravura* variations he had written on the popular French piece, "The Fall of Paris," a copy of which he gave me, together with his "Studies," on the occasion of my first visit to him in 1826, which I still possess. So completely did this style captivate the popular taste, that he soon had a following and became recognized as the founder of a school which continued in fashion for some years. Later on, however, Moscheles emancipated himself from the *bravura* style, which gradually played itself out, and he developed into a classical pianist and composer. I heard him often in the later twenties, the thirties and forties at the Philharmonic, his own and other concerts; and more than once I had the honor of appearing in the same program with him. I always admired his masterly command of all the resources of his instrument, and the genuine art of his playing, but I confess that he seldom quite charmed me, never deeply moved me. Of course I can only record my own personal impressions, and I never remember feeling, in listening to the accomplished performances of Moscheles, that a temperament was speaking to mine through the medium of the pianoforte, as

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I felt with Mendelssohn, with Liszt, with Chopin, with Thalberg, and later with Rubinstein. But if Moscheles seemed to me somewhat lacking in the power of expressing emotion, the art of the pianist was always consummate and beyond question. He was undoubtedly a master, indisputably a classic.

By the way, in 1862, just thirty-six years after I had been taken to play to Moscheles as a boy, a youth of twenty came to me with a letter of introduction and hearty commendation from the veteran in Leipzig. This was young Arthur Sullivan, who had just left the Conservatoire, bringing his beautiful "Tempest" music with him. After going to hear this at the Crystal Palace, I immediately proposed to the council of the then flourishing Musical Society of London that we should give it at our next concert, but my suggestion was strenuously opposed. "Who is Sullivan?" they asked contemptuously. "We never heard of him." "But you will hear a good deal of him," was my reply; and I carried my point, which gave Arthur Sullivan his first public hearing in a London concert-room. I have still in my possession a letter from the brilliant and modest young composer, dated April 16, 1862, asking if there was any foundation for the rumor that his work was to be performed, and adding, "I almost fear it is too good to be true!"

Another *bravura* player of European fame and popularity in the second decade of the century was Henri Herz, whom I first heard in 1828. In June of that year I had made my public *debut* at a concert, and in August I visited Paris in order to take some lessons from Herz on his own popular compositions, for the most part airs with interminable variations, some of which I was to perform in London during the next season. As this celebrated pianist was in great demand as a teacher, and his time was fully occupied, I was obliged to go to him for my lessons at his residence, No. 5 Rue de Faubourg Poissoniere, at *five* o'clock in the morning, the only hour he could possibly spare me. How I used to enjoy my walks through the silent, unpaved, though not too sweetly smelling streets of Paris at that early hour! By the way, I remember the diligence journey from Calais to Paris had occupied two days! Herz was very charming in manner and conversation, his playing wonderfully brilliant and facile in the execution of difficult passages. In his study was an eloquent testimony to his industry as an executant,

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in the form of a grand pianoforte, the ivory keys of which he had worn away by incessant practicing! Herz came to London in 1833, and played at the Philharmonic and at one of the concerts of the Societa Armonica—a charming society with an amateur element, whose concerts at the Freemason's Tavern and King's Theatre Concert Room I attended regularly. Every one played Herz's music in those days; who plays it now?

Of a very different school was John Field, who, although an Irishman, was known as "Russian Field," from his thirty years' residence in the land of the Czar. He was a really great player, his style, like his compositions, romantic and poetic, as if interpreting some beautiful dream, while in the singing quality of his touch, the infinite grace and delicacy of his execution, his emotional expression, he was unrivalled in his day. One might call him the forerunner of Chopin; for not only was it he who invented the nocturne, a form of composition which Chopin out of his own poetic temperament magically developed, but the extreme refinement of expression, and the magnetic charm of Field's playing were recalled to me by the playing of Chopin, as I listened to the famous Pole sixteen years later. Field was fifty years of age when I heard him in 1832 at a Philharmonic rehearsal. Many eminent musicians were present, and, owing to the European fame he had won during his long absence from England, they gave him quite an ovation, which his subsequent performance amply justified. Afterwards he dined with us at my father's house, and played exquisitely several of his own compositions, which being things of beauty and no fashion, are among the living classics to-day. In personal appearance Field was rather coarse and awkward looking, and in habit he was a thoroughly intemperate Bohemian; but, as a musician, the poet, the artist, the Celt in him combined to express unmistakably the man of genius. He died at Moscow in 1837.

The most eminent English pianist of those days was Charles Neate, the pupil of John Field and of Woefl, the confidential friend of Beethoven, many of whose works he was the means of introducing to the English musical public. As a performer he was of the classic school of John Cramer, as a teacher he was unrivaled.

It was in 1826 that I became his pupil, and we remained on

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terms of effectionate friendship until his death in 1877, at the great age of ninety-three. Neate understood and taught, as comparatively few teachers and performers of the present time seem to do, the great importance of a system of correct and elegant fingering. His admirable "Essay on Fingering," by the way, he dedicated to me in after years. His intimate personal knowledge of Beethoven and his works was of immense value to his pupils, for we thus imbibed the true traditions of the master. When I was studying Beethoven's sonatas and concertos with Neate, he would, by practical illustration, show me how their composer himself interpreted them, giving me Beethoven's own *tempi* and ideas of expression. But alas! how few of the true traditions find their way into the modern concert-room; a Beethoven sonata or concerto now travels by express, in accord with the general hurry of the age. Neate did not rush his pupils into the works of Beethoven, as many teachers unwisely do without measuring the intellectual as well as the musical capabilities of their pupils. He gradually prepared them to appreciate the illustrious master by a long apprenticeship in the more simple schools of pianoforte music. Countless were the talks we had about Beethoven in those early days, and innumerable the anecdotes Neate related of his friend—anecdotes which have now become history, but at that time were intimate *causerie*, with the fascination of the personal link. How well I remember the death of Beethoven in 1827 and the universal grief, but especially the great sorrow of my master for the loss of his friend. The last anecdote of Beethoven Neate ever told me, he told me in his ninety-second year, the last time I ever saw him. He had had it from Beethoven himself, and I repeat it because it was characteristic of that extraordinary genius. "I am writing an opera," said Beethoven. "'Fidelio?'" asked Neate. "No; another opera. I had composed a song for Herr ——" (Neate had forgotten the name, but remembered he was a very distinguished vocalist); "but he did not like the song, and he asked me to write another. I was very angry, but I promised, and I composed a new song. Herr —— came for it, tried it over, and took it away apparently pleased. The next day I was as usual writing at my desk when a knock at my door disturbed me. It was Herr —— returned to say the song did not suit him. I was furious. I threw myself on the ground, and began

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to kick about as if I were mad. I would listen to no argument, and vowed never to write another song for him. And when he had gone I told my servant never to admit him again."

At Charles Neate's house in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, I used to meet all the distinguished musicians of those days, and would occasionally play at his memorable quartet parties. I still have a note of invitation from him, dated June, 1830, in which he says, "I shall want pianoforte-players, as I shall only have Hummel, Moscheles, Ries and your humble servant, C. Neate." Imagine hearing intimately in a drawing-room on one and the same occasion four such pianists as the great Johann Nepomuk Hummel, Ignace Moscheles, Charles Neate and Ferdinand Ries, the famous pupil of Beethoven! How clearly his iron moulded face comes back to me!

Mention of Hummel reminds me of the first occasion of my hearing that great pianist and composer. This was at a Philharmonic rehearsal in 1830, when he was welcomed with enthusiasm by the usual select assembly. His previous appearance in London had been, I believe, in 1791-92, but in the meanwhile he had become very famous. I remember going with my father to Hummel's lodgings to purchase tickets for the three concerts he was to give in the great concert-room at the King's Theatre—the programs of those concerts I have treasured to this day. The master himself opened the door to us, without his coat or cravat—a man of ungainly and slovenly appearance, his face, if I remember rightly, pitted with the smallpox. He was then fifty-two years of age, but his coarse outward appearance was quite at variance with the refinement and elegance of his musical genius. At his first concert on April 29, 1830, he played among other things his beautiful new MS. Concerto in A flat, while each concert concluded with an amazing example of improvization upon a theme noted down at the suggestion of one of the audience, and handed up to the pianist on the platform. I shall never forget Hummel's wonderful interpretation of his incomparable "Septuor" in D minor at the first concert. By the way, Carl Czerny told me in Vienna, in 1838, that when that great composition was first heard in the Austrian capital—in those days a great musical centre—it created such a remarkable sensation by its novelty of construction, its beauty of melody, original harmonies and brilliancy of invention, that men would stop

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each other in the streets to talk about it as they would some great national event. Hummel was a pupil of Mozart, and also of Clementi. With ease and tranquil concentrated power, with undeviating accuracy, richness of tone and delicacy of touch, he executed passages in single and double notes and in octaves of enormous technical difficulty. Above all, his playing possessed the indefinable quality of charm. His pianoforte lessons were greatly in demand during his stay in London in 1830, and his terms were from two to three guineas a lesson! So great was the esteem in which Hummel was held in those days by his brother musicians that I remember Moscheles saying to me in '26, "Whenever I hear the name of Hummel I bow my head."

More than once I have mentioned the Philharmonic rehearsals. These unique functions were held on the Saturday mornings preceding the eight annual subscription concerts, and were attended by the artists engaged, the directors of the Society, of whom there were seven, who took it in turns to conduct the concerts at a remuneration of five guineas, the members and associates, the eminent foreign musicians who happened to be in London, the leading musical critics—Ayrton, Alsager, Hogarth, Chorley, Gruneisen, John Parry, senior, and the rest—and a privileged few specially introduced by the directors. I was one of the last-named class until my election as associate in 1837. Among the distinguished visitors in the twenties and thirties, I particularly recall the old Duke of Cambridge, whose *obligato* accompaniment of loud talking was often out of time and tune with the musical performance; Lord Burghersh, afterwards the Earl of Westmoreland, a most accomplished musician, who founded the Royal Academy of Music; and tall John Liston, the comedian, whom Charles Lamb has so delightfully immortalized, with his very short wife. "Of all evils he chose the least," they used to say of him.

It was at the rehearsal on May 25, 1827, already referred to as the occasion of my first seeing Clementi, and, I may add, hearing that grand singer of the great Italian school, Madame Pasta, that I saw and heard Franz Liszt for the first time, although he had played in London three years previously. "Young Liszt from Vienna," said Charles Neate to me, as the slim and rather tall boy ascended the steps leading to the platform. "He is only fifteen—a great creature!" His playing of Hummel's

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concerto created a profound sensation, and my enthusiastic admiration made me eager to know the wonderful young pianist, my senior by a couple of years. Very shortly afterwards—just before Liszt's morning concert, for which my father had purchased tickets from his father—we became acquainted. I visited him and his father at their lodgings in Frith Street, Soho, and yonng Liszt came to early family dinner at my home. He was a very charmingly natural and unaffected boy, and I have never forgotten his joyful exclamation, "Oh, gooseberry pie!" when his favorite dish was put upon the table. We had a good deal of music together on that memorable afternoon, reading several duets. Liszt played some of his recently published "Etudes," op. 6, a copy of which he gave me, and in which he wrote specially for me an amended version of the sixth study, "Molto agitato."

In the year '28 I paid a visit to Le jeune Liszt, as he was still called, in his Paris home, where he received me with open arms. Of course I asked him to play to me, but he treated me to such an interminable prelude of scales and five-finger exercises, when I was longing to hear him interpret masterpieces in his own inimitable style, that my patience was sorely taxed. This display, however, was interesting as an example of the manner in which he was ever practicing to increase that manual power and digital flexibility which made the piano keys his very slaves, to the admiration of the world. He was still unspoilt by homage and adulation, and I do not remember that he shook himself all over the piano as he did in later days, to please the crowd.

I did not hear Liszt again until his visit to London in 1840, when he puzzled the musical public by announcing "Pianoforte Recitals." This now commonly accepted term had never previously been used, and people asked, "What does he mean? How can any one *recite* upon the pianoforte?" At these recitals Liszt, after performing a piece set down in his program, would leave the platform, and, descending into the body of the room, where the benches were so arranged as to allow free locomotion, would move about among his auditors and converse with his friends, with the gracious condescension of a prince, until he felt disposed to return to the piano. The manner of the man was very different from that of the charmingly simple boy I remembered in 1827-28; the flattery of the world had appar-

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enty not left him untouched, and he had developed many eccentricities and affectations. But as pianist the wonderful boy was father to the wonderful man; his genius had matured, and during that season of 1840 and the following, when he again visited England, he performed almost miracles upon his instrument. At the Philharmonic I remember his astounding performance, with his own variations and additions, of Weber's "Concert Stuck," Beethoven's "Kreutzer Sonata" (in association with the famous Norwegian violinist, Ole Bull, a very fine player), his own "Marche Hongroise," and Hummel's "Septuor" in D minor. Yet, magnificent as was Liszt's playing, the works of such great masters as Beethoven, Weber and Hummel needed no such embellishments as the pianist introduced. I suppose, however, that these excesses of virtuosity belonged to Liszt's flamboyant personality; his temperament compelled them. He was rarely content with the simple work of art; he must elaborate it and "arrange" it, often indeed to extravagance. Even a fugue of Bach became more complex in his hands.

I attended all Liszt's recitals in those seasons of '40 and '41, and, among other things with which he astounded and enraptured his hearers, I have the most distinct reminiscence of his marvelous pianoforte arrangement—a legitimate one—and performance of Beethoven's A major symphony; it gave one the impression of being executed by at least four hands instead of two. At this time Liszt's powers as a pianist must have been at their height. The word difficult apparently had no meaning for him; he reveled in the "impossible," seeming to invent unimagined difficulties for the mere pleasure of overcoming them. He could touch the keys with gossamer lightness, or shake the grandest Broadwood or Erard with titanic power. Like all great pianists, he expressed in his playing every mood of his temperament; under his magic touch the piano became, as it were, a passionate human thing.

Great, however, as in their several ways were these famous pianists of whom I have been speaking, my memory holds in dearest affection the incomparable Felix Mendelssohn. Here was a case of artistic attraction such as I have rarely if ever experienced in a like degree. From the very first Mendelssohn realized my ideal of a musician, and although more than seventy years have passed over my head since the memorable occasion

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of my first seeing him and watching him conduct his own music, I retain the most vivid impression of the enthusiasm he aroused in me, and the personal spell he exercised. It was at the rehearsal for the Philharmonic concert of the 25th of May, 1829; Mendelssohn, just twenty years of age, had but recently arrived in England, and when he appeared among the assembled musicians and privileged notabilities, every one was struck to admiration by his beautiful countenance beaming with intelligence, and his grace and buoyant charm of manner. He made an immediate conquest by his personality and his genius, and when he conducted the performance of his first Symphony in C minor, he was at once recognized as worthy to rank with the great masters. I shall never forget the overwhelming applause which greeted the wonderful Scherzo from his string octette, which for some reason had been substituted for the minuet and trio originally composed for it; to such a pitch of enthusiasm were the performers excited, that with one accord they clamored to be allowed to repeat it. I was also happy enough to be a witness of that memorable incident at a Philharmonic rehearsal on April 24, 1832, which Mendelssohn himself has so charmingly chronicled in one of his letters. The orchestra had just played through Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, when Mendelssohn, who had been listening in a box, but was not expected that day, appeared in the body of the hall. "There's Mendelssohn," cried some one in the orchestra, and immediately the instrumentalists gave him an extraordinary ovation, shouting, clapping hands and beating the backs of violins for some minutes. It was a superb welcome; one glad emotion seemed to thrill the assembly, and Mendelssohn, pleasantly embarrassed at first, beamed with happiness as he mounted the platform and spoke a few words of gratitude. "Never can I forget it," he wrote a few days afterwards, "for it was more precious to me than any distinction, as it showed me that the musicians loved me, and rejoiced at my coming, and I cannot tell you what a glad feeling this was." Something to this effect, I remember was his impromptu little speech on this occasion.

At the rehearsal of a later concert in that season of 1832 I first heard Mendelssohn as a pianist—the first time, in fact, that he was heard in public in this country. He gave a superb performance of his then recently written Concerto in G minor, and

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stirred and fascinated his hearers by his impassioned and exquisite playing, as well as by the extreme beauty of the work itself. Soon afterwards I was privileged to hear Mendelssohn play part of this concerto in private. This was at one of Charles Neate's quartet parties on a summer afternoon. It was an unusually numerous gathering, including several of the most distinguished foreign and native musicians then in London. Moscheles was there, I remember, and John Field; Cipriani Potter, the celebrated and much admired pianist and composer, who in that year succeeded Dr. Crotch, my old harmony-master, as Principal of the Royal Academy of Music; also Neate's crony and angling companion, George Eugene Griffin, another esteemed English pianist and composer of the good old school, whose concerto, played by every one in those days, was then perhaps the most financially profitable composition of that class yet published. Above all, there was Mendelssohn. I forget who was the leader of the quartet on that occasion—I only remember that the versatile Mendelssohn played the viola, and Neate the violoncello, on which he was almost as excellent a performer as on the pianoforte. I can see Mendelssohn before me now, fiddling with keen enjoyment. After the quartet he was begged to play part of his G minor concerto, which, since its triumph at the Philharmonic, had been the musical topic of the hour. He acquiesced with his usual amiability and at once sat down to the piano. I remember standing close behind him, all eyes and ears for my musical hero. In that sympathetic company he played like one inspired, and simply electrified all present. He was overwhelmed with applause and congratulations. I was almost breathless with excitement. It thrills me even now as I recall the incident. Almost seventy years ago! I heard Mendelssohn play his concerto once again in public that same season, at the Philharmonic, and I am proud to say that I was the first, after the composer himself, to perform this immortal work. It was at the first of my series of annual orchestral concerts on May 30, 1833, and as the band parts were not yet printed Cramer lent me the MSS. which had been used at the Philhamonic. I remember Moscheles came to hear it.

That year was also specially memorable to me for the beginning of my acquaintance with Mendelssohn, whom of course I was longing to know personally. It was at the Philharmonic,

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and he had just finished playing Mozart's Concerto in D minor, into which he introduced his own impromptu cadences, conceived with fine taste and sympathy, splendid invention and masterly skill. I was still spellbound by the inexpressible charm of the pianist, when that fine old musician, Thomas Attwood, the favorite pupil of Mozart, and organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, knowing my intense admiration for Mendelssohn, led me up to the master, and presented me to him as the young pianist who was, in a few days from then, to perform his G minor concerto. The simple charm and easy cordiality of his manner, his graceful modesty in face of my obvious homage, quite capitvated me. Shortly after this I had a very agreeable surprise. Sometimes Neate and I would play duets for pianoforte and 'cello, and one evening at his house, after playing Beethoven's Sonatas in G minor and F, Neate, saying, "Now for a contrast!" took up a concertante duo by Bochsa and Duport, a light but elegant thing, and suggested that we should run through it. We were in the midst of it, without much enthusiasm, when we were startled by a loud double knock. "A visitor," cried Neate, "who can it be?" The door opened, "Mr. Mendelssohn," said the servant. "Oh, he mustn't find us playing such music," said my old master, as he flung the copies into a corner. Mendelssohn's entrance brought charm at once into the room. He seemed pleased with Neate's hearty welcome, laughed over his confession about the Bochsa music, and was soon at home with us, chatting familiarly on a variety of subjects, of both passing and enduring interest. How delightful was his talk, whatever the topic, how animated his manner, how fascinating his smile as the playful mood danced over the earnest thought! He seemed to understand everything, and to feel rightly about everything, to be so wise in his enjoyment of life. We had no music during the hour or so that Mendelssohn remained with us. His talk had melodies of its own.

It was not till the year 1842 that I again saw and heard Mendelssohn. Hitherto he had conducted only his own works at the Philharmonic, but this season, at the seventh concert I think it was, he appeared for the first time as conductor of an entire concert. That occasion was specially memorable for the first performance of his Symphony in A minor—the famous "Scotch Symphony." There was an unusually brilliant audience, and

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when Mendelssohn took his place at the conductor's desk that evening, he was accorded a welcome such as a victorious general, even the Duke of Wellington himself, who was present, might have been proud of, while the enthusiasm after the symphony was immense. I was at both the rehearsal and the concert, and, sitting in my usual place on a side bench near the orchestra, was able to observe the expression of Mendelssohn's face, constantly changing, according to the manner in which the orchestra satisfied him in the interpretation of his work. His face was always a study when he was conducting, it reflected so perfectly the play of his emotions. Mendelssohn was a wonderful conductor —the joyous magnetism of his nature seemed to hold the orchestra in thrall. He inspired such confidence, he could do absolutely what he liked with it, making it play as perhaps no orchestra had ever played before. At rehearsals he would take infinite pains to make the performers at one with him in the interpretation of a work. He flashed his intelligence like a search-light over the orchestra, and so acutely sensitive was his ear that often he would have a passage repeated again and again when to the expert ear it seemed already perfect. He could be content with nothing less than his own ideal of perfection. Perhaps the violins did not entirely satisfy him in their shading of a passage, after several repetitions; then he would leave his place and go to Mori and Spagnoletti or Francois Cramer and Weichsel at their desks and discuss the passage animatedly with them; and so to Nicholson or Willman, if the flutes or clarionets fell short of his ideal by the breath of a tone; or to Mariotti, who led the trombones, or to Platt, the horn leader, or Harper, the trumpeter, or Sherrington, leading the violins, or Grattan Cooke, the irrepressibly facetious, who, in his pathetic oboe's intervals of rest, would dash off funny caricatures. With Cooke, Mendelssohn, who loved fun, would occasionally relax his artistic earnestness to exchange witticisms, but he could be very sarcastic when he chose. Towards the veterans Lindley and Dragonetti, the Damon and Pythias of the concert-world, however, he invariably showed a tactful deference, even when at issue with them, which was seldom, for they were great artists. What a superb body of instrumentalists was the Philharmonic orchestra of those days! It was unique then, and I doubt if it has been surpassed, if equaled.

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One instance of Mendelssohn's extraordinary power over the orchestra I particularly recall. He was conducting a rehearsal of Weber's Jubilee Overture, and had, perhaps intentionally, allowed the players to lapse into comparative tameness. Suddenly, as if by magic, with amazing energy, he seemed to inspire them with his own awakened enthusiasm, so that, roused to a pitch of artistic excitement, they played with such accumulating vigor and brilliancy, and such a unity of effect, that we in the auditorium, quite electrified, having risen at the National Anthem, with which the overture concludes, instead of resuming our seats, remained standing and applauding for some minutes. This was in 1844, a very memorable Mendelssohn year. Most interesting to me also in that year was the master's rehearsal of his "Erste Walpurgis Nacht," which I heard also on its first public performance at the concert. At the rehearsal, however, I felt on more intimate terms with that great work, for there was Mendelssohn interpolating his directions and suggestions to the performers; and I shall never forget how the musicians themselves applauded the almost whispered chorus, "Disperse, ye gallant men," and the tremendous chorus, "Come with torches brightly flashing." How we all congratulated Mendelssohn, and how unaffectedly he showed his pleasure!

One other memory of Mendelssohn as a conductor. It was at the fifth concert of the season 1844, the same at which we heard for the first time the hitherto unperformed portions of the exquisite "Midsummer Night's Dream" music. Mendelssohn was conducting a performance of Beethoven's violin concerto, and the violinist was Joseph Joachim, then a wonderful boy of thirteen, making his first important appearance in the concert world of London. During that marvelous display of youthful genius Mendelssohn's countenance was a joy to watch. Where I was sitting I could note his frequent bright smiles of approval; and among my musical memories no incident is more fragrant than that of the immortal Mendelssohn patting on his back and shaking heartily by the hand the boy Joachim, who was to become the master violinist of his age.

But to return to Mendelssohn as a pianist. I remember vividly his playing his own D minor concerto at the Philharmonic on June 21, 1842, when also he conducted his "Hebrides" overture. He played the lovely slow movement with intense passion, and

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the joyous rondo with fairy-like lightness and rapidity, but with unerring accuracy. The applause which followed was extraordinary; Mendelssohn himself has described how "they clapped their hands and stamped for at least ten minutes." It was an exceptional privilege to hear Mendelssohn interpret Beethoven. I remember his playing Beethoven's Concerto in G with an impromptu cadence which he varied each of the three or four times that he tried it over with the orchestra at the rehearsal, so inexhaustible was his improvization.

A more reverential, sympathetic and conservative reading of the older master's text I have never heard, while at the same time the interpretation was unmistakably individual—Mendelssohn's, and no possible other's! His touch was exquisitely delicate, and the fairy fancies of his "Midsummer Night's Dream" music seemed ever to haunt him in his playing, lending it a magic charm. His "Lieder ohne Worte" (the first edition of which, published at his own expense, I still treasure) were rightly named, for, as he played them, those beautiful pieces were veritable songs that his fingers *sang* as they rippled over the keyboard. He never invented passages for the purpose of developing technical difficulties, although his own manual agility was remarkable. His fugue playing was strictly classical, and based on Bach; his handling of octave passages was magnificent, and, as I have said, his power of improvization boundless. To exemplify this I recall an interesting incident at a morning concert, given in June, 1844, in honor of that gifted and most pathetic of famous violinists, Heinrich Ernst. Bach's triple Concerto in D minor was played by Moscheles, Thalberg and Mendelssohn—what a trio of giants! and each performer was to play an impromptu cadence. Moscheles, a famous improvisatoire, led off with a fine cadence. Thalberg followed with perhaps even more brilliant effect. Then Mendelssohn, who had been leaning listlessly over the back of his chair while the others were playing, quietly began his cadence, taking up the threads from the subjects of the concerto; then suddenly rousing himself he wound up with a wonderful shower of octaves, indescribable in effect, and never to be forgotten. The audience was so excited that the applause at the end was all for Mendelssohn. At Ernst's second concert in July, the concerto was repeated, but Thalberg's place was taken by another pianist eminent in

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those days, Theodore Dohler, a pupil of Czerny, and a brilliant follower of Thalberg. After Moscheles and Dohler had played their cadences, we expected a repetition of Mendelssohn's amazing performance at the previous concert. But it was not to be. When the pause came he played a simple shake in the dominant, and concluded with a few chords.

The last time I met Mendelssohn was in 1844, at a conversazione of the British and Foreign Institute, when I enjoyed a pleasant chat with him. We had hoped that he would play that evening, but, unfortunately, dear old Silk Buckingham, the traveler and first editor of the "Athenaeum," who had founded the Institute, was, according to his wont, filling up the time with one of his interesting but long-winded extempore discourses, and nobody had the courage to interrupt him; so Mendelssohn, who had other engagements that evening, good-humoredly waited as long as he could, and then left, begging me to make his apologies. Naturally the company was disappointed when it heard that Mendelssohn had come and gone while Silk Buckingham would "still be talking." The next time Mendelssohn was in London I was in Italy, and in that year, 1847, he died. And nowadays my memories of Felix Mendelssohn help with their fragrance to sweeten my old age.

(*To be concluded.*)

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Of all the subjects now prominently before the world of music teachers, there is no one so interesting in itself and so important to be fully threshed out as the proper and wise management of the early lessons. Here is where the radical mistakes are made. The object of music lessons is or ought to be education in *music* —that is to say, such a beginning and such a going on after the beginning as will lead the student more and more into the world of musical art; opening up to the student himself, first of all, the pure and ever fresh pleasures derivable for music; and, second, giving him the enthusiasm and mastery to lead his associates, friends and pupils into a like understanding and enjoyment of music. In this study as in many others there are important by-products, in the form of control of attention, power to analyze, understanding of relations in the musical part of life; but the fundamental thing, that which ought to order all the elementary education, should be to awaken a true love of music itself, and particularly a love for music in its true aspects and forms.

Despite the popular attention just now to the art of teaching children in music, there was never a time when there was so much being done to occupy the child's attention with things which, even if bearing musical names, are nevertheless not music, nor to be cognized upon musical grounds. For example, in that admirable periodical *The Musician* I find an article by the well-known writer, Mr. A. J. Goodrich, speaking of making the music lesson a pleasure, and giving the following as an admirable case in point. He says:

"A remarkable case in point once came under my notice. An accomplished lady teacher who is fond of children was engaged to instruct a little miss of five or six years. The teacher arranged to have the pupil come to the studio for fifteen or twenty minutes every week-day, as they lived within a block of each other. The word 'lesson' was never used, but the little pupil was entertained with musical pictures and pretty stories. Some-

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times she would entertain herself with paper and scissors. After a little while pencil and paper were introduced, and by means of these the child learned the principles of our staff notation and the common notes of value.

"At first five parallel lines, three or four inches in length, were drawn. This was called a 'fence,' and a girl's face was inserted between the third and fourth lines. This was named 'Carrie,' and she was supposed to be 'peeping through the bars of the fence.' Another face was drawn between the second and third lines, and this was named 'Amelia.' The face in the fourth space was called 'Emily' (or some name beginning with E); the first space was named 'Fannie.' Then there was a face on top of the fifth line. This was supposed to be 'George,' a big boy who could look over the upper bar of the fence. The 'uprights' for support of the fence came in later, with a view to bars and measures. A staff or cane extending from the face downward or upward represented the half note, while the face alone, of course, gave an idea of the whole note, when it was wanted. The black notes were called 'colored children,' and there were a number of these. I do not remember all the details, but everything represented was more or less symbolical. The teacher nearly always played some simple selection and then asked certain questions calculated to develop the pupil's sense of hearing and crticizing."

All this is charmingly said and at first sight it seems to cover the whole ground, but does it?

In a previous issue of this magazine the place of honor was given to an interview with Miss Blanche Dingley, who in terse, vigorous and unmistakable language, unfolded her theories as to what the first training of a child should be, provided it is desired to render that child musical and to lay a foundation for a real culture later. It will be remembered that she proposed to begin with harmonic perceptions, at first of all the four kinds of triads, so that the child can tell instantly by ear whether a triad heard is major, minor, diminished or augmented. And, second, the place of all the triads in the key. For example, Miss Dingley plays a cadence containing say six chords, from tonic to tonic, as e. g., (using the numbers for place in key) 1, 6, 4, 2, 5, 1. Or 1, 6, 2, 4, 5, 1.

A succession of this kind she plays just once, at about the rate

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of 72; the child listens until the harmonic phrase is ended and instantly names the chords heard at the same rate or even faster —always quietly and without strain. Miss Dingley says it all lies in securing perfect attention and in introducing the different kinds of triads one after the other until the child is secure in recognizing them; and in recognizing the scale places in the same way, not by reckoning the places one after the other, but by instantly hearing the characteristic effect of the chords in key —each chord having an ear-effect peculiar to itself. No sooner has the child named the succession of chords than she is asked to sing the roots—which she does after having first thought within herself in order to get a good line upon the out-of-the-way roots, such as 2 after 6, and so on. Progressions of this kind are foreign to the singing experience of a child and require a certain prevision on her part—but she works it all out herself.

Moreover, Miss Dingley does not particularly prize the ability to describe the kinds of triads, so much as to feel them in what might be called their art value. For example, major and minor are characteristic moods; and one of the first tasks is to learn to discriminate instantly between them, always naming the major or minor effect without mistake. A discrimination so fundamental and elementary as this is often beyond the powers of advanced piano students, even when they have had several months of harmony from a supposedly good teacher. I have had cases of this in my own class where the teacher had been one of the most highly esteemed in the city of Chicago. So also with the highly appealing harmonies, the diminished and the augmented. Each has to be learned as an ear effect. At first the child objected to the augmented triad, but as soon as the teacher had made one or two little improvisations, introducing this triad in a musical way, the child immediately felt that the musical sense was good; and upon experiment of substituting a plain major or minor triad in the same place, it was found insufficient and unbeautiful. This is quite in line with the Apostle Peter's object lesson, that in the kingdom of God there is nothing which is common or unclean.

* * *

Now let us return to the interest awakened by the clever

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teacher of whom Mr. Goodrich writes: What was it which awakened "interest" and was that "interest" musical? Observe: The teacher entertained the pupil with "little stories"—he does not say what the stories were about. Perhaps about composers or artists. Let us hope so. Later the pupil was introduced to a "fence" composed of parallel lines three or four inches in length, and a girl's face was inserted between the third and fourth lines. It was "Carrie" peeping through the bars of the fence. In the space below "Amelia peeped through", etc. Later on black notes were drawn and called "colored children". At the end the pupil had learned several things about notation. Generally, Mr. Goodrich says, "the teacher played some simple selection and then asked questions to develop the pupil's sense of hearing and criticizing."

I thank Mr. Goodrich for his most excellent passage. It occupies the very center of the road along which a vast amount of child teaching is now going, and it is a road which, however pleasant, does not necessarily lead anywhere whatever in music.

* * *

What is it which stands between the average music scholar and his enthusiasm for Beethoven, Bach, Chopin, Schumann and Brahms? Is it primarily that these great men wrote "abstract" music, as it has been called? Not at all. They wrote the most charming melodies, the most fruitful harmonies and the most inspiring and diversified rhythms which the world of music contains. Is it that the inner meaning of their music is over the heads of young minds, capable of true hearing? Not at all. Sometimes they were deep and severe and wrestled desperately, like Milton's theological devils, of "fate, foreknowledge and free will", but as a rule they were men of admirable moderation and sense of joy and hope.

The real thing which debars the average music student from the writers is simply this: That our art of music is a highly specialized art, resting upon cultivated capacity for hearing. Our training generally ignores this fact and busies itself with the outside of the cup and the platter—with notes, staves, fences, Carries and Amelias peeping through, and the like; the spry little children, of whom the Scotchman said that "the more you tie up their legs, Sandy, the faster they run" (the 16ths, 32ds, etc.).

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Meanwhile the great and noble songs, whose dead images "look out through these lines and spaces" from the great over-world of humanity, remain unsung, unheard, unfelt—all for want of ear-opening training. Great music is a gospel which addresses itself to those who have ears to hear. The missionary need not so much concern himself with promulgating this gospel when once ears are opened for taking it in; all this will take care of itself; his work is to open the ears. Just as when the eye is opened, there is no need to urge the child to try and see something. He *does* see somthing, he revels in seeing, and the teacher's work is to guide him in his seeing to proper discriminations.

Thus we come back again to our guide, Mr. A. J. Goodrich, who speaks feelingly of the need of making the music lesson a pleasure. By this he means, and the most of the kindergartners mean with him, that it is our business in education to fix up pleasant tasting hours to keep up the interest, whether what we teach is the real thing or quite one side the real thing, as in this case he mentions. Miss Dingley's way is precisely at the center of the desired road. Every musical person hearing her idea says at once: "If this can be done, it is something great," while of the other they say: "This is no doubt interesting, and perhaps it will lead later to real music."

But how does the equation stand with regard to the "interest" so desirable to awaken. Which part of the account preponderates—that in which "Carrie and Amelia look out through the fence," while the colored children occasionally are permitted to play about, with us white folks (sad is the portion of Ham forever more!)—or that in which when a succession of chords is played the child follows the succession accurately, knowing the place of each chord in key, able to sing the roots of the chords when asked, or to think and sing any given voice of the series? Has this been a bore to her, or has it brought her pleasure? Experience shows that here, as in a thousand other places in education, to open and clear up in child-life the avenues of sense-perception is of itself adding pleasure to the child, and that in the exercise of these new powers there is a sense of enjoyment, such as does not appertain to the idea of the dough face of "Carrie peeping through the third space." The latter is purely make believe; the other is the real thing.

Moreover, it would be quite possible to teach the child all these

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harmonic things of Miss Dingley and still leave her outside the world of music. Harmony examinations are notoriously unmusical, although when, as in this case, they depend upon instantaneous hearing, they cannot avoid carrying in their train consequences of musical value later on, since the hearer able to follow a discourse in this sense must necessarily soon come to a certain discrimination of relative quality.

But Miss Dingley does not leave the lesson at this point. No sooner is a new chord mastered than she plays a variety of improvisations introducing the new chord as a musician would use it; charming little melodies and clever little *genre* pieces created off hand. The child delights in these new things, and when asked to point out the general points of the harmonies involved is also able to enter into and enjoy the musical mood created. All this has in it something for her later life.

Every educator will admit that to cover this elementary ground of ear-training as Miss Dingley lays it out, will be impossible for teachers who are not musical and much surer of their ground than the generality of those who give lessons to children; but provided it can be done it is the beginning of a musical education which finds its delight and its power just where delight and power should fall in a course of musical development, namely, in *musical power* and *musical enjoyment,* and there alone. The child enters at her first steps into the very center of the citadel, and everything in the art is open to her.

Much of this ground, no doubt, might be covered by preparatory exercises or courses of instruction, affording teachers a plan for the work. But the life of it turns upon its not only pretending to be musical, but in its actually being musical and flexible, turning this way and that, according to the momentary currents of perception and imperception.

* * *

I have lately examined another course, one of the kindergarten courses, in which much is done upon tables, and with games of cards. The course I have in mind arrives at certain very exact results, all of which are desirable to a young pupil; the truly musical part is less developed, but the result is good so far as it goes.

I do not say that even a mechanical auxiliary might not be

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useful at some stages of the finger training. All I say is that I have never yet heard any individual case where it was proven that the player had gained from her auxiliary anything belonging to musical interpretation excepting perhaps a more reliable finger sureness; and this was more than offset by the unresponsive tone-production, which left all the playing dry and lacking in that delicate and evanescent come-and-go of intensity which belongs to art and comes fresh from the human soul. This quality comes into the playing from feeling music, and from playing it as if it were felt. And since the great difficulty in the work of artistic reproduction in this case is due to the fingers not being natural mediums for this kind of work, it will never grow out of practice ordered from a muscular conception, but only from practice ordered form a musical conception.

* * *

The great objection to all these "side shows" in music teaching is that they violate or ignore the fundamental principle of all, which is: "The thing before the sign." The thing in this case is music, and the sign is the notation; but one class of teachers puts pupils to learning notation when as yet they do not know any kind of musical effects, except a few in melody which they have picked up at school. The development of the roots acquired in the public schools will result at most in an appreciation of popular music, in the folks tone, according to the most restricted harmonic and rhythmic conception of these terms. Culture has to lay a different foundation, in subtler perceptions and more educated cognitions. At all events we must begin with musical perception as such, and carry it far enough to contain the germs of such a culture as our modern art of music requires.

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Mention was inadvertently omitted last month of the interesting concerts by the Pittsburg orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Victor Herbert, in the Chicago Auditorium, Dec. 9. The program was the following:

Auditorium Festival March (new), Op. 35.....Herbert
Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra, in E flat.....Liszt
Pianist, Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood.
Siegfried's Rhine Journey.....Wagner
Suite—Woodland Fancies.....Victor Herbert
Aria—Traviata .....Verdi
Suzanne Adams.
Capriccio Italien.....Tschaikowsky

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Mr. Herbert, who used to be first 'cello for Thomas (as also did Mr. Ed. Colonne, the famous Paris conductor), has an excellent band under his direction. The men displayed fine disposition, good training and produced a generally good tone, stopping a little short of the refined blending qualities usual to any orchestra of which Mr. Thomas is master for any length of time. Mr. Herbert, himself, is one of those genial Irishmen of the olden school, such as have cut a very wide swath in arms and art, as well as among the dress goods of the great world. He has an attractive personality, full of good humor, and he is very gifted as a composer. His comic operas, "The Serenade" and "The Fortune Teller" are both admirable successes, where the Muse just touches her toes along the surface of things and never seeks to bedraggle her plumage in the bottomless waters of great art. The second act of "The Serenade," for instance, abounds in clever music and fun. Some of these qualities remain to Mr. Herbert when he ascends the pulpit and begins to preach in the accents of the everlasting gospel of the beautiful. This was shown in his new suite: "Woodland Fancies," which consists of four movements: Morning in the Mountains; Forest Nymphs; Twilight; Autumn Frolics. The reminder of Grieg's "Peer Gynte" suite is more than accidental. The best account of this suite which has been made was given in the program book of the evening, and credited to G. Schlotterbeck—a well-known writer, who was probably born in Dublin, and has been associated with Mr. Herbert throughout most of his career. I think he turned leaves for him in the Thomas orchestra. At all events he is a fine, large and poetical writer, as witness:

"In the soundless solitude of mountain heights, things unutterable save in tones of sweetest harmony move you as step by step the gray colors of dawn merge into those of the deep orange, then of brightest gold, of radiant faced day, or as the heavy robe of twilight, settling down, brings rest and peace to man and beast. And then again, when, pregnant by the sun's warm beams, the mountains do with diamonds teem, the dancing nymphs to play invite, and peasants, young and old, surcease of sorrow seek in laughter, frolic, song."

"Woodland Fancies" would express just the moods and situations herein described, its language being deeply poetical and of high musical finish. His immediate inspiration, Mr. Herbert

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declares, he found in a familiar legend of his boyhood days which represented two eager lads roaming the mighty forests in quest of the bells that both declared had touched their ears with gleeful sounds. On and on they wandered, by brush and thicket undismayed, until in wonderment most great they stood before the boundless sea, and then first learned it was great Nature's Angelus, and not mere tinkling bells that led them on. The *"motive of the bells"* Mr. Herbert has used as the groundwork of his first movement.

FIRST MOVEMENT, "MORNING IN THE MOUNTAINS."

"Somberly the clarinets intone it in the first two measures, repeating it thrice in the guise *a*, then taking it up four times successively in the well-marked form *b*, the harp meanwhile sounding it in tones ethereal. Soon, playing against the steadily throbbing 'bell motive,' there creeps faintly out of the violins this theme, conveying convincingly the sentiment of so magic a line as *'Ueber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh'*.

"Now the big double basses tip-toe stealthily in, fearful of disturbing the quiet of early dawn. All is serene, almost oppressively so, when rudely the huntsman's horn bursts in, now blatantly, now echoingly, and now in swelling volume, with high acceleration. A long drawn-out-double pianissimo as organ point in the double basses, and crystal harmonics in the divided violins alone remind us of nature's gentle wooing. Only the faint horns now echo back, once, twice—then in crushing tones blare out once more, dying finally into the distance.

"But the dawn is expanding into morn, and as if properly to herald the coming Day, the orchestration becomes growingly pompous. Again in piccolo, flute, oboe and horn are heard the echoing huntsman's rhythms, the harmonies all the while attaining increasing volume and splendor, until in an overwhelming climax, into which the harp has hurled its most brilliant tones, the Day bursts forth in all his might and grandeur, announcing unmistakably, 'Lo, I am come!'

"And now, quite awed by the dazzling sight, the harmonies again take wings and slowly vanish, the horn even avoiding the utterance of one harsh sound, and the birdlet fearing to do aught but lisp in the harp's most evanescent tones. A pianissimo chord—a gentle upward rush on the harp—and we leave the peaceful scene.

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SECOND MOVEMENT, "FOREST NYMPHS."

"Standing boldly against the opening movement is the second one by reason of its piquancy. The composer has aptly named it 'Forest Nymphs,' since it abounds in the filmy daintiness and charm inseparable with those woodland Graces. Lightly and airily clarinets, oboes and bassoons trip into the dreamy staccato triplets of the strings, and then the most piquant of themes harks tantalizingly in via the violins.

"Answering the saluting chirp of the first four sixteenths, is a mocking one heard in the flutes, not once, but half a score of times, and as though all good things must come in pairs, the dashing main theme finds congenial company in a lovely one carried by clarinet and bassoon. Following a repetition, in slightly changed guise, of the former, there is some delightful staccato tip-toeing in the descending violins, when from the violas there bounds a little phrase, cleverly jocose, the cellos repeat it even more trickily and the whole band holds its breath.

"With utmost delicacy and beauty and in accents almost elfin, the Nymphic revel again goes on through five full pages of score, when, like ripples of heartiest laughter, a staccato motive tilts successively through flute, oboe, clarinet and comical bassoon. Once only the sport approaches boisterous lines, when the woodwinds, in thrilling chorus, raise their exulting voices, but the outburst is only passing, the lightly tripping woodwinds once more are heard, the strings are all aflutter, and the Nymphs are away!

THIRD MOVEMENT, "TWILIGHT."

"The opiate of deepening twilight lies heavily upon the third movement, which again contrasts strikingly with the preceding rhythmically tense one. Just a few bars of richly colored harmonies in the woods over a thick background of divided strings, and from the delicious French horn there flows in melting stream a lovely theme.

"Unusually long it is (twenty bars), yet the composer declares it could not have been shortened by even one note. That 'nameless pathos in the air,' when the shades of night descend, now is reflected in the thickening orchestration, due to divided violas and celli, and extremely low notes in clarinets, bassoons and horns. Dainty harp arpeggi are flashing much as the timid star-

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lets on the heels of departing Day. Suddenly notes akin to those pouring from a feathered beauty's throat are heard capering from the oboe, an ode to the Night, perhaps. Gentle flimmering of violins next awakens thoughts of the night wind moaning through rustling leaves, while floating above the recurring main theme the tender-voiced clarinet, in a lovely song ever soaring skyward, would seem to carry on the wings of rapture and admiration the deeply moved soul.

"But the darkness deepens—in a downward chromatic glide the horn breathes with diminuendo half tones a fond good night —crystalline harmonics in violins, violas and celli bespeak a cloudless, moonlit sky—a final double soft chord (the merest whisper) and Night is mistress indeed.

LAST MOVEMENT, "AUTUMN FROLICS."

"The last movement is titled 'Autumn Frolics,' and in its very opening measures it makes good the title. The unique rhythms of 3-4 against 2-4 are all bustle and commotion, and tell of a very whirligig of joy and abandon.

"Through thirty-eight bars this rush continues, when out of the strings an incisive, blustering theme comes bounding in.

"Later a peasant's awkward dance in the clarinets supplies a touch of rare good humor. With the swiftly moving portion of the main themes as material, the composer now heaps climax upon climax, until a peaceful subsidence calls a halt, though only temporary. Once again the frenzy is renewed, this time more marked than before, and the rush and swirl are irresistible until with a fiery glissando on the harp, and a great shout from the whole orchestra, the frolic has reached its end."

* * *

Of the playing of Mr. Herbert's orchestra little is needed but commendation. The men did their best, and it was by no means a bad best. Mr. Herbert seems to be a commanding director, but he is not a good interpretative artist for important works of high art. This showed plainly enough in the "Rhine Journey" and those present when the Tschaikowsky symphony was played assure me that the directing was very bad. The difficulty is that he tries to do so much with details that his beat lacks repose and sequence, and his readings are always in hysterics because some unaccustomed instrument happens to have a bit of the leading voice. It is an error typical of the modern conductor. No doubt

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the older ones, such as Thomas and Hans Richter, often fail to do enough with minor bits and neglect intended opportunities for climax; but this hysterical prancing about every instant not only hinders the orchestra from doing its best, but throws the hearer out of his balance and annoys more than it assists. Moreover, if one is going to indulge in this gyrating business, there are ways and ways. For instance, as an illustration of a compound circular motion, I have seldom seen a better and ampler than the shoulders of Mr. Frank Van Der Stucken afford when he is in the heat of an interpretation of a work of his own, or of some other composer good enough to interest him and call out his best powers. His baton also gyrates prodigiously, but wonderfully graphically; Mr. Herbert's baton gyrates, but not, it seems to me, so discreetly. Mr. Herbert is an artist for whom no intelligent man can have anything else than good will; and the Pittsburg people are to be congratulated on having so capable and so sincere a director; still I do not feel, when I listen to him, that he will ever become an authoritative conductor of the greatest music. He does part of the work extremely well; but not all.

The solo pianist of this occasion was Mr. William H. Sherwood, who appeared in Liszt's brilliant and rather empty concerto in E flat. This work does not afford a really superior pianist any very decided opportunities for illustrating his superiority. Mr. Sherwood played it brilliantly and effectively and was accordingly recalled several times, and at last he played another piece. Mr. Sherwood also accompanied the orchestra through its tour, lasting several additional engagements, and was no doubt received everywhere with the honor and pleasure his prominence deserves. The concerts of the Pittsburg orchestra were managed by Mr. Charles R. Baker, manager of the Sherwood Music School. The audiences in Chicago were meagre but appreciative.

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A charming feature of the concert above mentioned was the singing of Suzanne Adams, which showed that she has made great progress in her art and is now to be accounted one of the very finest singers before the public.

The program book followed the Boston fashion of cutting off fractions of reading pages for the display of advertisements. It's a vulgar way which as yet the Chicago book has avoided.

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The fifteenth concert of the Chicago Orchestra was devoted to what was called a "request program," and it was of so very unusual a character as to demand notice. The list of pieces offered was this:

Symphony in D Major, Op. 73.....Brahms
Two Legends from the Finland Folks—Epic.....Sibelius
"Schereherazade" Suite, Op. 35.....Rimsky-Korsakov
Largo .....Handel
Symphonic Poem, "The Preludes".....Liszt

It is of course conceivable that this peculiar list of works may have been asked for by scattering requests from the patrons of the Chicago concerts, but that any person desired this program as a whole is to the last degree improbable, and to be conceded only upon the ground of not realizing what it is to have to settle with practically three symphonies in a single program, and with two very long and uneventful orchestral pieces added (the Sibelius experiments). The first movement of the Brahms symphony Mr. Thomas played beautifully—practically about as well as it need be done. The other movements were not so good and the trouble was partly with the tempi and partly with a rather tame reading. The Sibelius works show clever talent for orchestral coloring, or perhaps more properly for an orchestral coloring, for they are mainly in a single "tone," as painters say. The works are entirely too long for the matter they contain and it remains to be shown that this young Sibelius has the necessary structural capacity and sense of contrast and feeling to make him ever a leading composer. The Rimsky-Korsakov work was tamely played and showed far too plainly its lack of inspiration. The veteran masterwork of Mr. Thomas, the Handel Largo, was fairly well done by Mr. Cramer. Liszt's Preludes, again, received a tame reading. Total effect of the concert, rather tiresome—the only redeeming feature being the first movement of the Brahms symphony, which is extremely beautiful.

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The tenth concert of the Chicago orchestra was notable for the excellent and very brilliant playing of Mrs. Dahl-Rich in the Tschaikovsky concerto for piano, and for the first production of some rather interesting variations by Edward Elgar—variations which sounded uncommonly well for the work of an English composer—the English composer, despite the schools and the

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amount of music there, generally being a little dense and wanting in freedom. Elgar shows a certain cleverness.

* * *

The eleventh concert had the following program:

"Jupiter" Symphony.....Mozart
Concerto for Violin, No. 8.....Spohr
Mr. Kreisler.
"Freyschuetz" Overture.....Weber
Unfinished Symphony.....Schubert
Variations and March.....Franz Lachner

The Mozart symphony was delightfully played and a charming work it is. The Spohr music proved tame, even in the hands of Mr. Kreisler. The Schubert symphony was quite well done. Lachner demonstrated his claim to the high rank he enjoyed all his life as an able composer with painfully little to say.

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EDUCATION OF THE SUPERVISOR.

BY MRS. CONSTANCE BARLOW SMITH.

Webster says that education means "The result of educating as determined by the knowledge, skill or discipline of character acquired." The first qualification necessary to good supervision of music is a thorough *musical* education. A knowledge of musical history, theory, composition and reading is absolutely necessary. Musical history is intensely interesting to children, and a competent supervisor of music will consider it a duty to teach that the history of the civilized world may be clearly read in the history of music. Without *theory,* we are poor workmen indeed, and might liken ourselves unto carpenters without hammers. A knowledge of the standard compositions is essential, because one of our principal duties as supervisors is to teach and to conduct choruses.

If we teach the study of music reading, we must ourselves be readers. Nothing injures our chances of success more surely than proof that we are not masters of the technical part of our profession. Music stands in a reciprocal relation with nearly all other branches of study in the curriculum of our common schools. By close observation in schools where sight singing receives the same amount of attention that other studies do, we not only feel the *moral* power of music, but become conscious that music also adds much to the grand scheme of education. "Teaching," says Prof. S. S. Laurie, "is a grave and serious business. You are engaged in forming the finest, most complex, most subtle thing known to man, viz., a mind." Prof. Laurie, therefore, concludes that every

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teacher ought to study the general laws of mind, viz., psychology. The mind of the child is not that of the adult; he has a psychology of his own. His mind certainly works differently. *How?* is the question that a good music teacher will try to answer.

The study of music *must* be presented upon a psychological basis, carrying the esthetic side by side with the technique. Mental science teaches us that all our knowledge is of resemblances and differences; and I affirm that a good supervisor should keep this fact in mind. The success with which dull pupils are treated is one of the tests of a good teacher. An accurate conception of pitch relation is not confined to brilliant pupils; in fact, a good ear for music is frequently characteristic of dull children. We commit mistakes in teaching all along the line, sometimes attempting too much and sometimes too little; we often teach the class as a whole and not the individual, or the individual and not the class. We may use a method or scheme suitable at one stage of development, in teaching children who are passing through a very different stage. We must have a definite order of procedure. If we look for a moment at the ordinary classification of our faculties, we find that *attention* is a condition of all mental processes, we cannot *observe, recall observations, analyze, classify, combine* or reason from them without attention. If our pupils are not attentive, then surely we and they are wasting time. A competent supervisor or special teacher of music should be well educated in the science of good government. "A quiet, firm decision permeated by love and sustained by dignity will win the hearts of the pupils and guide them safely. All disparity is commanding and forbidding. All hesitation in threatening and punishment will avenge itself bitterly and cause the teacher much sorrow and regret." Tact is essential and experience valuable. The teacher must be *first,* and the members of the class who are by nature more clamorous than others will have to be supplied with emergency work. If we can govern as well as instruct, we will secure attention first. Observation follows attention. We have the power to so direct the attention and talents of our pupils that they will discover the music of nature. "Child-study" proves to us that nature's songs and rhythms *are* attractive to the average child.

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Thought is awakened and mental activity stimulated in the study of music, just as much as in the study of reading. The same mental process is required for both. After the grand old major scale has been developed by imitation and a symbol learned for each tone of the scale, in primary grades some devices are necessary to make the work attractive, the same as in reading number and nature work. Therefore, a supervisor should study kindergarten methods so as to be able to teach the subject of music to little ones through the medium of games. Right here let me say that while music should be recreative, we are apt to admire little motion songs to such an extent that we may forget that children of tender years learn easily and that the first principles of music can be made attractive to them. Whereas, if left until the third or fourth year of school, when the children are approaching their restless age, they may think that the subject of music is less important than arithmetic. If the child can read easy exercises and songs, it gives him confidence and assists him to overcome difficulties in other branches of school work. "The study of music corelates with reading in that the same mental process is required for both." When a child sings an exercise, he simply affirms what his judgment is of relation. Let the supervisor be a good reader. Analysis follows perception. Arithmetic develops the *reasoning* power, hence is a means of intellectual discipline, so also does the study of vocal music. The combined problems of tune and time require strict application. Intense thought action is necessary for sight reading, as the tones must be heard mentally before they can be produced by the vocal organs. The power to focus thought is greatly strengthened by sight singing. The reciprocal relation between the study of mathematics and the study of music is the *method* of thought employed for both. Number is an invisible reality. "Sound exists only as it is transmitted to the mind by the auditory nerve." In both cases we train the mind to deal with things unseen. Nature's songs have become a necessity in our schools, and the supervisor must be a close student of nature. The sun shines brighter, the rain is more musical, the snow more beautiful, the flowers take on a brighter hue, while the song birds find their only rivals in the children of song. Many beautiful and useful

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lessons are learned through the medium of nature songs. Take, for example, the "Song of the Chrysalis."

I.

Upon a maple branch it hung,
A brown and shapeless thing,
Through sun and wind and rain it clung
Where all could see it swing.

II.

And when an eager childish hand,
The treasure brought away,
It must have been a fairy wand,
That touched it where it lay.

III.

For all at once a butterfly,
In purple and in gold,
Came slowly from the shell so dry,
Its prison dark and old.

IV.

It stood a moment, bright and fair,
And waved its splendid wings,
Then flew into the summer air,
Among the happy things.

V.

O blessed sign of joy to come,
When we with failing breath
Shall leave to gain our heavenly home
The chrysalis of death.

The wonderful lesson of the resurrection is taught by the words, but the lesson is made *more* impressive and lasting by associating the words with music. Bible truths are felt and better understood by children, when presented to them through song. A conscientious supervisor of music will study hymnology so that the regular teacher may be assisted in selecting suitable hymns for opening exercises. Music is emotional. We should beware lest we play upon the wrong heartstring. Music is educational. If we cannot assist in developing the science of music, let us make room for those who can. Music is inspirational. It is our *duty* to *inspire* the loftiest ambitions possible to man. Why not attempt social reform through the medium of music in our public schools? If as one writer says, "Music not only rests and delights the mind, but refines, purifies, and ennobles the heart. Music sweetens the cup of

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bitterness, softens the hand of poverty and lightens the heavy burdens of life."

We as supervisors cannot afford to treat our responsibilities with indifference.

It is conceded that a vicious person never sings. Music is not an accomplishment of criminals. In England the musical societies claim about 68,000 members, in Germany the aggregate is 79,000 members. It is shown, upon investigation, that in neither country has the name of an anarchist ever been enrolled as a member of a musical society.

If we instil into the minds of youth a genuine love of music, for its own sake, fruitful seed is sown from which to reap virtue, truth, patriotism, and a love for the beautiful. All that is beautiful in nature is expressed through music. "Seek and ye shall find," and when ye have found lead others to the fountain of knowledge, that they may also drink and be refreshed. The sympathy and power of music was recently *felt* with renewed effect by the representatives of eleven states when they assembled at the summit of Pike's Peak to celebrate the Fourth of July. The song "America" touched all hearts with a sweet, new understanding of the third verse, "Let *music* swell the breeze, and ring from all the trees, sweet freedom's song. Let mortal tongues awake, let all that *breathe* partake, let rocks their silence break, the sound prolong."

The Star Spangled Banner has a new significance for some of us since hearing the melody of that song peal from the great organ of the Mormon Tabernacle, skillfully played by the leader of the Temple choir. It is hardly necessary to say that for the moment we forgot our differences.

If music is to take its proper place in our schools, it is necessary for the supervisor to have as broad an education as has the regular teacher, which I regret to say is not always the case. The supervisor in an American school should speak good English, should be well informed upon musical literature, so as to be able to suggest suitable reading matter to be placed in school and public libraries for the use of her school pupils. It is essential that a supervisor of music keep abreast of the times by reading current musical events, so that the children may be informed of important issues. Music belongs to culture and should be treated in a cultural manner.

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THE TRUE FUTURE OF SCHOOL MUSIC.

BY EGBERT SWAYNE.

To the observer who will take a comprehensive glance over the history of school music, from the years when Lowell Mason first introduced it into the schools of Boston to the present time, the progress appears large and striking. From the church songs or simple hymns, which formed the substance of the first book of music ever remembered to have been compiled for children (by Lowell Mason, in London, in 1837—the Novellos being publishers) down to the variety of song books now before the school public, the Laurel Song Book as yet remaining like a crown of glory upon the great pyramid, a wonderful advance has been made. The songs have become more and more interesting, varied in character and more sympathetic to child life. It does not deserve complaint that the prime search with all the more intelligent supervisors is still to make the singing inspiring and stimulating to the child. It is not wrong to seek to bring out the sense of the words and to relate the poetry of the songs to well-known names in literature, with which every educated child ought to be familiar. There is, however, more than a tendency to overlook certain things concerning music which might just as well be begun in school life as later—in fact, a great deal better begun then than later.

In the search for attractive melodies and novelties in the way of songs, there is in certain quarters a liability to overlook the fact that our modern art of music is a very large art and touches life at myriads of points; and that it rests upon certain highly developed faculties of hearing, in part *sensitiveness of perception* and in part due to *mental attitude.* Without this two-fold equipment nobody ever rises to appreciate classical music in a true sense—the term classical being here used in a free and modern sense, as including all music which is so truly music that its best qualities do not immediately occur to the casual hearer.

This part of the world of music extends up very high, up to and including the great German Requiem of Brahms, the celebrated oratorios of Handel and Mendelssohn, the Requiem of

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Verdi, as well as the great body of Wagnerian and other modern opera and symphony. Now the central difficulty with all this great music for the untrained hearer is two-fold in nature: First of all it employs harmony in a serious manner and attains color through the unexpected succession of harmonies. This means that much of the effect, at least, will be missed in great part by all untrained in hearing and following harmony. The second element in this great music is the *feeling* it contains, the influence it is capable of exerting over the moods and emotions of the hearer. Now our untrained hearers miss the moods of unaccustomed great music quite as truly as they miss its value and attractiveness as music. For we must not forget that this great music is truly and really more *musical* than other music; it has more in it of musical effect, and its survival and its growing influence is due primarily to this very fact. Yet it is not too much to say that even practiced singers often fail to observe the poetry and beauty of the purely musical handling of this great music, even after they have devoted some time to trying to sing it; while the inner suffusion of emotion they pass unconsciously.

To take the question from another standpoint. In the Laurel Song Book we have several original songs and a variety of great selections, in which the full powers of modern music are illustrated and employed in a truly artistic manner. Take, for instance, Edgar Stillman Kelley's "O Captain, My Captain!" Think how the effect turns upon the appealing voice of certain strongly dissonant chords wisely placed; and consider how little the average school child is prepared to realize this effect, except as he dimly rises to it from the story of the assassination of Lincoln. The time will probably come sooner or later when a still finer class of melodies will be found in our first year song books and all along up the courses—songs which use tones to produce melodies of finer cut than the great majority of those which now occupy even our best books.

The production of the Modern Music Series marked a step in advance in a very important direction:—namely, in the idea that the best thing for the child to have first in musical life is enjoyment from it, musical enjoyment from the singing; and the idea of beginning by rote singing of attractive songs is one which has been too long developing and gaining strength ever to be suc-

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cessfully set aside. All this rote singing is an excellent exercise for the ears and the musical memeory, and all the enjoyment obtainable in this way is entirely in line with the best development later. But it does not go far enough.

As said above, the two things upon which our great music depend are harmony and the feeling or continual transition of mood and intensity which characterize it. It is our failure to lay a proper foundation for this later culture which stands in our way in the school and all through life later. Of the many millions of piano students a very, very few ever rise to a real appreciation of the higher music; and of singers a still smaller percentage. And this for lack of training and because nobody has sown in them the seeds of expectation and mental attitude.

To appreciate great music musically, is to enjoy precisely those parts of the harmony where it diverges from the common road of the folks song. And to *feel* great music depends in part upon the development of the musical perceptions and in part upon that kind of an attitude of mind which permits one to realize within his own consciousness how the music is speaking to him —i. e., with what kind of accents, whether those of joy or sorrow; of peace or of rousing aggressiveness.

All the moods of music turn first of all upon the harmony. they have at foundation that fundamental difference between the mood of the major triad and the mood of the minor; then the somewhat more tense moods of the diminished triad and the augmented, both these being not only indispensable to emotional flexibility in the music, but affording many elements of beauty. Now these four varieties of chord formation are entities to be recognized off hand by ear, after suitable training, as just as to recognize hens, pigeons, fishes, and reptiles when one sees them.

Then there is also that other great chapter of harmonic expression depending upon the key-relation of the chords. A simple major triad heard without connection is one thing; the same triad may have at least three phases of mood according to its place in key. Not to go into particulars farther, it must suffice just now to say that the entire harmonic foundation of simple music involves the ability to perceive off hand the place of chords in key, and therefore the march of the harmonic succession, whether towards repose or away from it. And all this depends upon a systematic development of perception on the part of the

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hearer. Everybody has to learn this who ever attains unto it, saving a very small percentage of children who chance to inherit harmonic aptitude of this higher kind.

It would take me too far at this time to go into particulars as to the training necessary for developing these elementary musical perceptions in the lower grades of the school, or in the higher. Suffice it to say that by a systematic effort all this ground could be well covered, as a small incident of the music study, within the first grades, and the children having added this to their other exercise in hearing and enjoying music would be in position to receive from their later singing and instrumental study entirely higher and more precious benefits.

There is more in it than this. By way of motto to his great Phantasie in C major, Robert Schumann prefixed a motto, to the effect that "amid the varied numbers of Earth's many-colored dream, one tender tone may be heard by him who listens within." It is this listening "within" which is the habit underlying a true enjoyment of the higher musical art. And this manner of listening is precisely prepared by the more elementary habit of hearing the chords in their moods, whether determined simply (by their constitution as major, minor, etc.) or in secondary manner by their relations in key, and their march towards a higher and higher exultation, or their gradual subsidence into nirwana—repose. Both these ways of listening, that in which the inner feeling of the music is perceived by itself (major, minor, etc.) and to that in which something awakens within the listener as a result of the music passing through him, are mental states entirely one side the musical experiences of the church or school as we now have them; yet both are in a high degree of practical value and educative in the best sense. To throw light upon this question from an opposite standpoint, the farthest away from anything of this kind which is likely to be experienced, is the attitude of a congregation or a Sunday School jabbering through a Moody and Sankey hymn, or any similar combination of words and alleged music. The performance is as unmusical in its inner essence as it is possible to make it.

Moreover, if time served, I might go farther and deplore the fact of the church vulgarizing its influence in this way; or even take still higher ground and point out the quite certain fact that

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the attitude of mind in this inner listening to music is closely analogous to that in which spiritual truths are most easily re-received into the life with fruitful possibility. The church not only misses its music but it minimizes its religion—all in one act.

It would be quite tenable to point out the altogether probable fact that in the not distant future it will be found that even our best existing books of school songs do not go far enough in the direction of real music. And that by the use of still better material necessarily handled in the better ways implied in the discussion preceding, the school music will remain as attractive as now, even more attractive, because fuller of beauties, and that the education I have suggested will open to an increasingly larger and larger proportion of the school public the avenues to true and cultural enjoyment of music in its highest sense.

All this can never come from the mere observance of melody and the practice of singing occasionally in parts. The art of hearing music underlies the art of enjoying it in a true sense. This is the point. It means educated sense-perceptions and the mental attitude to hear and understand what the sense-perceptions have in them as messages to the soul.

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SCHOOL MUSIC LIBRARIES.

BY CAROLINE V. SMITH.

The up-building of a library is an important and serious matter in a community. The intellectual, social and moral atmosphere of a town is influenced largely by the books that are being read. A library is a many-sided institution, the artist and artisan, the scholar and student, every rank and occupation is sure to find something of special interest in a well conducted library. All classes of people are united in one common purpose in the book shelf—the uplifting of the individual is the uplifting of a people. Books are everybody's friends—they are the store house of the world—the great thoughts of all ages wait upon us —wait upon the humble and great alike.

Music is equally universal—opening her doors to everyone who will enter. To-day music is an essential element in the national, religious, social and intellectual life of a people. The service without music is unknown; every civil event of any importance demands music. But few events in everyday life are allowed to go by without music.

A well-selected school music library is of as much importance as one consisting of books. The inner life of the child is moulded as much by the song he sings as by the book he reads. "A school song in the heart of a child," says Phillips Brooks, "will do as much for his character as a fact in his memory, or a principle in his intellect."

Of what does the average school music library consist? As far as I am able to find out, of a set of school music readers for each grade, wherever music is regularly taught. Without supervision, I am afraid the condition is very much as it was in a twenty-five thousand dollar school building in which I taught this summer; there were one-half dozen copies of a well-known song book visible—and that was all we could find. The same building contained a well selected library of books—one of the best that has ever come under my observation.

It is, however, this discrepancy between the ordinary library and school music library that has caused me to investigate, and think seriously upon one of the possible difficulties in the teach-

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ing of music—and the tendency of modern music in general. Much is being said by the musical profession about the innovation of the two-step, the coon song, and other light musical literature. What is being done to replace this prevailing frivolity? How are the masses being guided in the selection of a better class of music? What are music clubs doing for the uplifting of the standard among the people? Where is the school music library?

The amount of musical literature with which the child actually comes in contact is very limited indeed. We are still in music where we were in reading several years ago—the one little primer being all sufficient, and the world of child literature practically closed to the children of our schools. Now a half dozen reading books—supplementary and otherwise are not unusual—the child learns to read by reading—he also learns to sing by singing. It would seem as if the next great step in extending the school music course would be to establish a suitable school music library. To supply each school not only with a set of music readers—which are all sufficient so far as text in sight reading is concerned—but to include such a book as Matthews' "Songs of All Lands," supplementary music leaflets containing music for special occasions, partiotic music, Christmas and harvest carols, folk-songs—in fact the best things that are being published should be added from time to time. At present, the list of orginal, well-edited music books for the school room is exceedingly small. In no form of music is the creative element so dormant as in school music. There are plenty of books, but many of them are compilations of hackneyed selections.

Such songs books as Mrs. Gaynor's "Songs of the Child World," and Tomlins' "The Laurel Song Book," are truly refreshing because of their originality.

For the lower primary grades an excellent list of books is available. The Board of Education should furnish the following—and others as they are published: "Songs of the Child-World," Gaynor; "Small Songs for Small Singers," Neidlinger; "Song Stories," Hill; "Nature Stories," Hill: "Child Garden of Song," Tomlins; "Song Echoes from Child Land," Ditson; "Eugene Field-De Koven Song Book," the primary grade is well supplied with abundant song material; the only thing remaining is to see to it that these books be found upon every book shelf of every primary school. I fear that we have been penny wise

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and pound foolish in supplying the primary, as well as other grades, with abundant school music material.

For the intermediate and grammar grades not many choice books are available. There is great need for better material in the grammar grades, at best a trying age in music. Exceeding care should be exercised in selecting material for the seventh and eighth grades both from the standpoint of voice and quality of text. I know of nothing better for the intermediate grades than "Songs of the Nation;" Cecilian Vol. II; "Songs of School and Flag," Rix; these might also be used in the grammar grade classes with the addition of Cecilian III and "The Academy Song Book." While the books mentioned are all excellent, there is a wide field for the future grammar grade song writer.

In the normal and high school there should be a complete set of one or two of the following: "The Laurel Song Book," Tomlins; "The Beacon Series," Vol. I, II; "The Academy Song Book;" "Songs of All Lands;" "Standard Collection of Songs," Parr; and for sight reading nothing is better than an old-time method, established by the author, Dr. George F. Root, in his "Paragon of Song." A well edited collection of college songs would not be out of place. There should be a carefully selected supply of standard choruses from the oratorios, operas, and songs as published in octavo form. These to be arranged for mixed, male and women's voices. No one book can include all that is desirable in a well-rounded school music course, nor can any one book keep up with the many excellent selections published right along. The Coda and Beacon series of pamphlets contain many choice selections for all grades—and a complete file of these should be found in each building. These editions, however, cannot include much that is valuable in other octavo publications. Some good cantatas ought to be available also.

A brief but far reaching list of books on musical literature, including biography, history, and aesthetics of music would be most helpful in awakening an interest in musical matters of a general character.

For the rural school there is not much at hand, the graded school music readers not being adapted to existing conditions in the average district school; there is a field here also for the future rural school music author. Such books as "The Golden Robin;" "Dainty Songs for Lads and Lasses;" "School Songs

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for Primary Classes;" "The Orville Brewer Song Collection;" "The School Harmonist," Ryan; the modern music primer each might find a place in the rural school.

A child passing through the grades may have a fairly good list of songs and exercises at command, but there are the natural limitations to a school music reader—the outlook is not broad enough. Much time is spent upon a rather brief musical repertoire; if there were more material at hand much more would be attempted. The musical horizon of the average normal and high school graduate is very limited—he has spent much time in the grade mastering a few simple facts, but is capable of doing far more than is ordinarily required.

The intermittent chorus practice period allowed in the high school makes it impossible to accomplish much that would be exceedingly gratifying. A daily choral practice and a fine musical library would accomplish wonders in the musical training of both normal and high school pupils.

Some one is saying, "Is this day dream possible?" Everything is possible in the school room! We place the limit in music as in everything else—if the outlook be broad and comprehensive we shall soon attain the end we are striving for.

It was my privilege several years ago to read a paper upon "The Song Element in the School Room." I also made at that time a strong plea for the American composer in the school room.

To-day, two books are published which are unsurpassed—"Songs of the Child World," and "The Laurel Song Book," both containing the best there is by American composers. The recently published modern music course is bound to raise the standard of the song element, and create a widespread interest in the presentation of school music.

Perhaps I may appear like other prophets, especially so in my own state, but I would not be surprised to see school music libraries extended within the next five years—simply because there is a demand for more and better music. I hope the time is not far distant when concerts for children may be more numerous—concerts at which the children may listen to the interpretation of children's songs by artists—concerts planned for children in which the instrumental and vocal music can be enjoyed.

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With a more adequate school music library, with more and better opportunities for hearing good music—it would seem an easy matter to make the highest and best music popular, both in the school room and home.

State Normal School, Winona, Minn.

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THINGS HERE AND THERE

GODOWSKY IN BERLIN.

The successes of Mr. Godowsky in Berlin, at his three recitals in October, was as remarkable as that of the previous year. He still retains the rather bad habit of making his programs very long; this is occasionally a strain upon less differentiated hearers, but it has the compensation of illustrating the genius of the player in a great variety of masterly directions. At his first recital, for instance, he played Beethoven's sonata, op. 81, the Brahms sonata in F minor, a lot of Chopin and so on.

The second opened with the Tschaikovsky sonata in G minor, followed by a charming Brahms number (rhapsody in B minor, scherzo in E flat minor), two of the Schubert-Liszt songs, the whole of the Kreisleriana of Schumann, and several lighter pieces, including his own arrangements of Henselt's "If I Were a Bird" and the "Invitation to the Dance" by Weber.

The third program opened with the Mendelssohn prelude and fugue in E minor, a piece which Mr. Godowsky plays to perfection; the Davidsbuendler of Schumann (which no one else plays so well), the Grieg Ballade, and six of his own studies after Chopin, including several of those which are still unpublished, yet exquisitely beautiful. The whole concluded with Balakirev's "Islamey." This program is of an unpleasant difficulty, the highly artistic and the most advanced virtuosity being mingled all through in so subtle a manner as to place the critic under an unusual difficulty in properly classifying it as a whole.

It seems to be pretty well established in Europe now that Mr. Godowsky stands not only in the front rank, but properly speaking at the very head of the procession of great pianists; and the best is that he richly deserves the position, by genius, industry and rare personal qualities.

"MARTHA" AT THE MUSICAL COLLEGE.

Ordinarily the performance of an opera by amateurs leaves much to be desired and criticism would be kinder unsaid; happily the performance of "Martha," recently given under the direction of William Castle by pupils of the Chicago Musical College, was a very different affair and is worthy of dignified consideration. The audience was large and friendly, but at the same time critical, and the general concensus of opinion was highly favorable. It is a rather strange coincidence in this connection that William Castle, under whose direction the opera was presented, appeared in the original production of "Martha" in America in Richmond, Va., in 1860. The solo parts at the more recent performance were admirably sustained and the ensemble had a distinct value in a chorus of fifty trained voices. Mrs. Lorraine Decker Campbell made a charming Lady Harriet, singing with brilliancy. Her rendition of the "Last Rose of Summer" was encored several times. The Nancy of Helen Prince had a freshness and vitality that was inspiring. She has a rich, deep voice that she

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uses in admirable fashion. She won honors modestly and wore them well. George Dameral made a success of Lionlel and has a voice of the true old time tenor quality, rather rare nowadays. Carl Cochems was a robust Plunkett with a deep voice to match. His natural voice is excellent and if sufficiently trained has great possibilities. Clifton L. Payden gave a good character representation of the finicky Lord Tristan. There was so much promise revealed in this performance on the part of the young principals that one really regrets this sort of talent usually will not linger long enough at study to thoroughly ripen for operatic services where they are so sorely needed. This performance of "Martha" was in very way creditable both to Mr. Castle and the Chicago Musical College, and it is to be hoped the same institution will follow the precedent so pleasingly established.

AN ORCHESTRAL WORK BY E. R. KROEGER.

At the sixth concert of the St. Louis Choral-Symphony concerts a new overture by Mr. E. R. Kroeger was given, concerning which the *Republic* says:

There is a strong temptation to assert that the most notable feature of last night's Choral-Symphony concert at the Odeon was the Ernst orchestra presentment of Mr. E. R. Kroeger's overture-pittoresque, "Endymion," based on Keats' poem, a truly poetic composition, which must surely tell to the high credit of the St. Louisan in the musical world.

This would be a dangerous assertion to make concerning last night's programme, because there were some very notable features in addition to the Endymion overture, which, I imagine, was not generally expected to be so genuinely good. And yet I hesitate not to accord Mr. Kroeger's composition the first place. It is a most worthy achievement. The composer of the overture seems to have entered so fully into the spirit of the poem, and the Keats' spirit is so ethereal and exquisite, as revealed in the Keats artistry, that this alone constitutes a lasting attainment on Mr. Kroeger's part.

The score which he has written is dainty and delicate to a degree. Its various motives are amazingly faithful to the theme, which he selected for treatment. The instrumental allotment is marked by this same loyalty to the poet's conception, the result being a composition of rare satisfaction to its hearers. And Mr. Ernst and his orchestra deserve the highest praise for their sympathetic study of the work. It did me good to hear the heartsome applause with which the Odeon audience announced a recognition of excellent achievement, Mr. Ernst himself joining in the applause. There was nothing to equal it during the entire evening.

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MINOR MENTION.

Mrs. Raymond Brown has introduced in New York classes for the musical instruction of those who wish to learn to enjoy music but do not care to distinguish themselves in playing. It is a worthy idea, and if the onus can be placed upon actually hearing what the music says and be kept there, and not befog the students with a lot of moonshine about the circumstances under which the composer wrote the piece, the story he is supposed to have intended by it, and the like (which confuse the issue by lugging in a lot of matter which has absolutely nothing to do with the case) there is no reason why such classes should not be much sought for.

At the same time we ought to remember that to properly and completely enjoy music is primarily a question of trained ears and a habit of listening quietly to what the ears report. This ability is more easily formed in childhood, when the habit of attending to sense-impressions has not been overcome by its opposite—namely, the habit of attending to trains of thought intently and of disregarding what we hear or see —in short, the ability to keep one's own mind concentrated, no matter what is going around about us. What one needs is both these abilities, that of hearing perfectly, and the other of thinking closely and not hearing. Now in music intent listening is the prime faculty upon which its rational enjoyment depends; hearing, and knowing what one does hear. At all events, Mrs. Brown's undertaking is more rational than to expect that every girl and boy may be obliged later on to earn a living by teaching the technique of the pianoforte or some other instrument. It is a step in advance.

* * *

Dr. Henry G. Hanchett, of Brooklyn, lately gave a lecture recital in Chicago before the Sherwood Music school, and as usual displayed rare powers of intelligent pianism. Later Dr. Hanchett took a tour through the south upon the same errand.

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Mr. Josef Hofmann had this year one of the best booked tours ever put up for an artist. Many times he played six times in a week, and never less than five times. The consequence is that within a reasonable period he will be on his way home to Berlin with a truly monumental deposit of American dollars to his credit. The best of it is that he deserves his success, playing uncommonly well.

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REVIEWS AND NOTICES

(From Arthur P. Schmidt.)

SONGS. By Margaret Ruthven Lang.

"A Thought."
"Out of the Past."
"The Hills of Skye."

Three very pleasing and available songs. The first, on words by Mr. John Vance Cheney, is well laid for mezzo soprano. The second is an alto song, remarkably well done. "The Hills of Skye" is, as one would expect, upon a Scotch model, and a melodious and pleasing piece it is; suitable for baritone or alto. These three songs deserve to be well known, for, while they do not display any important innovation, they are at least musical, singable, and inviting.

* * *

PIANO COMPOSITIONS. By St. Niewadowski.

Mazurek in A Minor.
Mazurek in F Major.
Melodie Romantique.
Capriccietto.
Serenade Slav.

These five pieces are much better than the most of new music designed for popular consumption. They show considerable seriousness, excellent musical qualities, are playable and suitable for the piano, and lie along in the latter part of the fourth grade and the fifth. The first two are practically mazurkas, but altogether unusual in style. The three latter are peculiarly valuable for teaching purposes, owing to the pleasing variety of running work, good harmonies, and so on. The Romantic Melody is naturally a nocturne, and capable of much expression. The Capriccietto has good running work, and its key is a useful one—A major. The Serenade Slav is a good study in syncopated rhythms, striking contrasts, and the like—in short, a new way of doing what used to be done in the form of Bolero; conducive to spirit in playing.

* * *

FOUR PIECES BY BOCCHERINI. Transcribed by G. Martucci.

Larghetto, E Minor.
Minuetto, D Major.
Presto, A Minor.
Ronda, D Major.

In nothing is the disposition of the house of Schmidt more notable than in trying to afford a great variety of novel pieces for all sorts of dilletante and professional use. These transcriptions by the Italian pianist are much in point. They display the neatness and musical quality to be expected from a good Italian or French pianist. In both these countries the average pianos are very light in tone and will not bear heavy playing. The public there is dainty in its musical taste, abhorring every sort of excess in music; indeed, going almost as far, as represented by one writer, who said that they regarded the performance of an entire symphony at a single concert as much the same kind of

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thing as a Kentucky barbecue, where they roast a whole ox in the presenec of those who later on will eat him. A barbaric profusion, they say. Boccherini had a nice name and certain things he did very nicely. He was not in the world-swim, at least not in the great depths along with the great German masters, but his famous Minuet is well known. These pieces transcribed by Martucci can be made interesting only by remarkably clean and picquant playing. The Larghetto is perhaps the most difficult of the lot, and it is indeed liable to be regarded as entirely too long for what there is in it. It is, however, an excellent study. The Minuet is pleasant, the Presto likely to be trying technically, if taken fast enough, and the Rondo a plain case of surviving into a generation which has forgotten the trick of the form. Whoever looks in these pieces either for Italian melody, in the sense in which Italian opera generally has it, or in the sense of the peculiarly sweet and well-sounding, will look in vain. But good touch, neat playing and bright rhythm will make these chapters out of a forgotten civilization welcome, even to concert hearers, as a relief from all this modern stuff where the unsayable seems to be the only inviting opportunity to the composer. That the pieces are handsomely printed goes without saying. It is expected from the house of Schmidt.

* * *

(From A. P. Schmidt.)

MOUNTAIN SCENES. By Charles Dennee. Op. 30.

In the Canon.
Arbutus.
Sprites of the Glen.
The Placid Lake.
Forest Sounds.
The Rainbow.
A Burro Ride.
Dance of the Gnomes.
Around the Campfire.

Nowadays the Muse is nothing if not poetical, and here is Mr. Charles Dennee, an experienced and pleasing writer of teaching music and other, with a new suite in quite the current manner— saving that he has not taken quite as much care as some to thin it out. The opening piece has little of the canon in its music, but call it prelude and there is nothing to say about it. It consists of some maestoso chord work and a middle part containing a serious melody. The Arbutus displays a disposition to twine in higher quarters than is usual with this rather retiring plant. It is in effect a gentle scherzo, in a sort of andantino movement—a scherzo verging upon a lullaby. Sprites of the Glen is a fast piece of right hand running work—very good exercise it will be in the fifth grade, for the middle part is quite difficult. The Placid Lake is a barcarolle in a rhythm which is rather new and not unpleasing. Forest Sounds is a little upon the style of Waldweben in "Siegfried;" with an important difference, that the light motion of sixteenths lies high in the treble. The Rainbow is in the key of G flat and when the melody arrives it proves to be set with what is sometimes called the "Scotch snap," the queer syncopation obtained by reversing the usual position of the sixteenth and the dotted eighth. This is followed by what is called "A Burro Ride," which strikes the present reviewer at least as partaking of the nature of libel on the burro. After this "The Dance of the Gnomes," which is a queer rhythm, written with one measure of 3-4 followed by two of 2-3, or more properly a rhythm of 5, played in half pulses. It is rather cleverly managed. The mountain scenes conclude with a sort of scherzo in quick movement. The work as a whole has points of interest and

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will be prized as teaching material by that quite too large class of teachers who believe that what is generally known as classical music is entirely too good for the average pupil. Besides, this sort of thing appeals also to the great world of the amateur—that mysterious quantity whose decisions are less to be foretold than those of a petit jury, and its judgments and likings full of potency for author and publisher.

* * *

(From Rohlfing's Sons.)

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT. Sacred Song. By D. Protheroe, Mus. Bac.

An effective and generally musical setting of Cardinal Newman's celebrated hymn, this time for baritone or contralto. The key is E flat, but by a curious and unfavorable choice the middle piece is placed in the key of D sharp minor, in place of E flat minor, which would have been both better for the singer and player and more nearly correct. It should find abundance of use.

* * *

SLEEP, LITTLE ROSEBUD. Lullaby. Music by Louis Campbell Tipton.

An extremely pleasing lullaby and as original as such a thing can be and still be agreeable. Likely to be popular.

* * *

SERENADE FOR VOICE AND PIANO. By Louis Campbell Tipton.

As pretty and bright as the preceding is sweet and comforting. Admirable. Well made and enjoyable.

* * *

PERSIAN LOVE SONG. By Richard Burmeister. Op. 6, No. 1.

A song upon the "book of verses and thou" which has appealed to the poetical heart from times long gone by. An original song, with considerable merit, for a baritone voice. Well suited to public performance.

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JOSEF HOFFMANN.

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MUSIC.

MARCH, 1902

CONCERNING INTERPRETATION IN ART.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. RENE THOREL.

A composer, like a dramatic author, has need of interpreters, and cannot, indeed, do without them; for the painter no such intermediary is necessary, at least when the place of his work has been established. It is good or bad, it pleases or it displeases; in one word the impression it produces is direct, while in music it is indirect, depending strongly upon the execution of the work. At this point the painting has a sort of superiority over music and poetry; a superiority appertaining to the material, but which, nevertheless, greatly facilitates the work of the artist. It is always an uncertain thing in matters of art to be obliged to employ intermediaries, and happy are those to whom this is not necessary, because their own will in that case acts directly; whatever they wish and intend, that they do. Those, on the contrary, who are obliged to transmit their will, their intentions, their thought, accomplish the work of becoming intelligible with great difficulty and hazard; very rarely, indeed, do they perfectly accomplish it.

The ill will of the interpreter, his total lack of artistic intention, the indispositions to which he is subject, are so many swords of Damocles suspended above the head of the composer or the dramatic author, and awaken in them a thousand difficulties before they can hope to present to the public a work worthy of favorable judgment. The judgment, then, of a musical or literary work, differs completely from the judgment of a picture; for instance, a painter who makes a fault in design or perspective is himself directly responsible, because he is his own sole master. While I imagine that the composer is not responsible for the false notes in his violin solo or for the "couac"

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in his melody for horn, nevertheless, the impression resulting from an imperfect execution may be bad, and the corresponding judgment of the work visited upon the author. Hence the important difference between the two words, "to perform" and "to interpret."

What then do we understand by these two words, "to execute" and "to interpret?"

Let us speak solely of the artist-musician, a pianist, for example, who wishes to play a nocturne of Chopin. (I take the name of Chopin because he is one of the composers concerning whom the word interpret is oftenest used, by reason of the extreme elasticity of the interpretation given his works. Chopin was of extreme sensibility; yet we experience scarcely twice in succession the same impression from a performance of one of his works.) Our performing artist places himself at the piano to play this nocturne, but how will he play it? Will he be content with coldly passing his fingers over the keys or will he cover his mechanism with a garland of roses? Will he play it, according to the current expression, "with feeling"? The whole story is here. In the first case the artist limits himself to playing simply the nocturne; with labor and perseverance all the world might accomplish this. In the second case he will have interpreted the very thought of Chopin (or at least will believe himself to have interpreted it, as we will see farther on). It is here only that he will show himself an artist. In any solo or role there are a multitude of intentions of the author which are but half indicated, of fugitive thoughts escaped before fully uttered, veiled, so that it is necessary to discover them and to try to bring them out without destroying their complexity. Artists alone can do this, because an artist alone can comprehend an artist.

For the majority of people the pianist who plays the piece or the actor who takes the role becomes by that act the interpreter of the role or the piece. Nothing is more false, and it can hardly be repeated too often that the actor and pianist (not to multiply examples) in most cases fail to translate the thought of the author, which is the true sense of interpretation. They content themselves with performing rather than of interpretating, since the latter word implies that the performer has brought his thought into unison with that of the author. Observe the

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wise words of M. C. Saint-Saens upon interpreters. They are in his very interesting little book, "Harmony and Melody."

"The public when it is present at a performance of an opera believes that it has been given the work as it really is; and it does not disquiet itself upon all the mediums, more or less transparent, which have interposed between it, the public, and the thought of the author. The thought in a majority of cases appears only as veiled and misrepresented; often it appears not at all. The interpreters are possessed of one single fixed idea; to make changes (improvements they call them) and to substitute their own creation for that of the author. The most illustrious have afforded examples. A very great singer teaches this principle regarding the making of nuances: 'Always follow the impulse of the musical phrase'. He takes as a model the phrase in the 'Hugenots:' *'Le danger presse, le temps vole, laisse-moi, laisse-moi, laissee-moi partir.'*

"The phrase begins in medium voice and rises progressively up to the high B flat, which sounds out shrilly at the 'laisse-moi.'

"Faithful to his principle, the professor indicates a long crescendo rising to fortissimo at the high note. Now the author had indicated precisely the contrary; after having attacked rather vigorously the first two 'laisse-moi' he marks a *piano* upon the third. This nuance is a find of genius. It is a most eloquent expression of the hesitations, the troubles which Raoul feels so well, in saying 'let him go' when he has no strength to tear himself away.

"They not only change the expression at this place, they change the rhythm; why stop with changing the rhythm? Why not change the notes? What of it if the author condemns all this?"

What is it then to interpret a work of art?

It is to bring it to life just as the author conceived it.

At the moment when the author conceived his work and got it finished, it was living in his spirit; its heart was part of his own life. It is necessary, then, that the artist who later on becomes an interpreter of this same work should try to put himself by imagination in the place of the author, and consequently give the work over again its own very life.

This moment of life, this single thought in the precise moment, is what the interpreter ought to force himself to sieze

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over again; all his faculties, his originality itself, ought to tend to this one single end. Like the point of the phonograph, which follows the thread which it had traced previously under the stimulation of the vibrations of a sound, the interpreter ought to follow the thread of sensations experienced by the author in the moment when he created the work in question. With the line of the phonograph a difference exists, that it is not possible for an interpreter to follow exactly the route indicated, while the sharp point of the needle follows precisely the thread previously traced without ever crossing it or blurring it. If the author has suffered in writing his work, the interpreter ought to suffer equally in trying to comprehend the work and penetrate deeply into the thought of the author. It is needful that he interpret even the very life of the author.

This is the ideal of interpretation which we never realize, which we never will realize, but it is necessary, nevertheless, to approach it as closely as possible. To try to apprehend the thought of the author and to neglect no possible means of arriving there. Such is the principle which practice must follow. I remember having heard the Berceuse of Chopin played in a hundred different manners, without ever having received an impression of art precise and characteristic. It seemed to me that it was not thus that I had imagined the work, when one day I heard this same work not simply played, but actually interpreted. It was a sensation of art absolutely exquisite; a strange and penetrating charm distilled from those light fingers, and, after the beautiful expression of a poet, "it was a heart which spoke." This time the work of Chopin lived truly, in its original manner; the executant interpreted it. (Chopin held in profound contempt those virtusosi who regarded their brilliant execution as merely an opportunity of showing off their fingers, such as Kalkbrenner, to whom the "divine charmer," then quite young, had come to ask whether Kalkbrenner would listen to him in his concerto in E minor).

After these general considerations it is necessary to ask what one ought to do in order to become an interpreter of a musical work.

Let us analyze.

Seated before his piano (if it is upon the piano that the artist begins) he commences by deciphering the work; then he makes

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himself familiar with it, finally he executes it. And it is only when he has overcome all the material difficulties of the work that one begins to study the interpretation. As the sculptor who chips off his block of marble before actually beginning to chisel it.

Up to this second part of the artistic analysis, the interpreter has had recourse to no other means than those purely mechanical; nevertheless, intelligence and sensibility do come in.

One ought even in executing to take account of the indications of the author (relative to nuances) and that scrupulously. In this way the artist acquires the broad lines of interpretation, such as those which form the body, but he must not content himself with these summary indications, but must add to his work I know what of subtlety, such as he has found out in his studies, and which his feeling alone will give him. He must discover and divine those indications which are invisible to the unpracticed eye, which, nevertheless, exist.

The interpreter ought then to listen to his heart. It is this that we comprehend when an artist interprets for us a work of art, because it is this only which brings to us the idea of a "work of art."

Art, which in reality is "one," although practically divided into branches, is precisely as M. Vincent d'Indy has said, "a medium of life for the soul." Art and the heart are intimately allied. The mind, like the white paper of the ancients, receives directly through the intermediation of the senses impressions from the external world. These sensations vary in expression and intensity with each individual; it follows necessarily that the thought which is the exact expression of this impression-sensation will vary in like proportion. Now, if thought itself varies, the conception of interpretation will vary and thus we are led to this principle: *For the same work the interpretation will be different with each individual.* More, it varies essentially for the same individual, even for the author himself, at two different moments of life and under the influence of varying exterior and interior circumstances.

In the beginning of this study I have pointed out the fact that the interpreter should identify his thought with that of the author.

In current language, one expresses this by the words, "trans-

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late the thought of the author." But this identity of two thoughts (interpreter and creator) is an ideal interpretation and consequently unrealizable by two beings not perfectly resembling each other, since in order to interpret a work with the very thought of the author it would be necessary to be the author himself, and even then the interpretation might differ from the first interpretation (that of the moment of creation) owing to changes in the thought and consciousness from external circumstances. Thought is common to all men as thought, but the thought attributed to each individual is reflected, varied with each accident of experience and environment.

In theory there ought to be for every work one single and authoritative interpretation, but in practice the interpretation of a work varies with each individual; examples are numerous to afford us proof. As I have already said above, the author of a work, Chopin, for example, would perhaps never interpret a work precisely alike several times in succession, because he would conceive it differently in two different moments; much more will this be the case with an interpreter. Such an artist will comprehend a work quite differently from another artist; he has a thousand manners of interpreting the same work. Some will tell us that there is and can be only one. Others will say that there is but one, and that the conception of the first performance; yet others will insist that the only true interpretation is that of the moment when the work was conceived. But this again belongs to that inaccessible domain of the "perfect," into which we can never rise. Certain performers deceive themselves with the idea that they interpret a work just as the author himself conceived it and played it; very likely they come as near as possible to the creative idea of the work, but it will never happen that they will arrive at positive identity with that. To do so would be a miracle.

Just as painters are always taking for models those flowers called "the despair of painters," so delicate and so beautiful are they. We try to copy nature, we often believe ourselves to have attained perfection, yet between the most perfect painting and the flower itself there is an immeasurable distance. So it is in the interpretations, which never reach the perfection of the original creative idea.

Just here we approach the delicate problem of originality in

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art. What is originality? Is it a fashion of seeing, individual and absolutely personal, which one unconsciously impresses upon whatever works one creates or which one interprets?

Originality is unconscious; it has its birth in sincerity, a very rare quality. It requires the ideas to be those of the artist himself. To copy the ideas of others is no longer to remain original. In practice it is necessary for one to be inspired by others, before one can create, because one cannot take something from nothing, but out of all the materials accumulated upon every side to take something for oneself, as the expression of one's own life and being. This is the true artistic originality.

In this sense absolute originality, properly so called, cannot exist in a work of art. But cannot we admit the idea of originality in an interpreter? In theory the creator of a work has the exclusive right of being original. The interpreter cannot graft his own originality upon that of the creator of the work which he interprets. In practice we are forced to admit, however, the possibility of this, as otherwise we necessitate his entirely disembarrassing himself from all his personal qualities.

M. Saint-Saens, in his curious and interesting book, "Souvenirs and Portraits," speaks of Rubinstein in these words: "His personality overflowed, and when he played Mozart, Chopin, Beethoven or Schumann, what he played was always Rubinstein. "Yet, for this," adds the author of the lines quoted, "one would neither praise nor blame him the more, because he could not do otherwise. One cannot ask the lava of a volcano to flow sweetly between its banks like the water of a river."

The illustrious author is right. Genius does not reason; it has to be itself, and is without power to regulate itself.

But all interpreters are not Rubinsteins.

In painting, in music, in literature—in short, wherever we have creation—we admit originality on the part of the author-creator, since the work depends upon him alone.

But we are stopped when we begin to speak of originality of interpretation; since if the creators have the right to put in their work whatever it pleases them to put there (what they cannot avoid putting there, since it is their own being which is coming to expression), it is not so with the interpreter; in bringing the same work to realization (interpretation) he cannot be permitted to add thereunto at his own pleasure and feeling, since

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in doing so he changes the originality of the author and gives us in place thereof his own originality. Consequently, in theory, an original interpretation cannot exist. But this fact, which is theoretically undeniable, is still contradicted in practice, and we are obliged to admit that original interpretations do exist, even when they are not intended.

That which intends to be original is almost never really so. True originality is unconscious, one may have it, one can never acquire it. If we are first of all sincere, our works will carry the mark of it; if we are original it will make this mark only the more apparent. A young candidate for the prize of Rome was asked which painters he preferred. "The primitive ones," he answered; "they at least were sincere."

If we undertake to transmit our sensations just as we experience them, without any lack whatever, we will then achieve a really artistic work, which will be much better than to try to produce effects, which are often false and at any rate imperfect. Not to force our talents, to be natural. This is the rule for practice.

Let us go back to what we were just now saying. Before all the interpreter ought to be an artist, and by this word I understand that in presence of the beautiful he does not remain unmoved, indifferent, but on the contrary receives an impression of art which he is driven to transmit. He ought to be endowed with an extreme sensibility, but his will ought to be firm and govern his nerves. He ought always to remain master of himself, yet without losing his means of action and of being paralyzed; this is the track. The interpreter ought to assure himself that he is merely the servant of the thought of the author whose work he interprets, consequently he ought to forbid himself rigorously from exercising the least fancy, if this is liable to impair the ideal interpretation, search after which ought to be his sole end and duty. His style, then, ought to be sure and classic. In fine, the interpreter ought to have a capacity of enthusiasm, but in such a way that his will always intervenes and dominates this enthusiasm to prevent its cheating us of the desired result. Like an improvisatore, who permits his fingers to glide over the keyboard, during hours guided by his imagination he gives rein to sonorities and drunken harmonies; and I know nothing more exquisite than such moments, when the

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soul alone seems to speak to the keyboard; there are unforgettable minutes when the artist is no longer upon earth, but soars in regions infinitely higher. But the improvisatore has to guard himself; if at the beginning of his improvisation he has not taken a plan, of which he will never for a moment lose sight, if he cannot control his imagination so that it will flow between banks already defined, but permits it to rush on unchecked like an impetuous torrent, he will soon finish by tiring out the hearer. His fugitive work will have no possible artistic value, and his fingers will have been the play of his imagination.

By definition an interpreter before a work of art ought to experience an impression; this will be necessarily interior, but this is not sufficient, because it is necessary for him to make this impression external before it can produce upon others the impression which the interpreter himself had.

The heart of the listener ought to be in union with that of the interpreter; it ought to vibrate in unison with his; the relation ought to be constant between the two hearts; in one word, the interpretation ought to be communicative.

"To hold his hearers under a charm," to "hang upon his lips," are current expressions marking this communication existing between the interpreter and his audience. But what is necessary before this can be realized?

Upon the stage, for instance, ought the actor to suffer with the personages of his role, or ought he merely to seem to suffer? This has been the subject of numerous arguments, and it is not permitted by us here to enter into so delicate a question. The solution more often given, I believe, is that he ought not to live interiorly in his impersonation, but ought to be content to give the illustration of experiencing such sentiments, such a living. Otherwise the artist would not remain master of the situation. This is perhaps true from the standpoint of the actor and in consideration of the great majority of actors, but for my part, and taking a purely artistic point of view, it appears to me that an actor in order to be truly artistic ought to live interiorly the impersonation with which he identifies himself.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, for example, in the act of torture in "La Tosca," or in "The Lady of the Camelias," does she undergo this indescribable suffering, even to the point of becoming completely insensible? At the precise instant when the actress suf-

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fers theoretically it is impossible to admit that she does not also suffer really. It is evidently a nervous effect, which disappears almost instantaneously, but is not less true, it seems, that participation in the feelings of the role exists for the interpreter. This is evidently the privilege of born artists, who, while overtaken instantaneously by a deep emotion, still remain masters of themselves and are able to throw off the emotion at the moment their will directs. These are the true high priests of art. I know very well that under the strain of impersonating the same role every evening for a long time in successions one ends by playing a piece and not by interpreting a role; sensibility evaporates, and sensation becomes a habit; it is even certain that after about five hundred representations of the same role it is no longer a question of art, as upon the first evening. Still, this is not always true, for it often happens under the influence of some exterior stimulus that the actor plays the role with more passion than ever.

We thus come to speak of two influences of great importance, which operate upon the interpreter—environment and temperament.

"We ought to return to the Greeks," said Mme. Elenora Duse to one of the editors of the 'Contemporary Review,' and play in the open air. The drama dies of the parquet, the boxes, the evening dresses, the men who come to the theatre in order to digest their dinner." Nothing is more true, because nature is an influence salutary and considerable upon interpreters. The surroundings, the frame, have an influence upon them. What a difference between the Passion that the peasants play once in ten years at Oberamergau in the open air, and that which they play during the holy week upon the stages of crowded theatres, and how different was the effect in the Odeon of the splendid "Dejanire" from that which M. Saint-Saens had shown us in the arenas at Bequiers.

There the decoration was real and vast. The actors were set in a frame appropriate and ample, while the sky was formed by the azure of the south with its sun of fire. Here the trees were of wood and the lights artificial. We breathed poorly in the restricted space and bad air of the theatre. To-day they are trying more and more to build back upon nature in adjusting a stage picture, and they take infinite pains. The least details

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are studied. Here when an actor has to eat upon the stage he eats a pasteboard fowl, or else the illusion is replaced by reality and the actor makes an excellent repast upon the stage. This is pure realism which cannot do otherwise than increase from day to day. Had not some one an idea these three or four years back, of performing Saint-Saens "Danse Macabre" in the catacombs? Let us limit ourselves, then, to pointing out that the frame and surroundings have a great influence upon the actor, upon interpreters, as also upon authors, poets, musicians, painters, etc., who find their inspiration in impressions received from their surroundings.

Everybody knows the story that one evening as Liszt was about to play the light suddenly went out. Some one sprang to relight it. Liszt spoke: "Let no one make the light, and let us cover the fire, that the obscurity may be deeper." Then, after a moment of silence, he began to play the "moonlight" Adagio of Beethoven. Out of the darkness this noble elegy awakened. It was the shade of Beethoven himself, invoked by the artist, who spoke to us with his grand and commanding voice. Each one heard in silence and long after the last note silence still prevailed. We wept.

I fear I do wrong to call the attention of our artists to this poetic story, where the stage setting has so much to do.

To this influence of the surroundings, we are to add that of temperament. Wholly interior is this and vastly more important. Often overcome by an invincible sadness you place yourself at the piano to play a nocturne of Chopin. You never have the idea of playing in place of something from the "Divine Dreamer" the overture to "Carmen," I suppose?

At another time, on the contrary, the need is for laughter, for gayety; then far away be melancholy thoughts and measures! But if certain impressions are fleeting in their influence upon our sentiment, others are permanent. Some of us are sad naturally, others see life and its miseries fantastically as in a prism. From the point of view of interpretation these diversities of temperament are capital and have a most important influence. A delicate and refined soul interprets Chopin or Schumann better than Wagner. This is the reason why women often interpret these authors with so much charm.

Others, on the contrary, will be good interpreters of Bach;

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their sensibility is perhaps less developed, they are accustomed to the difficulties of counterpoint and appreciate as *connoisseurs* the powerful work of the great Sebastian, for interpretation belongs to all of music, be it sentimental or be it severe.

There is yet another element. When a painter has to make a portrait he first of all makes a careful study of the personality of the sitter; then he decides the pose and the main character to be brought out in the picture. Later he studies the minor traits of the character and selects certain ones for reinforcement and others for repression, in the interests of making the portrait more ideal and becoming. The caricaturist goes farther. He exaggerates certain unfavorable lines and features and suppresses others. The conception of the real painter, however life-like, is still an interpretation. That of the caricaturist is a perversion, although still retaining enough of the traits of the original to make the likeness unmistakable. Something like this often takes place in the interpretation of a musical work.

But to cut short a discussion already perhaps too long, let it be said that all interpreters are, despite themselves, more or less original. True interpretation, then, must arise from a sincere study of the work to be interpreted, in which the personality of the student must be kept quiet and unaggressive. The thought of the composer is the sole safe guide; yet this thought as conceived by an artist—i. e., by one who in the presence of the beautiful experiences this divine inspiration to communicate it to others, and in doing this, no matter how conscientiously, there will nevertheless and inevitably enter in elements of his own, which will give the interpretation an original character.
Le Nouvelle Revue.

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AN IDEA FOR EAR TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

BY BLANCHE DINGLEY.

The following succinct statement of what I think ought to be the scope and character of early music work with children is prepared in response to many requests. As said in the interview formerly printed I begin my ear-work with harmony. I hold that any child who is not positively unmusical, particularly if already in school, is able to hear melodies and to sing them correctly after hearing them. All their early singing in school is done in this way. This involves their being able to recognize the place of the tones in the scale as soon as they have learned the scale; and they will easily learn to note down the melodies they can remember. They also learn more or less of the expressive feeling of tones in key, many teachers of children using the tonic sol-fa syllables and descriptions, of sol as the strong tone, fa as the solemn tone, la as the sad tone, etc. Experience shows, however, that pupils may have all this and yet never pass over the line from the simplest folks' enjoyment in music to that belonging to high art. And for the plain and excellent reason that high art in music turns upon the harmony. New and significant character is given scale tones by an unexpected harmonization; and in general the refined harmonization of an art-melody is altogether different from and superior to that of the vulgar song.

Therefore I begin at once with harmony, and this with the most radical distinction which exists in music; the fork of the roads whence everything diverges. Major and minor as effects and as moods, are the first things to be distinguished with unfailing accuracy. This is not easy for a child; many advanced students cannot do it with certainty, although the fact reflects upon their teachers rather than upon them. I have spent six lessons consecutively before the child had become accurate and unfailing in this distinction. As mentioned before, what I am after is a *feeling* for these effects, so that the pupil answers them instantly upon hearing, by feeling and not after reasoning and reflecting upon them. When this distinction is perfect we add the diminished and augmented triads. And these also we in-

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troduce until they are heard as certainly as the major and minor. I have thought seriously of beginning this work with the minor mode, because in the minor mode we have all four of the triad varieties, and the harmony is so much more varied and sensitive. I have never yet tried it in this way, but I believe it would have several advantages.

When these distinctions in triads are mastered we find out how many triads of each kind there are in a key, and upon which degrees triads of each kind stand. This work, so far from reducing itself to empty statistics, proves interesting and is of use later on.

The next step is to begin to develop the sense of place in key —not for single tones as such, but for chords. What I am after is to prepare the child to feel the pull and the drive of musical harmonies. This part of the work occupies many lessons—a part of each lesson. What I desire is that in the end any succession of chords in key, six or seven in number, will be heard correctly and the chords named by numbers (1, 3, 6, 4, etc.) after one hearing, played at the rate of about a chord a second. The whole muscial value of the work turns upon getting down into the child's consciousness, so that she will hear it instantly and answer as quickly. It is no more than students of zoology do who identify all the usual animals upon sight, without having to reflect. Some of the harmony pupils I meet, who cannot distinguish by ear one chord from another, remind me of young people who have been brought up upon a farm and yet are unable to identify the most usual animals without taking a day off to reflect. Chords in key have characteristic effects which, while internal, are nevertheless as solid and certain as the qualities which justify a student in naming off-hand such usual animals as the dog, pig, cat, rabbit, hen, sheep, etc. An intelligent farm boy does not need to take his dictionary with him when he goes afield in order to identify what he sees. Yet harmony pupils often do. It is a bad sign.

Rhythm is one of the most vital qualities in music. We begin with this also at the beginning. All the elements, the pulsation, the measure, the large measure, the divided pulses, are taken up and mastered by ear. My system for doing this part of the work has not yet been so completely worked out as that for harmony; but I find that by using Dr. Mason's system

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of "rhythmic tables" (playing quarters, eighths, and so on up to thirty-seconds in succession at the same speed), we arrive at the easy conception of fast running work and an easy way of playing it, such as I have never seen accomplished in any other way.

Above all things I try to establish the principle of rhythmic playing, by which I mean not simply "keeping time," but also intelligent and flexible rhythm; and this is the great point of failure, to have the rests felt as truly as the notes. The silent pulse plays a great part in music. As one teacher used to tell me: "Remember, young lady, that your *not playing* is often just as effective as your playing." It might have been taken unfavorably, but was not so intended.

I have been asked whether I employ the sol-fa names for the chords, the chord of do, re, etc. I have done so, but immediately that we come to the minor we find ourselves obliged to call the key-note do, while in sol-fa parlance it is actually la. Upon looking into this question more carefully, I have come to the conclusion that the sol-fa names are names of melodic effect, and of melodic effect alone. All the tonic sol-fa characterizations of the expressiveness of tones in key are predicated upon unaccompanied melody alone, or upon melody harmonized in the simplest ways. Immediately that an art-harmonization begins, these colors are modified or disappear. Therefore I am now using the numeral names and not those of sol-fa. Moreover, this brings us out right in the minor mode, where the key-note, although la from the sol-fa side, is very strongly *one* from the harmonic side. In fact it is impossible to teach a satisfactory hearing of the effects of the minor mode if we retain the sol-fa names, the names contradicting the effects at every point.

Intelligent work with children includes also three other very important branches. They are the (1) reading, (2) the keyboard facility, and (3) interpretation. Of the first two I will not now enlarge, except to say that I do not retard reading or keyboard command in accomplishing the ear-work above outlined. On the contrary, the finger command I believe fully up to the standard and reading comes in time and with practice. There remains the most important and most neglected part of all, interpretation.

I hold that what artists call "interpretation" is a part of

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music which must be taught. It has principles which must be observed. There cannot be any good playing of a single piece without it, except as the piece has been rubbed in upon the pupil by the teacher, note by note and measure by measure. Such an interpretation soon fades out and after years of lessons the pupil remains often as incompetent to make an original study of a piece as at the beginning. This is the fault of the instruction and of the teacher. There are things which can be taught and must be taught; and the pupil must arrive at the place where, upon hearing the teacher play a passage after her, she is able to say in what respects the teacher's playing was better or worse than her own; and to point out the qualities which her own playing had lacked. She then goes to work like an artist to add to her playing the missing somethings.

Every piece is a mood; a long piece perhaps a cycle of moods. There is always one ruling mood. All interpretation governs itself by the laws of beauty—the principles of unity, symmetry and variety. Unity turns on seizing the right mood at the first and never losing it; variety, upon local color; symmetry, upon balance between unity and variety. These principles are not empty names to confuse a child. They mean qualities which the child appreciates as soon as they are pointed out. They apply to the very first musical piece the child plays; they apply also to the very highest pieces she ever advances to study.

This part of my work naturally turns upon purely musical qualities, many of them unnamed, although well known to artists, so that I do not find myself able to fully explain in words their reach and importance. But I have gone far enough to be quite sure that this point is one of the most important influences upon the pupil taking her music seriously and her going on to higher and higher advances in the world of art. At another time I may be able to enlarge upon this part of the work.

What I desire in the end is complete pianistic art; to have it musical, intelligent, sensitive and strong. I am trying to lay a foundation for playing the greatest master works later on.

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PIANISTS OF THE PAST.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS BY THE LATE CHARLES SALAMAN.

(Concluded.)

After Mendelssohn it seems natural to speak of William Sterndale Bennett, our greatest English composer of instrumental music, and one whom even musically exclusive Germany has delighted to honor. I first remember him as a youth, not yet nineteen years of age, conducting a MS. Symphony in A of his own at a concert of the then recently founded Society of British Musicians, of which most of the budding, as well as the matured, native composers of the day were members. This was on January 5, 1835, and the concert was under the "immediate patronage of the King, William IV, and the Princess Victoria." Besides Bennett's Symphony, the new works included a scena from the gifted John Barnett's beautiful opera, "The Mountain Sylph," a scena of my own, and an MS. overture, "The Merchant of Venice," by George Alexander Macfarren, then a brilliant young man of twenty-one, destined to fame and honor, whose close friendship I enjoyed from 1833 until his death in 1887.

I made young Bennett's personal acquaintance in connection with this long since defunct society, devoted at first to the exclusive performance of the works of native composers; and, later in that year, 1835, I was present at his memorable *debut* as a pianist at the Philharmonic, when he played his beautiful Concerto in E flat. At the rehearsal he had been very warmly received, and the members of the orchestra themselves demonstrated their appreciation and sympathy in a marked way, the young musician's boyish appearance and modest manner enhancing the general interest in his remarkable achievement. A Philharmonic rehearsal in those days, owing to the select and critical audience, was no light ordeal for a *debutant,* but Bennett passed through it with fiying colors. At the concert itself his splendid performance was greeted with vociferous applause. He was at once recognized as a musician of most promising genius, whose Concerto was a masterly work in the classic school

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of Mozart and Hummel, yet thoroughly individual, while its rendition revealed him a pianist of a very high order. While he had imbibed the best traditions from his master, Cipriani Potter, he seemed to me to have formed his style of playing on that of John Cramer; it was, therefore, like his music, pure and classic, with all the grace, refinement and tenderness inherent in his nature. He had considerable powers of technical accomplishment, and his touch was most clear and delicate. People talked of him as a "second Mendelssohn," but he stood by himself, an English musician of original and classic genius. Bennett's fame grew steadily, but added distinction—university professorship, honorary degrees, knighthood—made no difference in his simple, unassuming manner. Conductor of the Philharmonic for many years, and a frequent concert-giver, he was an assiduous and excellent teacher of the pianoforte, while his academic influence was exerted always for the good of the musical art in this country. Bennett was ever a busy worker. I have a letter from his dated August 28, 1848, in which he said he had "scarcely ten minutes in a week" for his own pleasure. I met him for the last time a few weeks before his death, and it pained me to find my old friend so feeble and shaky. Representing the Royal Society of Musicians, I followed him to his grave in Westminster Abbey on February 6, 1875, and felt that Sterndale Bennett was worthy to lie beside Purcell and Handel.

Back again to the thirties, to summon my reminiscences of Sigismund Thalberg, one of the most charming musicians I have ever known, one of the greatest pianists I have ever heard. It was in '36 I became acquainted with him, the year he came over to astonish and delight the expectant London public, already roused to curiosity by the reports which had travelled from the Continent of the striking individuality and extraordinary powers of the new pianist. His popularity in this country was soon assured, and he and his music became the fashion. Handsome, talented, brilliant, Thalberg was the musical lion of that season, and he supported the position with unfailing personal charm, and without affectation of any kind. The natural son of a prince, he had that simple and unassuming courtliness and dignity of manner one associates with the idea of a prince, together with the natural *bonhommie* and magnetic sympathy of the artist. I shall never forget how, one night in the sum-

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mer of 1836, at a jolly gathering of artists at the house of a common friend, when dancing was proposed, Thalberg, without any assumption of the celebrated *virtuoso,* genially sat down at the piano to play the dance music—together with De Beriot, a prince among violinists. That occasion is particularly impressed upon my memory, because I had the pleasure of dancing to such unusual musical accompaniment, a quadrille with that most exquisite of singers and most fascinating of women, Maria Malibran, whom, as Maria Garcia, a *debutante* of seventeen, I had first seen and adored in Meyerbeer's "Il Crociato in Egitto" on my earliest visit to the opera in 1825. Alas! before the end of the year my gifted partner in that memorable quadrille was dead.

I saw a good deal of Thalberg in London in 1836, and conceived a great admiration for his talents and his personality. Consequently, when in October, 1838, after a month's sojourn in Munich—where, by the way, at the Konigliches Hof und National Theatre I had played before the King of Bavaria, in addition to Mendelssohn's G minor Concerto, Thalberg's "Les Huguenots" Fantasia—I made my pilgrimage from the Bavarian capital to musical Vienna—three days and nights' constant *eilwagen* traveling in those days—I was glad to fulfill a promise to visit Thalberg. He was then living at the palace of his father, Prince Moritz Dietrichstein in the Wahringer-Gasse; and I remember that the Hausmeister, a most imposing person, almost made me tremble when, on my innocently inquiring for "Herr Thalberg," he thundered out the correction, "Herr von Thalberg," and gave me a look of withering contempt for my ignorance—an incident that tickled the humor of his master when I related it. I found Thalberg at his piano, an Erard grand, and most genial and charming was the welcome he gave me. After a delightful chat I drew him again to the piano, and he played to me as only Thalberg could play. He was thoroughly in the mood and gave me of his very best. Besides several compositions that were familiar to me, he played some new Studies, and a charming Nocturne he had just written, a copy of which he presented to me with a friendly inscription. I found these new works as brilliant and melodious as the earlier ones, and as strongly marked with those special characteristics which belonged to Thalberg's individuality. Per-

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haps brilliancy and elegance were his chief distinguishing qualities, but of course he had much more than these. He had deep feeling. This I particularly realized that day I spent with Thalberg in Vienna. His playing quite enchanted me; his highly cultivated touch expressed the richest vocal tone, while his powers of execution were marvellous. Nothing seemed difficult to him; like Liszt, he could play the apparently impossible, but unlike Liszt, he never indulged in any affectation or extravagance of manner in achieving his mechanical triumphs on the keyboard. His strength and flexibility of wrist and finger were amazing, but he always tempered strength with delicacy. His loudest fortissimos were never noisy. His own compositions, which he chiefly played in public, enabled him best to display his astonishing virtuosity, but to be assured that Thalberg was a really great player was to hear him interpret Beethoven, which he did finely, classically and without any attempt to embellish the work of the master. Of course I was full of Beethoven in Vienna, and Thalberg sympathetically humored me. When we had had our full of music, Thalberg suggested a stroll through the city, and a most delightful and instructive cicerone he proved, full of interesting anecdote and information. I considered myself lucky to be introduced to Vienna by so congenial and cultured a companion.

It is, I believe, the fashion nowadays to speak of Thalberg as an overrated composer, and even to question his claim to the highest rank as a pianist. But, though Chopin in his own day, ignoring their intrinsic merits, may have regarded Thalberg's compositions as "mere virtuoso music," Mendelssohn, on the other hand, had a most sympathetic admiration for him as a composer and executant. And, after all, Chopin, it is said, felt coldly towards the pianoforte works of the great Schumann! I remember the late Prince Consort, one of the most accomplished musical amateurs I have ever met, a charming pianist, and a critic of fine taste, asking me, one morning at Buckingham Palace in 1841, while I was still at the piano, if I played Thalberg's music, and on my responding with the Nocturne in D flat, the Prince spoke most enthusiastically of the composer and his wonderful playing. Next time I met Thalberg I pleased him greatly by telling him this. He was one of those who *did* put

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his trust in princes—when they knew what they were talking about.

But let me return to Vienna in 1838. In those days it was a kind of musical Mecca, still redolent of personal associations with the great prophets of music, Mozart and Haydn, Beethoven and Schubert. The very first acquaintance I made there, on the first day of my arrival, was Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, the second son of the immortal composer. I had brought him a letter from his venerable mother—the "dear Constance," whom Mozart had so passionately loved, and who now, a widow for the second time, and nearly eighty years of age, was living with her sister, like herself a short, thin, but very bright and active old lady, at Salzburg. I had been recently visiting her, and reveling with a peculiarly sentimental fascination, in her reminiscences of her illustrious first husband—a second, after *such* a first, rather stuck in my throat!—and her cousin, the immortal Carl Maria von Weber. I still preserve the words Mozart's widow wrote in shaky manuscript in my diary. Her son called on me in the morning at the Hotel Stadt Frankfort, and I must confess I experienced a thrill when this familiar name was announced. A middle-aged, shabbily dressed man presented himself, and I need hardly say that the son of Mozart received an almost reverential greeting at my hands. But he was a disappointing person; his musical talents were not of a very high order, yet, bearing the illustrious name he did, much more was expected of him, and his career was accordingly unsuccessful. In my enthusiasm I said to him, "How proud you must be to be called Mozart!" But his answer disillusioned me. "Well, it has been rather an injury to me." It was a bitter truth. If the son had not been a musician, the father's fame would have been a glorious legacy; as it was, it overwhelmed him.

A few days after this meeting I was invited to meet Robert Schumann at dinner at the house of Johann Baptist Streicher, the famous maker of pianofortes. Schumann, who was then twenty-eight years of age, had just arrived at Vienna from Leipzig, and was lodging in the Schonlatern-Gasse. He was in hopes of finding in the Austrian capital a wider appreciation for his critical journal, the "Neue Zeitschrift fur Musik;" his musical compositions were not at that time very widely known, and he had not yet been recognized as one of the greatest and

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most original of creative musicians. The dinner at the Streichers' was of an unceremonious character, early in the afternoon. We were a small and select party. Mozart's son was also present. Schumann appeared shy and reserved, as I believe he always did in company, and I do not recall anything specially remarkable in his conversation to indicate the man of genius, though I fancied that in such a clever-looking head there must be "that within which passeth show." Mozart's son was certainly not brilliant as a talker, and he impressed me, more even than when we were alone together, as an unhappy, discontented man. Schumann and I had some sympathetic chat about our mutual friend, Sterndale Bennett, whose gifts he admired, and whom he had just left, studying and writing hard at Leipzig. The general talk turned chiefly, as far as I remember, upon Schumann's musical journal and its chances in Vienna, the vagaries of popular taste, and the difference in the mechanism of Viennese pianos from that of instruments made in London and Paris, the former being much easier to play upon. This conversation led to an adjournment to the pianoforte salon, where we were shown several fine new instruments, and it was suggested by Streicher that Schumann, Mozart and I should each select one of these, and severally improvise upon a given theme. I proposed Haydn's "God Preserve the Emperor," the national hymn of Austria, and in the best of humors we three sat down at the pianos we had chosen. Schumann, who had by this time thrown off something of his reserve, fell in with the playful spirit of the experiment, and began the performance with the melody pure and simple, afterward executing an extempore variation. Mozart and I followed with our impromptus; then we three played the glorious tune in concert, indulging in variations *ad libitum*. After this irregular trio, we were each called upon for a solo. Schumann played an unpublished study of his own; but, although the composition and its interpretation interested me, I cannot remember in his playing any special quality of touch or other characteristic, even allowing for the injury to the third finger of his right hand, which had caused him some years before to relinquish the hope of making a career as a public pianist.

Another interview of special interest to me during my visit to Vienna in 1838 was with the kindly and much esteemed Carl

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Czerny, whose music I had often played in public, and whose acquaintance I had made during his stay in London the previous year. I called on him one day, and found him with a black skull-cap on his head, standing, pen in hand, at a high desk on which was a copious supply of music paper, a good deal of it already covered with his manuscript. But busy as he evidently was, he readily left his work to greet me, and we were soon deep in talk. One who had been the pupil of Beethoven, and experienced the almost paternal affection of that great man, had studied with Hummel and with Clementi, had been the teacher of Liszt, was indeed a man worth listening to. He talked of Hummel, and a great deal of Beethoven and of his wonderful powers of improvization and the effects he could produce by it; while, going to his piano, Czerny gave me several illustrations of the master's readings of his own works. This was a special pleasure to me and a valuable one. Although Czerny had long given up performing in public it was most gratifying to me to hear him touch the instrument, the resources of which his method of teaching, evolved from the principles of Clementi, had done, and was yet to do, so much to develop. Czerny's countless compositions and arrangements, fashionable as they were in those days, have long since lost their vogue, but his "Exercises" must go to the making of every pianist, for they show the way to the true *technique* of pianoforte playing. Czerny was the busiest of musicians, for, in addition to his own constant labors as a teacher, he was the most prolific producer of almost every kind of music for the popular market. By incessant practice he had acquired an extraordinary rapidity of composition, and he could write music as fast as he could conceive it. I have before me now an MS. Andante in D flat, covering ten lines of music paper, which he wrote impromptu for me in seven minutes! I timed him with my watch as he was doing it, and it is quite a graceful *morceau*. He inscribed this: "Mr. Salaman, Esq., by Charles Czerny," and it is dated "Friday, 5th of October, 1838, Vienna."

And now a jump of ten years brings me to my meeting with the great and lovable Frederic Chopin, and the only occasion on which it was my good fortune to hear that inspired composer and enchanting pianist. This was on June 15, 1848, when Chopin, who was then visiting London, gave a *matinee musicale*

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at 99 Eaton Place, the house of my friend, Mrs. Sartoris—the brilliant Adelaide Kemble, whose charming society I had lately been enjoying during my residence in Rome. At that time Chopin's music, now at the mercy of every schoolgirl, was not very much known in England. It was rarely heard in a concert-room—indeed, it was only five years before that a piece of his first appeared in a public progrom in London. How vividly I recall his slight, feeble figure at the piano, and his long, thin fingers as they moved over the keyboard! His pale, interesting face bore unmistakable signs of the illness which for so many years had been wearing his life away, and was to kill him in the following year; but, when he began playing, there was no longer the look of the suffering invalid, for the expression quickly changed, and I only saw the dreamer, the lover, the poet, the artist, for I was hearing all four. I retain a very live impression of the most delicate and refined touch, and perfectly exquisite expression, for Chopin was not merely a dreamer of dreams and a creature of romantic fancy and emotion, but a sincere artist, with whom the right, the exact form of expression was as important as the feeling or idea to be expressed. I was spell-bound by the wizard power of Chopin over mind as well as feeling. On the occasion of which I speak he performed exclusively his own music—some of the Nocturnes, Mazurkas and Etudes, the lovely "Berceuse," and I particularly recall the Waltz in D flat. In spite of all I had heard of Chopin's *tempo rubato,* I still recollect noting how precise he was in the matter of time, accent and rhythm, even when playing most passionately, fancifully and rhapsodically. After the performance I was presented to Chopin, but he appeared so thoroughly exhausted that, with a few words of enthusiastic appreciation and sympathy, I thought it kinder to leave him. Talking seemed a painful effort to him, and his feebleness was so obvious that I could quite understand his having to be carried up and down the stairs. However, I bore away with me an indelible impression of one of the most lovable and romantic figures in the history of music, and certainly one of the most original geniuses.

Another of the creative pianists whose memory lives charmingly with me was Stephen Heller, whose acquaintance, however, I did not make until a much later date. This was the Ex-

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hibition year, '62, when he came over from Paris on a visit to London. We met first in the shop of one of the music publishers—I forget which—and at once the chord of sympathy was struck between us. I recall Heller as a tall, thin man of distinguished appearance, nearly fifty years of age, with a serious, rather sad, expression of face, and a gentle, genial manner, whose unaffected conversation revealed wide culture and a simple, sympathetic and highly sensitive nature. He was, in fact, a genuine artist and a true gentleman. When I visited him at his lodgings, 1 Upper James Street, Golden Square, we soon found ourselves at the piano, exchanging musical confidences. Heller played with a delicious touch and rare sensibility some of his own compositions, of which I had always been a practical admirer, and then he pressed me to take his place at the instrument and respond with some of my own pieces. He could not stand the bustle of London life—he was too sensitive for it. Stephen Heller's retiring nature caused him at that period rather to shrink from public performance as a pianist, and his appearances at concerts in that capacity were comparatively few and far between. A very pleasant memory always for me, therefore, will be his cordial acceptance of my proposal that he should play, together with Charles Halle, Mozart's Concerto in E flat for two pianos at the Musical Society of London's concert on April 30, 1862. It was a truly classic performance, and one not easy to forget. The charming cadences in the Allegro and Finale were of Heller's composing. Halle's playing, usually rather cold in its classical purity and accuracy, seemed to borrow some of Stephen Heller's warmth and sympathy and to be the richer for the loan. Halle always finely understood the musical classics, if he did not always seem to show that he felt them through his temperament. The rehearsal for this concert was memorable for the presence of the veteran Meyerbeer, who came specially to hear the rehearsing of the "Pieta" from his opera "Le Prophete," and was in a charming mood. He had quite a galaxy of eminent musicians in London that season of 1862. Besides Meyerbeer and Stephen Heller, I remember there were Verdi and Thalberg, and, I think, Auber.

I have always considered Ferdinand Hiller the last of the great German classic school of pianists and composers. He was

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the pupil of Hummel, and, as a boy of sixteen, I believe he, in company with his master, saw Beethoven on his deathbed, when the feud between these two musical giants was pathetically ended. What an incident for an impressionable boy to remember all his life! I had first heard Hiller at the Philharmonic about 1852 or 1853, and had corresponded with him in the early sixties, when I arranged for the first performance of his Symphony in E minor, which he dedicated to the Musical Society of London, but I did not make his personal acquaintance until '71, when he came to London and gave some concerts. He was a stout little man, with a fine intellectual head, and even if I had not been convinced of it through his works, I think I should have recognized him for a great man. Apart from his musical genius and fine culture, moreover, he was to me a specially interesting personality on account of his intimate friendship with Mendelssohn, Schumann, Spohr and Chopin, about whom we would compare personal notes. I found his conversation thoroughly congenial, while on musical matters we were quite in sympathy. Conservative of the best traditions inherited direct from the masters, he was yet justly accessible to claims of novelty and originality as long as these were not at variance with the classic principles of the musical art. Too intellectual to be superficially impressionable, Hiller had a high ideal of beauty, with a classic standard of accomplishment, and, remembering his dislike of the merely clever, and the horror of the ugly, I can fancy how he would writhe at the ingenious cacophonies achieved by some of the very modern composers in their struggles for novelty. Ferdinand Hiller's pianoforte playing had exquisite delicacy and the special charm of a pure legato style. His rendering of a fine Concerto of his own was quite in the grand manner of his master, Hummel, while nothing could have been more delicate than his playing of his elegant "Ghasiles," or more charming in its variety of significance than his performance of his delightful duet series, the "Operetta ohne Text"—this with, I think, Madame Schumann, though I cannot be sure. However, I played the "Operetta" with him subsequently in private, and greatly enjoyed his companionship on the keyboard. Whether at the piano or in conversation, Ferdinand Hiller had the art of making you feel he was a comrade.

Genuine artistic sympathy is as precious as it is rare. In the

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impressionable years of youth we think we find it often; in our maturer years it becomes rarer and rarer to seek. I found this sympathy with Ferdinand Hiller as I had found it with Charles Gounod the very first time we met, when, as afterwards he often did, Gounod charmed me by the delicate expression of his playing, and also his singing, with sweet small voice, various compositions of his own. Gounod's was a temperament full of sensibility and emotion. As an illustration of our artistic sympathy, I remember one day sitting at a concert or rehearsal with Gounod, who was feeling ill and out of spirits. We were enjoying the performance of some orchestral music of his own—I fancy it was his lovely "Jeanne d'Arc" incidental music—when suddenly Gounod slipped his hand into mine, just as a girl might impulsively slip her hand into her lover's, moved by the influence of some romantic scene; and there we sat, hand in hand, two elderly men, linked by the appeal of a beautiful work of art.

But now I must be brief, although I still would gladly speak of several admirable pianists, eminent in their day—Pixis, Madame Dulcken, Jacques Rosenhain, Mrs. Anderson, Dreyshock, Jaell, Arabella Goddard, Madame Pleyel, Lindsay Sloper, Julius Benedict, and witty and talented George Osborne, my dear friend for sixty-five years.

But I have yet to name, more eminent than all these, the great Clara Schumann and the great Anton Rubinstein. I met and heard both for the first time in the later fifties—Madame Schumann at a recital she gave at the Hanover Square Rooms in '56, and Rubinstein at some private theatricals at George Osborne's, when the famous pianist good-naturedly played the overture and *entr'acte* music behind the scenes. The last time I heard Rubinstein his exquisitely toned playing of a lovely *andante* was but faintly applauded, while a noisy ovation greeted him after he had thundered out some brilliant show piece, in the course of which the passionate energy of his virtuosity had urged his body into a paroxysm, and caused his long hair to fly wildly about, after the fashion of his idol Liszt. When Thalberg, with amazing skill, made a hurricane of *arpeggios* sweep over the keyboard, he never lost in the effort his tranquil ease of manner, he never turned a hair!

Laudator temporis acti? Well, why not? Do we not all

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look back with regretful reverence to the days "when Plancus was Consul?" At eighty-six I cherish with peculiar tenderness the memory of my early enthusiasms and ideals, and if, as I grow older, I find it less easy to acquiesce in every new hero-worship, perhaps the very remembrance of the great ones of the past enables me the more truly to "love the highest when I see it." I think I revere and admire Henry Irving all the more as I recall my boyhood's histrionic idol, Edmund Kean; and so remembering all the great pianists from the days of Clementi, Hummel and John Cramer helps me to a juster appreciation, maybe, of the Pachmann and Paderewski of today.

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BEETHOVEN: AS RELATED TO MOZART, HAYDN AND BACH.

BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

I find it a curious circumstance that after having spent much of my earlier life in learning to appreciate the greatness and the emotional depth of the sonatas of Beethoven (where these qualities are apparent) I should have lived to the time when a still more modern standpoint has been attained, until it is now almost as easy to speak lightly of these works, so famous and epoch marking in the first half of the nineteenth century, as of the sonatas of Mozart or even of Emanuel Bach. That Beethoven was a great composer, a very great composer, goes without saying. He was an epoch-marking composer, and this at the most central point of all, according to our latest standards. For, while Beethoven did not show the structural ability of Bach, nor even the enormous melodic and harmonic inexhaustibility of Bach, he, nevertheless, touched the art of music in its very center. He found ways of being interesting, impressive and at the same time of expressing human feeling and touching feeling.

All great composers have done this, Bach not less than any. It is impossible to compose good music and not awaken the impression of *life* expressing itself through the tones. This is one of those unavoidable consequences of rhythm, harmony and melody working naturally together in time—for life itself moves in time, and time is of its very essence. Moreover, life is rhythmic, emotional, subject to contrasts of moods. Life is occasionally as dull and uneventful as kapellmeister music, and, again, supreme moments come which find the soul energized to its utmost capacity. All these things come in music. We find them in Bach as well as in Beethoven, in Schumann and in Brahms.

The style of music underwent great changes between the beginning of Bach's activity and the close of that of Beethoven; yet it is the same art later as earlier. If Bach when serious always resorts to counterpoint and generally to fugue, it is only to awaken an impression of an overmastering mood, a great idea, which takes time and elaboration to work out into its full

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meaning. At the end, a work which can be interpreted in either or both of two ways: We may take it, as the Mozart disciples must have taken it, as a highly scientific expression of musical mastery; and there would be only now and then a hearer who would discern beneath all this working and elaboration the other somewhat of modern music—the depth of soul, the intense and driving mood, which the music carries with it—which is, indeed, the very content and cause of the music. From this standpoint Bach is nearer to the disciple of Beethoven than he was to the disciple of Mozart. Mozart was a composer who generally took life easily and who rarely sought to express in his works those grand and deep moments which seem to have formed the determining motives in Bach and Beethoven. Hence a disciple formed to enjoy the lovely and placid melodies of Mozart and his habitually simple and transparent harmonies, (with occasionally chromatisms, it is true) would necessarily be without the training and the taste for Bach's contrapuntal harmonies, even from the musical side; and, in all likelihood, would remain still more ignorant of the emotional suggestion of the great works of this master.

To the disciple of Beethoven this would appear different. While Beethoven was by no means habitually seeking to bring the inexpressible to expression, or, as has been said, "to write for posterity," he, nevertheless, in nearly all his works has moments when deep feeling rules everything. The Beethoven slow movements are many of them the songs of a deep, powerful and extremely emotional soul; yet a soul capable of repose and fervor. These qualities therefore the Beethoven disciple will find in Bach as soon as he comes to the serious study of the great works in which they are found.

Beethoven was born into the world of Haydn and Mozart. What they had done to music since Bach left off writing, Beethoven inherited. And the thing which Hadn and Mozart did to instrumental music was not to deepen it and strengthen it, but to let down the pressure and make room for lighter and more evanescent moods. This they did in the celebrated musical form which they bequeathed to the world, the sonata form, which is the pattern of all our serious musical works for chamber or symphony. Now the sonata form is essentially a monophonic form, a one-voiced movement, having occasional sug-

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gestions of other voices by means of thematic treatment, but essentially a one-voiced movement, and as such apprehensible to hearers unversed in the technicalities of fugue and counterpoint. So, the first subject in the Beethoven sonata is practically in thematic mood—i. e., it is not a simple and flowing melody, but a melodic theme harmonically developed; later, however, there is often a true folks song for second subject. Mozart often has several of the folks song melodies in the course of a single movement. For instance, in the sonata in F major, No. 6 of the Peter's edition, the first melody is nearly a folks song type, the second melody is quite so, although it is part of the main subject; and the real second subject is completely after the folks song type (the charming melody in C major).

Now the folks song is a mode of music which appears differently according to the standpoint whence one looks at it. For instance, when one plays the opening eight measures of the Adagio of Beethoven's sonata pathetique, he receives an impression of seriousness and depth, due in part to the slow motion (intensified by the measuring off effected by the 16th notes) and the seriousness of the bass voice, which is contrapuntally determined, being, in fact, a real voice and not a simple natural bass (such as we have, e. g., in the second melody in the Mozart sonata mentioned, or that in C, where the bass has no contrapuntal determination, but is actually the ordinary and natural ground bass of the melody.) Similar impressions of depth, gravity and seriousness we get from the main subject of the slow movement of the second sonata of Beethoven, in D major; but here also the seriousness is increased very much by a contrapuntal movement in the low bass, which at once raises the passage out of the level of the folks song and places it within the boundaries of high art.

To get the opposite and more shallow idea of the folks song, take the first melody of the minuet in E Flat, from the sonata in E Flat, op. 31, Beethoven; or the second subject of the concerto in C minor for piano and orchestra; or in fact, any one of dozens of similar melodies occurring in the first movements of sonatas as second subjects, or as the first melodies of minuets. Essentially, the folks song is an artless creature, taking for granted a few simple elements of music and playing upon these in forms so easy as to be intelligible upon the grounds of

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symmetry and childlike euphony, without the need of skilled hearing, such as is absolutely necessary in order to appreciate a fugue, or even the elaboration of a sonata.

The Haydn and Mozart cult in music had for its object to produce music which would be enjoyable to the musician, yet not unenjoyable to the ordinary and untrained hearer. It was, therefore, a compromise, and so necessarily temporary, for in the long run the underlying principles of an art must come to expression and work themselves out. And this is the reason why it happened that Beethoven, starting with the entire output of Haydn and Mozart, nevertheless imparted to his very first sonatas for piano something of the seriousness of Bach, and a sort of bounding energy and driving emotionality which were new in the art and peculiar to Beethoven himself. This latter quality we find in the finale of the very first sonata; also to some extent in the main movement of the third, and very decidedly in the Allegro of the pathetic sonata, not to mention the almost equally driving sonata in C minor, opus 10, No. 3. An extreme example is furnished by the finale of the so-called "moonlight" sonata, where we have an impetuous mood for which fugue in the hands of a Bach would have been perhaps a still more adequate form of expression, saving only its lack of contrast and its comparative inelasticity.

It has taken the present writer, I say, a long time to realize that the first effect of Beethoven's work, while raising and strengthening the net musical results attained by Mozart and Haydn in their best moments, was, nevertheless, still a letting down of the art when looked at from the standpoint of Bach. It belonged to the very nature of the case that the admission of a folks song type into the most serious works of musical art would for a while at least result in minifying the nobility and depth possible for great moments in art. It is true that in saying this I am not speaking from the standpoint of Beethoven, but from that of Schumann and Brahms, and of almost a century of reflection and study upon the Beethoven cult in music. Many things are found out in a hundred years—and ideas have this curious property that once discovered they can never afterwards be lost. And the net result of all the composing that has been done by the great masters of the last seventy-five years is that a folks song type is not adequate for real depth or greatness

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of conception. A quasi folks song type may be employed successfully during just the transitional period, between the time when the means employed have become intelligible, and that in which they have become hackneyed. Later than this moment, it is necessary to find new manners of employing this alleviating element in musical discourse.

That is to say, the folks song type rests upon symmetry, sweetness and intuitive intelligibility, and implies what might be called a *popular* conception of the harmonization of the melody involved. All the folks song possibilities for high art moments were successfully explored by Beethoven during his creative activity. There alone we find such a degree of harmonic plausibility, combined with serious suggestion, as affords still, after almost three-quarters of a century of familiarity, a musical and particularly an esthetical enjoyment hardly surpassed by any composer since. Beethoven's contemporary, Schubert, who did wonders with the folks song, rarely if ever reached the depth of seriousness with it which Beethoven often shows; Chopin, also, failed at this point, although for moments in his nocturnes he occasionally approaches it. Schumann brought in an advance; when he uses the folks song type it is always with a difference. For instance, take the lovely romance in F sharp major, where a folks song symmetry is combined with modulations, contrasts, and in the coda the introduction of a quasi contrapuntal idea, the whole while remaining apprehensible, like a folks song Adagio, still presenting novelties and beauties which remain fresh now after half a century. But Schumann rarely is so fortunate as this. In the little night-piece in F, he has something of the same sort, but upon a less artistic plane, and in several of the Kreisleriana there are moments of similar kind.

It is easy to see that several things in the Haydn and Mozart sonata did not satisfy Beethoven. In particular I fancy that the rondo as a closing movement troubled him. See how often he tried something else. He also varies the sonata form in other respects. Some of the sonatas have very little of the form. The sonata in E flat, opus 27, the one before the "moonlight," has no real sonata movement. The first movement is a fantasia, the second a variety of minuet, and the finale a rondo or more properly a mixed form, part rondo and part sonata.

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The "moonlight" sonata has a slow movement which is practically a monody in fantasia form; then a sort of minuet, and a finale which is a sonata movement, but so passionately driven and so free in its treatment as to be more near a rhapsody.

It is only within the past few years that well instructed young musicians are not afraid to say that they find many of the sonatas of Beethoven uninteresting. Why should they not? Fashions change in the world; why not in music? What interest ought a student to have in a rondo like, for instance, that in E Flat, at the end of the Beethoven sonata, opus 7? It is a typical rondo, but it is not a success. Even the closing movement of the sonata pathetique leaves the player the unwelcome alternative of making it sound suitably serious by taking it too slowly, in which case it will be tedious; or, of making it unduly light by taking it fast enough to conceal its poverty. It takes some experience in hearing before a student realizes that the Beethoven who composed the heroic symphony was handling his ideas in a very different manner from the Beethoven composing the pathetic sonata. In the latter he was probably hampered by his piano and by fearing the incapacity of players. Then the pathetic sonata was written in 1799 and the heroic symphony in 1803-4—not a long time, to be sure; but between these works intervened no less than three symphonies, all the sonatas up to and including the Waldstein, a lot of variations, some quartettes, the oratorio of "Christ on the Mount of Olives," etc.—in short, the composer's talent had come into its full blossoming and he was at the height of his powers.

If we examine the early sonatas of Beethoven, and particularly the first movements of them, as to their musical handling, they speak very plainly of a regard for the practicable upon the piano, as it then was. While Beethoven himself was perhaps one of the best pianists then in the world, he advanced rather cautiously in the matter of finger complication, and when he does increase difficulty it is not always either wise or effective. His celebrated fifth concerto for piano, which for so many years was regarded as the great criterion of the powers of a solo pianist, has enjoyed a halo several times too large for it, since the work is not of conspicuous merit and is not very suitable to the pianoforte. The conventional plays entirely too large a place in it.

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In properly estimating the sonatas of Beethoven, therefore, we must begin by remembering that Beethoven had had in childhood the advantage of familiar study of Bach, something which Mozart and Haydn never had. This formed his musical ideas in more serious directions than he could have gained from his immediate predecessors, and gave him suggestions of polyphonic freedom which seem to have haunted him all through life, so that even towards the last we find him turning more and more to the idea that in fugal practices there might be the ingredient which he continually felt to be lacking in the seriousness and impressiveness of his sonatas. This is the testimony of the last sonatas for piano, and the last quartets all show the same tendencies. Of course we know that while Beethoven did not write so bad fugues as he is sometimes credited with having written, still he never reached the full height of the possibilities of this form, as shown for example in the great organ fugues of Bach or in the Chromatic fugue. But it is certain that a fine artist will find the fugue at the end of the sonata opus 110, a not unfit ending for the work which it concludes. At this point Beethoven's fame has suffered a retard from those who have condemned his fugues offhand because they were not like those of Bach, and from those who have not understood the great fundamental fact that the entire sonata form grew in Beethoven's estimation more and more unsatisfactory as the medium for bringing out the full depth and power of music. Moreover, we have testimony of another sort, upon the other side, in the tremenduous Allegro of the last sonata, where a thematic style prevails throughout the movement, without ever letting down into a folks song second subject; with the result of creating a powerful mood of driving and highly impassioned rhapsody. From the standpoint of the piano this is the climax of Beethoven's creative activity; for nowhere else can we find such a mood created more certainly or more directly and unavoidably.

It still remains a question whether Beethoven succeeded in his farther quest in this sonata, which consists, as all know, of but a single additional movement, a set of character variations upon two reposeful melodies, contrasting major and minor, in a type analogous to folks song. What Beethoven undoubtedly sought was to close the sonata at the climax of the aesthetic interest. In this case it is "not proven," the actual ending be-

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ing a rather ungraceful climbing down which it is almost impossible to make truly expressive.

It is evident, therefore, that the sonata no more than the fugue is to be taken as a final solution of the problem of uniting within a single work the extremes of musical possibility; and of combining within the same work, and that a deep and serious one, the sweet intelligibility of the folks song type and the extreme possibility of the thematically composed movement, lying essentially upon the principles of the fugue—in fact, having occasional suggestion of fugue, as this Allegro in the last sonata has. It is, however, evident that in Beethoven we have not only a composer of most pronounced individuality—and vast emotional capacity, but also a composer who weighed and prophetically estimated the real force of the forms in which he wrote; a composer who diligently sought to enlarge the boundaries of his canvas, but who found himself but mortal after all, dying without having anywhere fully realized what he sought.

This is quite plain when we study that hundred-year conundrum of music, the ninth symphony, where many of the Beethoven aspirations seek for expression in a new form. The time had then passed with him when thunder showers in the suburbs of Vienna and the cries of the yellow hammer and quail appeared worthy of record among the soarings of a deeply tossed musical imagination. For three movements Beethoven adheres to a serious and lofty vein, nowhere else equalled in his work. The beginning of the ninth symphony amounted to an obsession with Richard Wagner, as one may see in his "Beethoven," and may hear in his famous "Flying Dutchman" motive, which is entirely contained in this opening of Beethoven. The slow movement of the ninth, also, is one of the great ones; and the shcerzo a mighty play, fit for the gods. Then comes the test of all—how to get himself out of all this elevation without coming down to earth. Everybody knows the beginnings over and over again; the recitatives of the double basses, the higher pitch, and finally the lovely melody of the Hymn to Joy—one of the most attractive ever written, and itself quite in folks song vein. In working out, however, this also failed, and this from mechanical causes. Beethoven set his key in D minor and this melody he places in D major. It was the key which ruined him. To sing his melody upon the lower third brings it too low; while upon

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the octave higher it is impossible. Had the key been changed to B Flat, the whole vocal part of this symphony would have been possible, and it would have been possible to have managed this without losing anything of the impressiveness which Beethoven intended. Then, this melody would have had the appearance of a second subject or a great episode; to be concluded later with some choral work massed in the major mode of his key of D. So near did this great master come to performing what he had in mind but could not realize.

From these glimpses of the Beethoven history it comes out even more plainly than from a cursory study of the music that his elemental intention was to bring to expression the deepest and grandest notes in human imagination; to sing the deepest sorrows and to voice the highest joys of human soul. And that to this end all technical processes and formulas were of value but as means, each to be judged for what it was.

Beethoven has certain elements of greatness which the casual student might easily miss. For instance, take the third symphony, where for several measures he sits still upon the triad of the key—but with what suggestiveness! Nobody else has done this. Wagner, indeed, several times has written some pages upon a single chord, as in the opening of the "Rhinegold" and in the Dawn music in "Lohengrin," but his one chord inevitably drags, although in the "Rhinegold" he covers up the monotony by clever modifications of the motion of the voices and by his instrumentation. Moreover, he had a reason. Thus the river actually flows. This is a kind of realism in music, not unworthy.

Mention has already been made of the singular impressiveness of the slow movement of the second sonata, written very early in his Vienna life. It was but a few years later when he penned that wonderful slow movement in the sonata in D major, opus 10. This movement might easily be instrumented in the Beethoven manner, with perhaps a little modern intensification, and become a wonderful addition to our symphonic properties. It is, however, more prophetic than it at first seems, for when we study the manner in which Beethoven develops this mood, we find it to be very modern, and Schumann might almost have done it. His treatment of the first strain has nothing whatever suggestive of Haydn or Mozart, but looks wholly ahead, towards the

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writers of the last half century. This is one of the strongest and most successful and least conventional of all the slow movements in the pianoforte works. And quite characteristic of the humoristic habit of Beethoven, is the contrast which the minuet makes, coming in immediately at the close of all this grand melodizing and harmonizing, in the major key, and in its peculiarly sweet and attractive innocence.

Beethoven is frequently charming when intentionally shallow. A striking instance is afforded by the air and variations in the so-called sonata appassionata, opus 57. The theme is well enough, and if played seriously it conveys an impression of a mysterious depth; but the variations following do not retain this impression, or at least to no great extent. They are graceful, well contrasted, and being purposely formal variations, in which the actual substance of the theme is very little changed, they merely play with the subject and prolong a moment which in the prolongation ceases to be deep and becomes merely graceful.

There are reasons why the restrictions and new apperceptions above concerning the relation of Beethoven to his immediate predecessors and these in return to their predecessor, Bach, should be placed on record for the benefit of students. The first is the practical discrediting of the folks song type of melody during the last half century for all serious modern works of instrumental music, outside of opera, and there only for personages to whom such a form would be the only one suitable. This taken in combination with the usual academic order of education which deals largely with Haydn and Mozart, not to mention Czerny and Weber and Hummel, results in leaving modern works under a burden to students which they do not deserve. The student habituated to these easy going melodies and harmonies of Haydn and Mozart, and the symmetries of the other writers mentioned, fails to find himself in sympathy with modern writers, or even with the more serious portion of the Beethoven works themselves. Writers like Schumann, Chopin and Liszt are felt to be far-fetched and overdone, even where they are most in line with the true development of the art of music. Beethoven certainly showed very plainly in his work that form as such, any conventional form, whether fugue, sonata, rondo, or what not, was of value only in proportion to the possibility of expressing one's self freely through it. But

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I do not remember to have seen that any writer has pointed out this reversion of Beethoven more and more towards the spirit of the Bach work and his growing away from that of Haydn and Mozart. This is the most significant point in his whole development, and it falls quite into line with the spontaneous course which music followed after Beethoven's death.

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THE REFORM OF CHURCH MUSIC.

BY PROFESSOR LOCKE DAVIES.

Nothing but a sense of duty could impel any lover of the church to assume the role of the critic toward her services, especially that part of them that is under the more immediate direction of the organist and choir. But that such an attitude is now inevitable and necessary no one who is acquainted with those services, and is also sensitive or musical, can doubt. The present condition of ecclesiastical music is such that the voice of the critic is the only means of stemming the tendency towards degeneracy. In extenuation of this state of things three reasons are generally given, but none of which goes to the root of the matter. In the first place, it is said that the average congregation would not appreciate a better style of music, owing to the general ignorance of the best products of the musical art that prevails in churches. It is said that if there were a demand on the part of the churches for a higher standard of music it would be forthcoming. The groundlessness of this explanation is obvious at a glance. By the "congregation" in this argument is meant not the portion of the church which its members is composed, but the great unwashed throng, to reach which is the object and aim of the church's ministry. It will be found that the members of churches are not averse to any reform in church music when they consult their own needs. This is especially the case with that portion of the membership which may rightly be regarded as musical.

A second reason given for the degenerate tendency of church music is that the ministers are, as a rule, untrained in art. This is only too true. Perhaps it would be unwise to tell the minister all he ought to know about the conduct of his services, especially of its musical portion. The devout but musical worshiper who is compelled to listen to the singing of hymns, the tunes of which are patterned after the gigue or dance melody, is certainly in a very unpleasant position. The minister, however, like his congregation, is also desirous to reach the great unwashed throng, whose mental reflexes are supposedly unresponsive to any but distinctly "worldly" rhythms. But this is in reality a

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great mistake, and for it, in large measure, the ignorance of the minister is responsible. There is nothing more tragic than the misunderstanding of the soul of man, and into this condition the church and its ministry have constantly fallen, and is falling to-day in the matter of music.

A third reason comes from the direction of the composers who supply the church with her music. They say (and from a commercial point of view they are right), and there is no demand for high-class music in the church. Both congregation and ministry ask for a style of music suited to their great purpose to reach the great unwashed throng. What is this style? As the composers well know it is almost entirely without the genuine marks of musical feeling. The style most affected is the popular, rousing, but jerky medley; the only religious part of which, as a rule is, the words, and these very frequently are maudlin, sometimes even silly and fuddled. Sensible people laugh at it. Now it is to meet this demand (as the composers call it) that large musical factories (this is the best name for such places) are built, and drive a great trade in this style of music, and the men who compose for these factories excuse their products. Commercially, as I have said, these composers are right. But, both from the standpoint of art and religion, they are wrong; for anyone can see, who thinks coolly about it, that the commercial standard is not the chief standard to be followed in setting the style of any art, specially the most catholic and religious of the arts, music. It is said that musicians must live, and therefore they must write down to the popular demand. Better starve than do it. At any rate, if only *good* music were written it would tend to eliminate from the ranks of church composers men absolutely without true musical feeling and education, and religious purpose in life.

It is obvious, therefore, that if we are to reform church music we must begin by ignoring these excuses, and try to penetrate the prevalent ignorance by a better and a nobler style. There would be a better show of reason for the degeneracy of our modern styles if nothing better had ever existed, or if men were not living who have it in them to compose in a higher vein of feeling. But the emptiness of the average excuses made by congregations, ministers and composers, is seen when it is recalled that now for nearly four centuries men have been writ-

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ing church music of the very highest order, music that has the chief elements of religious power, reverence, dignity and emotional elevation. It was the church that produced these musicians and inspired them with a zeal to compose in the highest strain. In Germany, since the time of Bach, in England since Purcell—what a wonderful array of truly great church music has been produced! The fact that to-day most of this music is ignored by the average church, minister and religious composer, shows where the root of our modern degeneracy lies. It lies in our departure from the classical models.

To account for this departure is easy. It is due on the one hand to the extreme individualism of the protestant communions, and on the other hand to the cultivation of popular methods in the propagation of Christian truth. The first of these reasons, the extreme individualism of the protestant communions, led, naturally, to the tendency to exalt the local needs above the common good. Liberty of conscience has not been without its aesthetic, as well as its moral dangers. It has led to the severing of the historic continuity of the style of church music. Whether this has been, on the whole, a good thing for *secular* music is still a debated question; but its influence on church music has been unfortunate, for it has not produced a compensating style to make up for the loss of the grand orders of the classical. For the production of the highest sacred music it would almost seem as though a common feeling of religious unity and of one social bond in that unity is necessary, and these conditions the hundreds of protestant bodies, each extremely individualistic, do not supply. What a thrill of horror would animate the frame of an extreme evangelical protestant should Mozart's Twelfth Mass, or Bach's Passion Music be rendered in his church edifice? I know of scores and hundreds of churches, ministers and composers who would consider such a performance little short of apostasy. This is the extreme of individualism, which has led to the apotheosizing of the commonplace in our church services, and the consequent degradation of the true service of religion in its music.

The other reason given for the departure from the classical models—the cultivation of popular methods in the propagation of Christian truth—needs no remark. In these days when the stereopticon is taking the place of oratory, and sensational ex-

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citement does the work of education in the pulpit (and the people, who must be considered, love to have it so), there is little chance for high-class music. Even in churches where there is some pretense to exalted religious feeling, it is frequently the case that the *music,* for some reason, is pitched to a lower emotional key. In this connection, it is pertinent to ask whether the paid quartette has not operated unfavorably on church music. Now, on the general principle whether paid choirs are an aid in the church services, we entertain no scruples. If you pay a minister to preach, there is no reason why you should not pay a choir to sing, if you cannot get it done *properly* without. My point is, that in paying our choirs we relieve the congregation from the responsibility of cultivating the best styles of church music, and this I consider unfortunate, because any reform in church music that is to be widespread and permanent must result from the gradual education of the *people* in better styles, and if they are excluded from the practice and study of the church music it stands to reason that they will not feel the obligation to seek the higher standards. Paid choirs are a necessity, so long as the average musical education of the ministry and the congregations remains at its present low ebb, but outside of their pedagogical function in the church, I see little hope in their service of developing a higher taste among their auditors, because only personal participation can do this. The popular methods, which led to the adoption of the star church quartette, are, therefore, to be regarded with qualification, when we consider the religious needs of the time in a musical way.

From the musical critic's point of view the largest share of blame for departing from the classical standard falls on the composer. It is he that has made us what we are in a musical sense in the church. He, too, has followed the individualism and popular demand of the time, and he has thus lost his dignity and complacency. Art, in any form, has for its task the creation of beauty in living reality; it must interpret the human soul to itself in such forms as elevate the feeling. There is, of course, immense scope in art for the expression of the composer's individual ideas, but he must not violate the standards of the past in doing this. After all, the test of permanence is that which has historically survived as the fittest to express the most universal conceptions of life. Judged by this law, it is safe to

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say that most of the church music now being produced will, because it violates the best standards of the past, be buried in oblivion in the future; and deservedly so; for most of it is mechanical, and entirely lacking in spontaniety and freedom. The reform of church music, therefore, must begin and continue with the change of the composer's attitude towards the gerat models of classical art.

Fortunately for us, for the church, and for the general welfare, the tide is on the ebb. In this country we are learning the lesson so well understood in England, of training choirs to sing good music, and of encouraging American composers of high rank to write religious work. Prof. Parker's *Hora Novissima,* though by no means a classic, is an extremely useful work, whose influence will be very far reaching. Edward Elgar, Coleridge Taylor, and Hubert Parry, in England, are doing fine service in keeping up the standard of good church and choral music. What we in this country need is good anthem writers. We have some, among whom we may mention Sydney Thomson, of Summit, N. J., whose anthems show a very clear recognition of the needs of the average church, and what is more, the deeper need of writing *sacred music* in a musicianly manner. His suite of Christmas carols, recently brought out by his publisher, Schirmer of New York, is a gem of its kind. The trouble seems to be that work like this and some others is not known by organists, and, for this reason, perhaps, the organist's responsibility for the reform of church music is as great as that of any other person. For upon his shoulders rests the responsibility of keeping himself posted of the progress of the art in which he is presumably an expert. There is too much ground to the fear that this responsibility is not adequately appreciated. For surely the selections actually made would never be made by artists who really understood their work or comprehended the deepest needs of their choirs and the religious service in which they take a part.

The reform of church music! We sigh, mournfully, as we think of the greatness of the task. If these criticisms meet the eye of any church member, minister, composer or organist, we hope they will lead him to reflect, and ask this question: "How far am I responsible for the prevailing style of church music?" This is the direct challenge to your indifference, my

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dear reader, to the *best* types of church music produced in the past and now being produced by properly qualified composers. In the revival and permanent adoption of the best standards lies the hope of reform and the promise of an even gerater era of religious musical art in the future.

Yale University.

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A PRAIRIE ALLEGRO.

BY BLANCH EUGENIE JEWETT.

The morning was beautiful of its kind, bitterly cold—the moon was pale but serene. The stars blinked crisply. The snow crackled beneath her feet. The hour was unromantic, half after 6, a January morning. The breeze was a Minnesota prairie breeze. It hurried as if trying to escape its own company.

She hurried, too. In the bleak building ahead of her she would find breakfast, and after that her studio.

At seven she lighted the kerosene lamp in her music room. The room was big and bare. A piano was as close to the ugly stove as seemed practicable. A short distance from that a cabinet organ held the fort. The walls were white and cold. A picture of Mendelssohn was above the organ. The calm placidity of his expression irritated her. She wondered if he often looked down on just such a room. A picture of Beethoven was above the piano. His frown was particularly severe. It made her wish she were not so dependent upon environment. She knew she ought to be superior to it. She looked around the room. Two straight-backed chairs, a cheap table, a cheap clock with an apologetic tick, and the stove that was beginning to radiate a little, a very little heat, although her soft breathing still made visible impression upon the atmosphere. She walked to the piano, played a minor scale with one hand. The temperature of the keys started her humming "Greenland's Icy Mountains."

She caught up a pair of Indian clubs from behind the piano and began to exercise. Fifteen minutes later she threw up the window shade to welcome the sun as he came up over that white world. The east was brilliant. It lighted her plain room gorgeously, turning the lamplight faint and sick. What a stretch of broad prairie! The world was wide, life was a big and beautiful thing. Oh, to live it! A tap at her door. The first pupil entered. A young Scandinavian he was. English bothered him somewhat. The little music teacher turned from the brilliant east, with its dreams still in her eyes. "Good morning, Ole." He made her a very courtly bow. His manners were very supe-

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rior to his knowledge of English. "The sun is bright," she said. "How was the lesson? Hard? Warm your hands a little."

An hour of the scale of A, some finger gymnastics for almost hopeless fingers, a page of a Norwegian hymn slowly, clumsily drawn out of the patient organ, a few encouraging words and the lesson was over.

The second pupil came in blithely. It was her first lesson. She was somewhat showily gotten up. She was a little dressmaker. She never had had a chance at the fine arts. She had saved enough money for a term of lessons. A new world opened before her. She was gay. She felt large confidence in the little music teacher and in herself. She took her seat. "Do you know the keyboard? No? You see how the black keys are grouped in twos and threes. At the left of the groups of two is C. Show me all the Cs of the keyboard. Good!" On the lesson went. At the close of the hour the dressmaker's spirits were a trifle draggled. Could this be the way? This slow, laborious way? She was bitterly disappointed. She had expected something so different. She had expected light to come flooding in from somewhere. She had hoped for a big illumination. She wondered if it had been worth while saving her money for this. The little music teacher felt her thought. "Don't be discouraged, my dear, because it is so slow and dull at first. I think you will get hold of it nicely."

A big rap at her door. "Come!" And he came without hesitation. He was a big Irishman from the lumber camps, taking three months off for a little culture.

"Good morning, miss. I came to see if you could learn me a little music. I just want to learn chords to play with the fiddle for dances. And do you think I could learn it all in three months? That's all the time I've got." She laughed and said she'd see what she could do for him in that time. And she began. At the end of the hour the perspiration was in beads on his forehead. His spirits were of the best. "Good-bye, miss. Thank you. I guess I'll get there all right."

The next pupil had walked five miles over those prairie drifts for her lesson and carried her music books. Her hands were so cold they wouldn't be warm for a week. She was homely, awkward, unsophisticated. She knew nothing of life, of the world. She had heard no great musicians. But she

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played an Adagio of Beethoven's and found the soul in it. The little music teacher felt she had not lived entirely in vain. Then there was a next and a next and a next and then she——

She came in with a manner just a trifle patronizing. She had studied at a conservatory, but thought she would take a few more lessons just to pass the time. The little music teacher knew the type.

"Play a harmonic minor scale, please."

"Gracious! I believe I've gorgotten it." And she had.

"Are you familiar with Mendelssohn's 'Songs Without Words'? Read this one for me.

"Oh, dear! I can't read in four sharps at all." And she couldn't.

"And now this Chopin Nocturne."

There were tears of mortification in her eyes. She went out of that bare, poor studio humble minded, but with a new point of view and a new determination.

And there was the last one—an overgrown boy. All of his life he had been accustomed to doing things with his hands—hard things—but nothing like this. It all seemed such a hopeless muddle—the G clef, the F clef, the sharps and flats—and to get any definite connection between the signs and symbols and the keyboard was a very forlorn hope indeed.

O, see the sunset! How glorious—glorious it is!" said the little music teacher. The big boy looked. He was a stranger in a strange land. He said:

"Right over there it looks just like my father's farm." And two very genuine tears rolled down his cheeks.

The music teacher tried not to see them. She said: "I am sure it will be easier next time." He said "Good-night."

She was tired—dead tired. She put her head down on her arms on the table and tried to stop thinking. The bell rang "Chorus drill." She got up mechanically for this, for everything. She was out of tune.

Forty voices in the chorus class, some of them very uncouth; all of them untrained, some sweet, all of them responsive.

They sang for half an hour. The voices were smoother—some of them almost brilliant.

How much those faces told as they watched the little music

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teacher, how much of hope and feeling and aspiration as they sang and sang their best for her!

She used her baton as one in a trance. She gave to them all of herself. And when the lesson was ended she had forgotten the fatigue of the day. She was in tune again.

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I have several times called attention to a deplorable and very curious feature in our musical progress. It is that, while the Christian church makes a natural selection of those individuals in every community who are serious, idealistic and subject to a desire for a higher life, there is no place where musical taste is at lower ebb than in our so-called evangelical churches in America. Speaking from the standpoint of the artist, the entire power and meaning of the art of music are ignored and profaned in the church persistently and well-nigh universally. Besides losing the assistance which music might afford to the ends proposed by the church (which desires to do for the individual soul every Sunday pretty much what the fair Melusina gained from her weekly return to her home beneath the waters), the general value and comfortfulness of the art are lost in the private life of all this large class in every community. In fact, out national cultivation of music suffers seriously from our having disconnected it from the idea of religion. I do not mean by this that I regard any church music as affording the highest types of the art, which, if known, would open to the individual deeper vistas and make the music more precious to him; I have reference to that general attitude of mind which properly makes fine art a religion in itself—a part of the apparatus for bringing mankind into contact with the Ideal—that is to say, with the True, the Beautiful and the Good.

For instance, take the manner in which any of the popular churches will carelessly sing through a few Moody and Sankey hymns during the time at opening of service, upon a Sunday evening, or at other time, one song following after another without the slightest appropriateness or care to develop a unity or sequence of moods. Nothing more destructive to truthful habits of musical listening could be imagined. Or take the American way of employing every tune to a large variety of hymns; we lose by it all the symbolic and expressive influence of

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the music and everything that might be gained from associating a given tonal formula with a certain hymn and with no other. Those who have never thought of this have only to reflect upon the different impression experienced from any one of the hymns which still remain in our current practices associated with a particular tune, and that of a very good tune changed about from one hymn to another, like a polygamous melody marrying a new husband every Sunday, for the hymn is the husband of the tune—the tune having in it all those comforting and twining tendencies so valued as a foundation of a better life; and the hymn those exact determinations of intellect which man once supposed to be his own peculiar prerogative.

In another part of this magazine Professor Locke Davies, of Yale, writes sensibly and carefully upon this subject. He quotes three reasons commonly assigned for the prevailing degeneracy of our Congregational church music. These are the taste (or want of taste) of the congregation; the ministers' ignorance of music, and the statement of composers that there is no "demand" for anything better. The reasons are sound. All are valid.

Yet there is a deeper reason, yea two. The first and great reason of all is that the congregation of the average church does not *desire* good church music, because it is not in the mood where true church music is needed. An ideal church music would be so full of nobility, ideality and a nameless atmosphere of a pure and exquisite beauty (extending not alone to melody merely, but to the harmony, and the contrapuntal setting), that no man of serious heart could listen to it without being in some degree elevated and uplifted out of himself. But the average church-goer does not know that he would enjoy being uplifted out of himself. He experiences this sort of thing in one plane at the theater, and it rests him mightily. But at church he is too often in a merely conventional attitude of "observing the Sabbath." As a rule he does not even look for any very vital mental stimulation from the sermon. The women are even more hopelessly overwhelmed in conventionality, church society, local interests and the sensation of being upon parade predominating everywhere on Sunday, except in those rare moments when an occasion or a minister is able to break through this worldly crust and permit the soul beneath to come up for a breath of

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God's fresh air. In other words, without implying any dogmatic criticism, the modern church is more than a little insincere. In what are called revival times sincerity sometimes prevails for several weeks. Eventually the conventional prevails again. This is the central matter with the church music, which is insincere just like the rest of it.

Individually, the present writer believes that if the emphasis of the church were put upon becoming more and more like Christ, rather than from escaping from condemnation and an inglorious future after death, in which the average man no longer takes the former amount of stock, sincerity might again become the atmosphere of our cult, in which case the music would be one of the first parts of the service to show the change after the prayers. This, however, is foreign to the immediate question.

Roughly speaking, all church music as practically employed, taking all denominations and classes, falls mainly into one or the other of three attitudes: They are, first, the symbolic, as we find it in the Plain Song, where musical expression properly considered has no place whatever, the admiration bestowed upon it by a few enthusiasts being purely conventional and one side of the entire are of modern music. The sacredness of the Plain Song rests in its being set aside for the exclusive use of the church, which gives it an association in the last degree useful. It is in reality a survival from obsolete modes and musical practices, which now, surviving only in the church, remains therefore as something sacred.

A second attitude of church music is found in what is commonly called the expressive, by which is meant the addition of music and musical feeling, of the same nature in kind, though by no means in degrees, that is illustrated in what is called secular music. This we have in all well written anthems and psalms, such as Mendelssohn's "Oh, for the wings of a dove," and many others; Dudley Buck's "Hark, hark my soul," or "The God of Abraham Praise," and in some scores of other places. Or in Tours' "The Pillars of the Earth Are the Lord's," or in the Spohr arrangement, "How Lovely Are Thy Dwellings, Lord," and so on. In short, throughout the really musical part of the entire collection of well-made anthems. This part of our existing apparatus is still a good deal like Nebuchadnezzar's

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image: While gold and precious stones occasionally occur in it, the feet of clay are always in danger.

The third attitude of music in church is that of a convenient medium for covering up undesirable noises—as the organ voluntaries and the singing of hymns during a collection. This is profanation, pure and simple.

While all musicians revile the Moody and Sankey dispensation now and then, it is due the late Mr. Sankey to say that his own use of his hymns was legitimate in many cases, and related to high art. Even that devout fraud, Phillip Phillips, had moments when he did things in the name of music as successfully as the Egyptian necromancers, whose rods also turned to serpents at command. For instance, some years ago he was present at the Rock River Conference of the M. E. Church and upon one occasion got the preachers all down upon their knees, where after a few moments of silent prayer Phillips sang his fool ditty: "O to be an empty vessel, for the Master's service fit." A more unnecessary prayer was never put up to any audience, Boston or otherwise. "Empty" indeed! Yet in this hypnotic unifying of the feeling of the meeting and in his furnishing a supposed common vehicle of thought and aspiration by the song, he operated very nearly along the line where true art would have operated. The true ground which musicians have against the Moody and Sankey dispensation in church music is the innate vulgarity of the music and its total lack of all qualities of significance and expression along musical lines. It is doggerel pure and simple. Unfortunately, there are loads of it still ground over—a devil's grist on the Lord's day!

The immorality of the paid quartette does not lie in the salary; this is not generally large enough to have moral quality. It lies in the kind of things they do and in the way they do them. If there has ever been a paid quartette taking itself seriously and employing a good quality of musical art from the standpoint of religious worship, or even from that of a true cult, I have never been so fortunate as to hear its work.

My own personal experiences in church music, while long, have not been so varied as some. For twenty-six years I played the same organ in this city, and a fine one it was. During all that time we had a chorus choir, sometimes very good, and the anthems were of unexceptional quality and sometimes very well

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done. Selections from oratorios, cantatas, psalms by Mendelssohn, a lot of Dudley Buck's music and so on formed the staple. We always gave the "Messiah" about Christmas time with a chorus of a hundred or thereabout; and we often gave entire works upon festival occasions. There were generally rather effective solo singers, almost always a good soprano, and the nature of the selections was almost always above reproach. The work had the advantage of enlisting the voices mainly from the church itself.

I do not agree with Professor Davies in holding up the work of the English composers as belonging to a higher pattern of church music than we have in this country. Some of our young composers have produced excellent anthems, to which no objection can lie. Dudley Buck deserves a medal or a statue, for he set himself toward a higher standard long ago, and curiously enough in this case virtue has been its own reward, for his music has been very profitable. I happen to know a curious incident along this line. Thirty years ago or so it happened that two manuscripts were submitted to Lyon & Healy for publication at the same time. One was Baumbach's second collection of Quartettes, and the other Dudley Buck's Second Motet Collection. Baumbach's work was full of the cheap and tawdry arrangements from operas and the like, such as the early quartettes liked to sing. For instance, they had one of the quartettes from "Martha" with sacred words. Buck's work contained two dozen very original anthems of his own, just composed, and many inviting arrangements, such as Elizabeth's Prayer from Tahhnaueser," where Wagner himself had done his best to compose a legitimate bit of sacred music. The Buck collection was turned over to the house of Ditson, the Lyon & Healy house preferring the Baumbach collection, because there would be so much more money in it. I have not the statistics, but it would not surprise me to be told that the Buck book has sold in thirty years six or eight times more than the other. So little do publishers understand what the "demand" is for.

* * *

Speaking of useful organizations for promoting a high standard of music in the church, and (as the legislative bills have it) "for other purposes," Mr. E. M. Bowman's Tabernacle choir in

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Brooklyn is a monument of many-sided efficiency. To write intelligently about it would be to write pages. Therefore I pass.

* * *

With reference to mitigating the prevalent ignorance of ministers on the subject of music, Professor W. B. Chamberlain, of the Chicago Theological Seminary, has inaugurated a church music department, combining lectures upon church music by himself and others, organ recitals upon the excellent organ in the chapel, and other illustrative aids. Professor Chamberlain is an Oberlin man, where his own education fell under the influence of the late Professor Fenelon B. Rice's great choirs and oratorio society. I have no doubt that this work will do a great deal of good. Of course the young minister will probably strike a snag in his first quartette choir, where all his education will stand him very little in stead. I remember being in the pastor's study one evening before church, when speaking of the singing we were about to hear, the pastor (he is now a bishop), remarked: "There is at least one comfort about those squawkers; there is not the slightest probability that any one of them will ever be heard of up yonder," pointing heavenward. He needed no trimming on his surplice; the choir furnished the ruffles.

If I had a class of ministers to educate toward their not putting their foot in the music of their churches I would try and begin with a few foundations. I would give them ear-training and exercises in intelligent hearing until I had gotten a few things established. Miss Dingley's course would be excellent. Then when I had secured a beginning of hearing I would try and help them to realize in their own ears the musical quality of good music; musical quality first, then the moods involuntarily established by music, whatever its nature; then to discriminate those moods, and to learn to feel the moods which properly appertain to betterment, deep repose of soul and religion. (For religion is trying to be like God.) This kind of ear analysis continued through the range of church music, such as they might be expected to encounter, would do a great deal for the more gifted among them.

After this would come the practical art of listening to music from an art standpoint. The repose of soul, the inner attention, which belong to a real listening to Beethoven, Bach or any other

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great music, are closely allied to states of consciousness in which the soul has its greatest potentiality of assimilating truth. There is a whole world of potentiality along here which runs to waste. It is a part of the religious world and a very good one.

Having covered these various strategic points, I would then try to carry the enlightenment and the understanding of musical psychology to the point where the minister would learn how to keep out of his own light; and to avoid crossing his wires by setting up one kind of musical activity when he really desired another.

That all this education would do away with or render nugatory what St. Paul calls "the contradiction of sinners," I do not imagine. But it would at least promote sincerity, faith, hope, charity and the whole cult for which our churches stand and in which our choirs and organists do minister.

Church music is one of the most important of subjects. But it is not likely that the time will ever come when the average church-goer will not prefer to be enlivened by a waltz, a march, a two-step or a gavotte, with sacred words (which is what the majority of our Sunday school music really is), to being moved upon by the great waves of a master soul, like that of a Beethoven, Bach, Brahms (and he has written the most sacred music the world has yet seen) or any other of like greatness. A very high mountain is a noble and a beautiful object standing by the horizon; but it is liable to be rather depressing when it overhangs our dwelling place too near. The mountaineer feels it differently, but mankind at large dwells upon the plains.

* * *

Mr. James Huneker, the *raconteur* of the *Musical Courier,* has been publishing in his columns during the last two years occasional stories of a rhapsodical, Mephistophlean, topsey-turvey character, generally upon a motive having musical relations, but strictly not musical stories. During the same period he has been writing a great deal about Maxime Gorky and other strong writers of the new school. The Huneker stories, while not going quite to the French extent of being actually broader than they are long, are at least unconventional, and always planned to upset some faddish impression about artists, music lovers and the like. In short, a succession of stories which are uncanny, by no means appertaining to the library of the "young

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lady" (*"le jeune fille,"* as the French have it), but, on the contrary, free, unconventional, occasionally coarse. They have been read by clubmen with interest and admired by all that rather large class of professional musicians to whom art is not a religion. They have now been collected into a book called "The Melomaniacs" and handsomely brought out by the Scribners. Almost every reader will remember that notable and characteristic, and at the same time clever, story printed two years ago called "A Son of Liszt." This comes near the beginning of the book. The book will probably be read widely, but it is not to be classed along with Huneker's serious work, in which he brings his genius to bear upon the illustration of a great composer, as, for instance, in his "Chopin." The present is one of those cases where the proper thing to do (and lady readers will know exactly how to do it) is to "hate the sin but love the sinner." It would be a great thing for the publishers if some over-strict complainant would interfere with the bookstand sale of "The Melomaniacs," because it would increase the sale so much. There is nothing particularly bad in the book, only a lot of disagreeable people and incidents, a general absence of sincerity and optimism and plenty of disillusionism and disgust. Those who like this sort of thing will revel in Huneker's book. He is a clever writer, but "The Melomaniacs" are a decadent lot.

* * *

Mr. Leopold Godowsky is meeting with his just deserts in Europe this season. He has played in Berlin several times with as great success as that of last year—more would be impossible. Although upon this point his own testimony may be taken that in a recent concert at Warsaw, Poland, he had the greatest success of his life. He played two concertos, the Chopin in E minor and the Tschaikovsky in B flat minor. After the Chopin concerto he was recalled innumerable times, so many times that he had to play five encore numbers before the crowd would permit the concert to go on. He has played in London several times and is beginning to be recognized even there as one of the foremost representatives of his art. The position of MUSIC remains the same as for several years back—Mr. Godowsky is the best pianist now before the public; by which I mean that while he plays the standard repertory with greater finish and finer musical perceptions than any other pianist whatever, and with certain insights

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peculiar to his own genius, he also stands as the representative of a modern technique so comprehensive and so finished, both in fluency, manifoldness and tonal range, as to make all the older pianists appear somewhat rough and insufficient. His own studies are master works of remarkable genius, but it is altogether likely that he will later on surpass them—perhaps not in technical difficulty, but in depth and beauty.

All this is entirely free of any disposition to undervalue the genius of his great competitors, Rosenthal and Busoni. D'Albert having turned his attention more and more to composition, neglects his practice and is no longer in the immediate competition for the highest place. Moreover, Godowsky is now in the magic decade between thirty and forty, when a pianist is generally at his best. Past forty he loses his delight in technical finish and he also neglects his practice.

* * *

The question whether young teachers just finished at a good conservatory really need anything like the courses offered in the summer classes for teachers is easily answered. They do. The conservatory educates the young graduate in the subject matter of music merely, mainly from the standpoint of the official course of the school and without provision of study in the methods and order of teaching. So long as the student is working his way along the course he rarely notices this fact, but just as soon as he undertakes practical work in teaching he discovers that, while he may have been well taught to play and made acquainted with a very good list of selections from good writers, taught in musical theory to some extent, and given acquaintance with music from the standpoint of more than one instrument, he nevertheless is without satisfactory understanding of the manner of administering to a miscellaneous body of pupils. What to give, how to give it, when and why, these are the practical questions which the school has done nothing to answer for its graduate, and the omission is just as noticeable in European schools as here in America. What, then, is to be done? Evidently to take some kind of a practical course in which the questions of ends to be sought in music teaching, the material to be used, and the rationale of its use are the main questions.

It is curious what a few general principles will do for a young

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teacher, when once they are set to fermenting in thought. It is not necessary or desirable for the young teacher to undertake a deep course in pedagogic psychology. Ordinary common sense and a sagacious observation of the musical state of the pupil, combined with the knowledge of material, will suffice to place the teacher in position to work to some purpose.

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ON READING MUSIC.

To the Editor of Music:

I read with considerable interest your article on sight singing in the November "Music," and I have also read carefully, but I cannot say with special interest the article in the January number on the same subject.

I have not the time to discuss the article as fully as I should like. There are one or two points, however, that I take the liberty of commenting on very briefly. The animus of the January article is directed against isolated interval work and would imply that people should be educated to comprehend entire musical phrases without the drudgery of specific interval work. I submit that when you start to read an article in a morning paper you are very careful to read each word by itself, in order that you can get the full meaning of the sentence. In the same way music must be done in a definite manner, so that the effect of each note in a phrase can be fully appreciated.

In my brief connection with the elementary schools of Chicago I have had an excellent opportunity to see a number of systems of sight reading fully tested. I have seen the system referred to by the author of the January article fairly well tested. I have also seen the visualizing idea experimented on to a considerable extent, and I do not hesitate to say that the final paragraph in the gentleman's article should read as follows:

"I do not deprecate analytical processes nor the study of music grammar, and am glad to know that they dominate the only intelligent" methods of sight singing today in our public schools. It is not at all difficult by such methods to acquire facility in reading music at sight, nor to reach the point where one is particularly sure of singing ordinary music correctly, but it will be found difficult to accomplish these results by any of

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the haphazard, grope in the air methods that have been exploited during the past few years." In proof of which I would respectfully submit that there are at least fifty schools in the city of Chicago where definite systematic notation work has been pursued in which sight reading, per grade, is practically ideal.

Within the past month I have invited representatives of the largest publishers of school music books in this country to visit a number of our schools; people who are thoroughly familiar with the best efforts of music teachers throughout the entire country, and I have documentary evidence from them stating that our sight singing cannot be excelled.

It must be remembered, as is stated by the writer of the article, that all teachers are not possessed of the mental activity and native ability to achieve all of the results that might be hoped for musically in an average public school, but it is possible in nearly every instance for them to do a certain amount of specifically prepared work, which they themselves can understand and are able to teach their pupils successfully.

In treating of this subject all of these conditions must be taken into consideration, as the entire mass of children must be taught, not the favored few. I hold, therefore, that the method of sight singing is best which will accomplish the most for all classes of pupils, and I firmly believe that the systems of notation which have grown out of the experience of the most intelligent men this country has produced for the past fifty years are not to be lightly cast aside, but rather should be preserved, studied and if possible strengthened by those who are entrusted with the education of our youth. This may be conservatism, but results speak for themselves. Very respectfully,

H. W. FAIRBANK, *Supervisor of Music*

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SCHOOL MUSIC IN MINNEAPOLIS.

BY EUGENE E. SIMPSON.

The physician requires the history of a case to aid both in diagnosis and treatment. Not that consultation with the press and the public has been invoked for the Minneapolis case, since it were unnecessary. Minneapolis is receiving proper attention from the attending authority, but the public is simply introduced to the clinic hereby.

The feature of greatest historical importance is that before the present supervisor of music came to Minneapolis, some four years ago, the superintendence was so lax that some teachers in these schools were hiring outside musicians to come into their rooms and conduct the regular music periods. This was done without the knowledge of the supervisor of music. Then, if I say that the results now being shown in Minneapolis schools are not equal to those in some other cities, the public may believe me without overstraining a light-running credulity and without working hardship to the present music supervisor, Miss Helen Trask.

The musical work in Minneapolis has also been temporarily disturbed by the introduction of an entire series of new music books, the working of which I saw in the second month of its second year in Minneapolis. The system is based upon a new principle, as music books go, and the teachers were not wholly converted to this principle during the first year. Since this main idea was an anti-technical treatment of the material, the teachers readily lapsed into the other extreme and generally came to the music periods without having fixed in their own minds the salient points of the lesson. This circumstance alone was sufficient guarantee of stagnation in the music work. The supervisor of music readily recognized the condition and the cause, and, being thoroughly devoted to the task, with the second year's use of the book set about remedying matters. Let us see how she conducts her work.

The exact number of teachers in Minneapolis is not known just here, but it will fall between five and seven hundred. There is no assistant nor music helper of whatever sort to the super-

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visor of music. It would seem almost incredible that one person should attempt three or four visits per year to all the school rooms in the city and at the same time work effectual superintendence over the whole. Yet the supervisor in Minneapolis accomplishes this. She sees the teachers by grades at least once a month, and is able to give them helpful assistance. This is done by calling them to a centrally located point on Friday and Saturday afternoons. I was present at one of these grade meetings. As I entered the supervisor was speaking of the rote songs with which the teaching in third grade begins. She said the work should not be a too severe departure toward the technical. It was conceded that pupils had not been taught the notes, so she said the song should be used continuously for seeing, hearing and observing. From the closing cadence of this song teach ti, re, do, then vary the exercises in other ways to more firmly establish them. In the course of the remarks Miss Trask came repeatedly to the statement that last year the detail was not made definite enough to teachers, and therefore the best results were not obtained. On this day she made for her teachers an outline of the intervals she wished them to teach through the songs. Later we saw the supervisor in the school room and found it interesting to see how she developed details from the rote song. After the children had sung she asked which sounds were held longer, what about the tonic chord, and she called attention to words which sang this, etc. Here was a conscientious desire upon the part of the supervisor to follow the spirit of the book and to proceed in measured and definite strides.

In order to see the general results I visited a school alone, and here are the notes from a not over-profuse diary:

Began with first year pupils and went up successively through the grades. The fourth grade, in particular, showed new work in sight reading which was very creditable indeed; not without some hesitation, but in good order, with slight practice. Fifth grade began an entirely new page and first counted the rhythm of a song; did it splendidly in three-quarter time in divided beats. Beginning an exercise in two parts just following, after some drill teacher sang soprano, while pupils took alto. After one trial teacher allowed pupils to take both parts without her assistance; this was accomplished not without success. After some practice they improved it perceptibly. There was suffi-

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cient evidence that they had the power to help themselves. Mr. Thomas Tapper says this should be the chief aim of all education. Going on up through the grades, I found some still better work, and noted in conclusion that all of the work in this school indicated the most legitimate and substantial methods without either tomfoolery or lameness in conducting the classes.

But there is one very unfortunate phase in the situation at Minneapolis. This is the lack of provision for music in the high schools. The condition hinges partly upon the fact of there being no one to do the work, but chiefly, perhaps, on account of the supposed difficulty in adapting the work to the high school curriculum. There are, however, volunteers in some of the high school faculties who conduct regular musical work, and in some instances they are very heartily encouraged by the principals. One principal remarked that there were three things to be considered absolutely certain: Death, taxes and music. We had some samples of this last item in his high school and found it quite pleasing and a great source of enjoyment to the students.

Summarizing on the general condition at Minneapolis, it should be considered healthy and very creditable, with the chances for the immediate future on the side of steady improvement.

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TRAINING THE SPEAKING WITH THE SINGING VOICE.

BY MARTHA SCOTT.

The animal kingdom is subject to muscular excitement as a result of mental excitement. The chained dog barks and wags his tail at sight of his master, and his joy at the prospect of freedom is so great that when his master attempts to release the collar from his neck Fido's emotion expends itself in wild leaps and barks, and the master with difficulty liberates him.

All mental excitement acts in this reflex manner upon some muscles of the body, and when in man such cause acts upon the muscles of the vocal apparatus the result is the beginning of music, either as speech or as song, the latter a development of the former.

In speech a small range is required; the ordinary tones are those in the lower register of the voice, the most frequent intervals the third and fifth, with the octave, and even tenth in most evxtreme excitement. In experiencing the various emotions the voice ascends or descends according to the nature of the emotion.

In music all of these conditions appear in extremes—the range of the singing voice is two octaves and more—which allows of larger intervals and of frequent use of large intervals. As speech and song have the same origin, some principals are applicable to both.

The oft-heard remark that the American people are unmusical, and more especially the criticism that we are a nation of harsh, unpleasant speaking voices, is a criticism which should hurt our pride, as the offending cause can with care be removed. Musically, we are improving as far as a broader comprehension of music as such is concerned, but are we progressing toward that broad culture which results from the application of the musical instinct in matters outside the pale of actual music? Is each of us allowing the temperament to broaden into that of a thorough artist?

I always marvel at the total absence of taste as displayed in the apparel that many painters don. Sometimes I have thought myself moderately certain in picking the artists from among the

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crowds on a city street by the inartistic combination of colors in their clothing.

As to musicians, I shall state it negatively. They never could be chosen because of their melodious speaking voices. Is not this lack in them a counterpart of the inartistic dress of painters?

We study to develop our finger dexterity and our voices for singing, little thinking of the much more frequent use of the speaking voice, and so leave this in its rough, unpleasant state. This condition will continue, I am convinced, until teachers of singing awake to the importance of including in their training of the snging voice certain principals applicable to the speaking voice and enforce their observance.

Some may think that I am advocating the usurping of the elocution teacher's work. Doubtless I might with justice be accused of encroaching, were it a fact that all singing pupils study also the "art of expression." But I believe the truth is that a very small part of the would-be singers study vocal expression and that with a thoroughly prepared and competent teacher. And since they do not do this the matter of improvement in this line falls upon the musician for working out.

Most persons get nothing in the line of work for the speaking voice outside of the public schools, and I am sorry to say much of this is very poor work. I do not wish to be understood as decrying physical culture work, in fact, few are more ardent advocates of it than am I, but I do think that a teacher competent to teach it in our public schools should be as capable of teaching the culture of the supeaking voice as of teaching the depicting of the various emotions, such as grief, anger, joy, physically, according to a set formula prescribed by some author of a work on "expression." And until this thorough work is done in the public schools, I believe it is a duty of the singing teacher to develop a pleasing quality in the speaking voices of his pupils.

Pupils come to you to take singing lessons in order to learn to sing, but progress toward the goal of their work is retarded by the faults of the speaking voice, and the quickest way to gain the desired beauty of tone and ease of tone production is to rid the speaking voice of its faults. It rests with the teacher to make this broad application of the rules; the pupil has not sufficient

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versatility to apply them in other than the direct way implied by the teacher.

I have known pupils of eight or ten years' work in singing who acknowledge without a blush that they could not read aloud five minutes without becoming hoarse. Of course one who has studied singing for that length of time should have a broader view of the work than this remark indicates, but many pupils have not, and it remains for the teacher to make the broad application.

As the foundation of good singing is deep breathing, so it is with speaking. But no special work in this line need be given; the regular exercises given for singing will be quite sufficient for the other purpose. The ease with which the breath is controlled in speech is much greater than in singing, as the lips, teeth and tongue form natural obstructions to the breath in the enunciation of consonants, which are the principal part of the spoken word, while in song the vowel is the more important part of the word, and the oral cavity is thrown open more, allowing the breath more freedom of egress.

The first point possibly about which to take note is the pitch upon which one speaks. Girls are especially prone to speak in a high voice, which gives more or less indication of straining. The lower pitch affords a much pleasanter tone and shows a certain repose which is very desirable. We know that under intense excitement much larger intervals are unconsciously used than when in the passive state; in joy the voice rises above the ordinary tones, while in sorrow it drops down to the lowest notes in the range. The humorous side of almost every one's nature is more or less developed and every one experiences considerable pleasure and joy. Happy is that person whose ordinary tone is one of low pitch, else in these joyous moments the voice scales to heights we dare not imagine.

I have just said "cultivate a low tone," but be very alert to prevent a resulting monotone. This is a very serious fault, doubtless the most evident of all faults to the casual hearer. Let the voice be pitched low, but allow sufficient intervals to relieve any monotony.

As we speak in the lower register of our singing tones, the placing of these conversational tones should be the same as for the singing tones of this register. We cannot expect the same

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resonance in the speaking voice as in the singing, yet resonance should not be entirely lacking in the conversational voice. The main cause of hoarseness with a singer from reading is the lack of good placing. Were the voice properly placed the throat would be relaxed, the tension would disappear entirely and absolute freedom of the vocal apparatus would result. Without this good placing we cannot hope to get that mellowness of tone which we so much admire in an occasional voice.

The work in enunciation can readily be adjusted to the speaking voice. Work for good vowels, clearly and correctly pronounced, see that the roll of the R is omitted, for we are in the middle west, where this is much too prevalent. Good enunciation in conversation is the first step toward good enunciation in singing.

My last suggestion is, help the pupil cultivate legato speech. You may be surprised to hear of staccato speech, but it is not uncommon. The legato in singing and speaking tones will not be identical, as one readily sees, but they are of the same family, and that in the singing voice is a development—I may say an exaggeration—of the speaking legato.

The work which I have suggested need in no way lessen the spontaneity, nor lessen the individuality of the voice. Just as the artistic teacher of singing strives to train each voice to produce a tone ideal to that particular voice, so each speaking voice may be trained without taking from it any of its vocal personality.

I believe that every teacher finds the time allotted for a lesson in singing far too short in which to accomplish all he wishes to with a pupil, and is loath to burden himself with any irrelevant matter. But if it expedites the actual work in hand, is it not well worth while? I am sure that it is, and when we think that the human voice is the most frequently used of musical instruments, it certainly is well worth the while of singing teachers to devote a little time to the eradication of some obvious faults in its production.

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Things Here And There

MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY VESPERS.

From Professor Stanley, of Michigan University, comes the announcement of a very unusual series of Vesper services, devoted to a historical summary of music. The programs are so interesting that they are here reproduced entire. The recital programs were given upon the organ, where not otherwise mentioned, and played by Professor Stanley, who besides possessing many other all around qualities is also a fine organist.

I.—NETHERLAND AND EARLY ITALIAN SCHOOLS.

February 13.

DE PRESS (1450-1521)—
Prelude—"Miserere," Part III.
Introit—"Ave verum."
Gloria—Gregorian (First Tone). (Gregory, 540-604.)
Hymn—"When I survey the wondrous cross." (Gregorian.)
PALESTRINA (1524-1594)—
Introit—"O, Lord, My God."
Sentence—"Oh, have mercy, Lord, upon me."
Postlude—Ricecare.

There will be no recital after this service, as there is little instrumental music of this period available.

II.—EARLY ITALIAN SCHOOL.—February 18.

GABRIELI (1510-1587)—
Prelude—Canzona.
PALESTRINA—
Canticle—"Magnificat." (First Tone.)
Gloria—Eighth Tone.
Hymn—"How beauteous are their feet." (Gregorian.)
ALLEGRI (1587-1662)—
Psalm for Two Choirs—"Miserere."
NANINI (1540-1607)—
Sentence—"Stabat Mater."
MERULO (1533-1604)—
Postlude—Toccata on Third Tone.

Second Choir, Misses Campbell, Farlin, Coffey, Mr. Woodward.

III.—EARLY GERMAN SCHOOL.—February 20.

ISAAK (15th Century)—
Prelude—Selected.
ECCARD (1553-1611)—

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Motette—"Presentation of Christ in the Temple."
Gloria—Traditional.

LUTHER (1483-1546)—
Chorale—"A mighty fortress is our God."

CALVISIUS (1556-1615)—
Old German Carol—"Joseph, tender Joseph mine." ("Joseph, sunt impleta quae praedixit Gabriel.")

HASSLER (1564-1612)—
Sentence—"O sacred head now wounded."

SCHEIDT (1587-1654)—
Postlude—Chorale Vorspiel.

RECITAL PROGRAM.

FRESCOBALDI (1583-1644)—
a. Capriccio Pastorale.
b. Passacaglia in B flat.

ARCADELT (16th Century)—
Ave Maria.

MERULO—
Toccata.

SCARLATTI (1683-1757)—
a. Sarabande.
b. Siciliano.
c. Bourree.
d. Scherzo.

FROHBERGER (1605?-1667)—
Capriccio.

PACHELBEL (1653-1706)—
Ciacona.

BRUHNS (1665-1697)—
Prelude in G.

IV.—EARLY ENGLISH SCHOOL.—February 25.

GIBBONS (1583-1625)—
Prelude—"Fantasie in four parts."

TALLIS (15— -1585)—
Anthem—"If ye love me."

OLD ENGLISH—
Gloria—Eighth Church Mode.

READING (16— -1692)—
Hymn—"How firm a foundation."

FARRANT (15— -1580)—
Anthem—"Lord for thy tender mercies sake."

TALLIS—
Sentence—"Glory to Thee, my God, this night."

PURCELL (1658-1695)—
Postlude—Overture in D major.

V.—GERMAN SCHOOL (I).—February 27.

BACH (1685-1750)—

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Prelude—Andante, from D minor Sonata.
"Weihnachts Oratorium."—Chorale—"Now vengeance hath been taken."
Gloria—Gregorian.
Hymn—"Come Holy Ghost in Love." (J. G. Braun, 1675.)
"Pfingst Cantata." Aria—"My heart ever faithful."
Sentence—"Jesus guide me."
Postlude—Prelude and Fugue in G minor.

Soloist, Miss Elizabeth Campbell.

RECITAL PROGRAM.

BYRDE (1538-1623)—
a. Pavane.
b. Prelude.
c. "Sellinger's Round."
BLOW (1648-1708)—
Suite in G. (Three movements.)
PURCELL—
a. Chaconne.
b. Toccata.
BACH—
a. Aria in D.
b. Pastorale.
c. Chorale Vorspiel.
d. Toccata and Fugue in D minor.

VI.—GERMAN SCHOOL (II).—March 4.

HAENDEL (1685-1759)—
Prelude—Larghetto and alla Siciliana.
"Messiah." Solo and Chorus—"O, Thou that Tellest."
Gloria—Gregorian.
Hymn—"Rejoice the Lord is King." (1745.)
"Theodora." Aria—"Angels ever bright and fair."
"Rinaldo." Sentence—Let Thine hand help me."
"Messiah." Postlude—Hallelujah Chorus.

Soloists, Miss Clara J. Jacobs and Master Leslie Brown.

VII.—GERMAN SCHOOL (III).—March 6.

HAYDN (1732-1809)—
Prelude—Introduction to "Passion."
"Passion." Chorus—"Father forgive them."
Gloria—Adapted.
Hymn—"Gloriuos things of thee are spoken."
MOZART (1756-1791)—
Motette—"Ave verum."
Sentence—"Holy Father, hear my cry."
"Requiem." Postlude—"Recordare."

Soloists, Miss Leila Farlin, Miss Bernice Harriss, Mr. Griffith Gordon, Mr. Earl Killeen.

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RECITAL PROGRAM.

BUXTEHUDE (1639-1707)—
Choral Vorspiel.
KREBS (1713-1780)—
Praeludium und Fuga.
HANDEL—
a. Gavotte from "Joshua."
b. Selection from "Water Music."
c. Dead March from "Saul."
HAYDN—
a. Andante, C major Symphony.
TWO—MUSIC—BREV MILLAR—
b. Chorus, "Achieved is the glorious work."
MOZART—
a. Romanza.
b. Minuet in E flat.

VIII.—GERMAN SCHOOL (IV).—March 11.

BEETHOVEN (1770-1827)—
Prelude—Andante from Fifth Symphony.
"Geistlicher Lieder." Solo—"A Song of Penitence."
Gloria—Adapted.
Hymn—"When I survey the wondrous cross."
HAUPTMANN (1792-1868)—
Motette—Lord, my God."
BEETHOVEN (1770-1827)—
Sentence—"Savior, again to Thy dear name we raise."
"Mount of Olives." Postlude—Hallelujah Chorus.
Soloist, Mrs. A. G. Walker.

IX.—GERMAN SCHOOL (V).—March 13.

SPOHR (1784-1859)—
Prelude—Adagio from Notturno.
"Calvary." Chorus—"Gentle night now descend."
Gloria—Adapted.
Hymn—"I heard the voice of Jesus say."
Anthem—"As pants the hart for cooling streams."
Sentence—Nunc Dimittis.
Postlude—Chorus from "Last Judgment."
Soloists, Mrs. George A. Hastreiter, Mr. Moses Johnson.

RECITAL PROGRAM.

HESSE (1809-1863)—
Fantasie in E major.
FREYER—
Concert Variations.
BEETHOVEN—
Andante, First Symphony.
SPOHR—
Adagio.

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FINCK (1831——)—
Sonata in E flat.

X.—GERMAN SCHOOL (VI).—March 18.

VON WEBER (1786-1826)—
Prelude—Andante.
Mass in G—"Agnus Dei" and "Dona Nobis."
Gloria—Traditional.
Hymn—Selected.
SCHUBERT (1797-1828)—
"Kyrie eleison" from Mass in F.
VON WEBER—
Sentence—"Softly now the light of day."
SCHUMANN (1810-1856)—
Postlude—Fugue on B. A. C. H.
Soloists, Miss Frances Caspary, Miss Bernice Harriss, Mr. Merlyn Wiley, Dr. Robert Bourland.

XI.—GERMAN SCHOOL (VII).—March 20.

MENDELSSOHN (1809-1847)—
Prelude—Andante, B flat Sonata.
"Elijah." Trio—Lift thine eyes."
Gloria—Adapted.
Hymn—"O word of God incarnate." (Old German Chorale.)
"Elijah." Aria—"Lord, God of Abraham."
Sentence—"Saviour, when night involves the skies."
Postlude—Sonata in A major.
Soloist, Mr. William R. Alvord.

RECITAL PROGRAM.
(Early French School).

TITELOUZE (1563-1633)—
Verset.
LULLY (1633-1687)—
Selection from "Perseus."
CLERAMBAULT (1676-1749)—
Prelude.
DANDRIEU (1684-1740)—
Musette.
SCHUMANN—
Two studies for Pedal Klavier.
MENDELSSOHN—
Sonata in F minor.

XII.—FRENCH SCHOOL.—March 25.

GOUNOD (1818-1893)—
Prelude—"Visio Sancte Joannes." "Jerusalem Coelestis." ("Mors et Vita.")
Solo—"Repentance."
Gloria—Adapted.

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Hymn—Selected.
Motette—"Come unto Him."
Sentence—Nunc Dimittis.
Postlude—Chorus from "Mors et Vita."
Soloist, Mrs. A. G. Walker.

XIII.—MODERN ENGLISH SCHOOL (I).—March 27.

SMART (1813-1879)—
Prelude—Andante.
STAINER (1840-1899)—
"God so loved the world."
MORLEY (1557-1604)—
Gloria.
DYKES (1828-1876)—
Hymn—Our blest Redeemer ere He breathed."
STAINER—
Anthem—"O Merciful Jesu."
DYKES—
Sentence—"Come unto Me ye weary."
BENEDICT (1804-1885)—
Postlude—Funreal March.
There will be no recital after this service.

XIV.—MODERN ENGLISH SCHOOL (II).—April 1.

SMART—
Prelude—Allegro moderato.
TOURS (1838-1897)—
Anthem—"Magnificat in F."
Gloria—Traditional.
ELVEY (1816-1893)—
Hymn—"Watchman, tell us of the night."
STAINER—
Anthem—Mercy and truth are met together."
SULLIVAN (1842-1900)—
Sentence—"I heard the voice of Jesus say."
MACFARREN (1813-1887)—
Postlude—Chorus from "St. John the Baptist."
Soloist, Mrs. George A. Hastreiter.

XV.—MODERN ENGLISH SCHOOL (III).—April 3.

MACFARREN—
Prelude—Andante con moto.
WOODWARD—
Anthem—"The souls of the righteous."
BARNBY (1838-1896)—
Gloria.
MONK (1823-1889)—
Hymn—"Sun of my soul." (1861.)
SULLIVAN—
Anthem—"I will mention."

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ELVEY—
Sentence—"Just as I am."
SMART—
Postlude—Festival March in D.
Soloist, Mr. Merlyn Wiley.

RECITAL PROGRAM.

RHEINBERGER (1837-1901)—
Sonata in A minor.
TOURS—
Fantasie in C major.
BEST (1826-1897)—
Fantasie on Old English Carols.
BARNBY—
March from "Rebekkah."
GUILMANT (1837)—
a. Adoration.
b. Priere.
c. Canzona.
d. Fugue in D.

XVI.—EARLY AMERICAN.—April 8.

READ (1757-1836)—
Prelude—Adapted.
BILLINGS (1746-1800). GREEN (1715). COLE (1774-1855)—
Hymn Anthem—Adapted from the tunes "Majesty," "Aylesbury," and "Geneva."
FELTON (1769)—
Gloria.
HOLDEN (1765-1844)—
Hymn—"All hail the power of Jesus' name."
SHAW (1776-1848)—
Solo—"There's nothing true but Heaven."
INGALLS (1764-1828)—
Sentence—"The day is past and gone."
Postlude—Improvisation on old tunes.
Soloist, Miss Elizabeth Campbell.

XVII.—MODERN AMERICAN.—April 10.

WHITING (1842)—
Prelude—Moderato in C minor.
CHADWICK (1854)—
Anthem—"God who madest earth and heaven."
MASON (1792-1872)—
Gloria.
OLIVER (1800-1885)—
Hymn—Sovereign of worlds."
STANLEY (1851)—
Anthem—Magnificat in A

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Sentence—Nunc Dimittis in A.
Postlude—Prelude and Fugue in G minor.
Soloist, Miss Nora Hunt.

RECITAL PROGRAM.

BUCK (1839)—
Sonata in G minor.
CHADWICK—
Prelude in F.
FOOTE (1853)—
a. Pastorale.
b. Festival March.
WHITING—
a. Reverie.
b. Postludium in C.

THE SMALL CITY IN MUSIC.

I do not know how well our little city of Carthage, Missouri (12,000 souls) represents the general advancement of the country in musical interest and culture. For three years we have had a Choral society, now grown to sixty members. They have given complete works and are now preparing (directed by the undersigned) Gade's Crusaders. The accompaniment is piano and string quartette. We have a ladies' music club seventy-five strong and doing excellent work. Last, and perhaps best, we have now a string quartette and a trio club (piano, violin and 'cello) of our own. They have projected a series of five concerts and given the first with great success. The first violin, Mr. Ralph Wylie, is from Jacobssohn and the Hochschule at Berlin.

The accompanying program will show the kind of music that our people hear with enthusiasm. Yours very truly,

W. L. CALHOUN.

Soloist, Ralph Wylie.

Minuet, op. 20, for string quartette.....Beethoven
"Kaiser" Quartette, op. 76 No. 3.....Haydn
Larghetto 2d Symphony, transcribed for trio.....Beethoven
Suite in G Major, for Violin.....Ries
(a) Moment Musical, "Bear Dance".....Schubert
(b) Minuet ..... Boccherini
Trio, op. 49.....Mendelssohn

PERSONNEL.

String Quartette—1st violin, Ralph Wylie; 2d violin, Carolyn St. John Wylie; viola, Gerald Appy; violincello, Ernest Appy.
Piano Trio—Piano, William L. Calhoun; 'cello, Ernest Appy; violin, Ralph Wylie.

Carthage, March 4, 1902.

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W. C. E. SEEBOECK IN HIS OWN WORKS.

That gifted genius, Mr. W. C. E. Seeboeck, has been playing a concert of his own works at the Fine Arts Building, Chicago. Naturally he ran to songs, having the assistance of a good soprano. Then, too, the enterprising Boston publisher, Mr. A. P. Schmidt, has taken a whole roll of the Seeboeck compositions, and some of those were given on this occasion for the first time in public. Mr. Seeboeck is one of those composers who writes as easily as he eats—in fact more easily, for a sheet of music paper is more easily come by than the price of a meal—and so, quite likely, Seeboeck more than once found it years ago before his talents began to be recognized. Mr. Seeboeck opened the program with a Preludium and Toccata, and later on gave a group of those delightful modern antiques of his, which look so easy and sound so sweet, yet represent musicianship of wholly unusual quality. His most questionable item was a collection called "Music of Nature," the numbers being "Rainbow," "Cascade," "By the Frog Pond," "Butterfly" and "Sunrise on a Misty Morning." No doubt these little affairs were playful enough, but they hardly illustrate a great talent at its best.

To give an idea of the experience Mr. Seeboeck has had as composer of songs it may be mentioned that the number of his pieces in that line number fully three hundred, and of these probably not a score have been published. Every one of the lot may be depended upon to be musical, suited to the words, elegant in counterpoint, and fluent for the voice.

The program on this occasion closed with two studies in the style of Paganini. The *Tribune* (Mr. W. L. Hubbard) gave Mr. Seeboeck's compositions a thoroughly fine notice. The present writer unfortunately missed the concert. But not from misesteem.

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MINOR MENTION.

Mr. Albert Lockwood has been giving a series of historical piano recitals in connection with the school of music of the University of Michigan. The programs are notable for the very wide range they cover, being apparently nearly or quite the same as the interesting and imposing series played by Mr. Lockwood formerly and recorded in these pages. Mr. Lockwood is one of the best American scholars upon the pianoforte.

* * *

A pleasing little pamphlet has lately been issued by Pomona College, in California, intended to bring out in strong light the lovely surroundings and agreeable weather awaiting the student in that land where flowers blossom throughout the scholastic year, and excellent wine is available for making glad his heart, as the Scripture has it, at a minimum rate for cash. Pomona College is a flourishing institution. The music department, fromerly in charge of the late Professor John C. Fillmore, is now in the care of Mr. W. Irving Andrus, formerly of Chicago.

* * *

Anyone making a collection of testimonials, a form of dissipation just coming in, will find in a pamphlet issued by a singer somewhere in Ohio, some complimentary specimens.

* * *

At Lima, Ohio, they have a musical club called the Listaniers, and among the subjects of work the present year were Schubert and Schumann, Rubinstein, Fugue, Favorite Composers, Nocturnes, Christmas Carols, Sacred Night (this must be a night for debut and Liszt). Waltzes and Ballades, Novelty or Birds, Barcarolle, Mozart, Opera, Aria and Symphony.

Some of these subjects have little or nothing in them. What, for instance, is to come out of such a subject as Barcarolle?

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The first concert of the Lewiston and Auburn sections of the Maine Festival Chorus was given March 7, under the direction of Mr. Wm. R. Chapman, in person. It was very successful.

* * *

At a concert given by Miss Olive Mead, the violinist, in Boston, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach appeared as pianist, playing with Miss Mead the Kreutzer sonata of Beethoven and a solo number consisting of the Brahms Capriccio, op. 76, the third Chopin study (E major), and her own transcription of Richard Strauss' "Serenade." The latter is said to be very effective.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

COUNTING THE TIME AND FALSE NOTES.

"Will you kindly advise me upon the following points appertaining to the method of teaching rhythm in playing:

Would you have the pupil count, or would you count for them?

Would you bite the words "one," "two," etc., off short or would you spin them out?

Which goes faster, 3-4 or 6-8 measure? It looks to me as if the former might be faster.

Is it a good plan to double the number to count, making it four in 2-4 time?

What is a good remedy for a pupil striking continually wrong notes, sometimes two or three in every measure?

Would you have a pupil memorize the two hands separately or together?

What is the best way of increasing the tonal power? M. J. McG."

Teachers differ very much about the advisability of either counting for pupils or requiring them to count for themselves. You see what we are after is to secure a sense of rhythm so that the playing will go smoothly on, like the playing of an orchestra, but to give the usual methods of counting often seems to make the attention linger within the successive measures in place of going straight onwards. I have myself always required counting whenever it seemed to be difficult to the pupil; but when a pupil would rather count than not, I make them cease counting. It is the clock inside the pupil we are after, and when once this sense of rhythm is established, the less public advertising of the progress of the time the better. I do not advise counting with long words—but always staccato, on the beginning of the post. Never require doubling the number except where the subdivision of notes makes it difficult to apportion the time correctly, then discontinue the counting as soon as this is accomplished. Later on in fast movements it will assist the playing to take each measure as a unit and count them in groups of four, this will assist the pupil in getting the proper effect in presto movements.

It is impossible to say which goes faster, 3-4 or 6-8. In point of fact the half measure in 6-8 is approximately equal to the quarter note in 2-4 or 4-4; but then the tempo may be anywhere from Adagio to Allegro molto, and this would make a difference.

The pupil who habitually plays false notes is inattentive and there will be differences of opinion as to which would preferably die, the

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teacher who had permitted such carelessness or the pupil who had shown such indifference. You will have to settle that with the pupil. A pupil who digresses out of the scale and key in any kind of simple passage is ignorant or careless, or both, and does not listen in the least to the music of what she is playing. Begin with the latter and work at her until you break her of the fact. Perhaps if you can find some piece which she likes, she will have decency and pride enough to really try to play it as the author wrote it. There is a great difference in teachers in their power to control attention. This is the point to strike.

M.

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REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

ELEMENTS AND NOTATION OF MUSIC. By James M. McLaughlin. Boston, Ginn & Co. Cloth, small 12mo., pp. 120.

In this work Mr. McLaughlin has undertaken a very important and much needed task. All the existing series of school readers in music ignore terminology and definitions, or give but a few, and those generally not very well. The consequence is that teachers are often at loss for short and precise definitions for the most ordinary facts of music, either in what are called its "elements" or in the notation.

In preparing for this work Mr. McLaughlin states that he has referred to the following list of authorities: Music, H. C. Bannister; Musical Theory, J. Curwen; The Music Teacher, J. Evans and W. G. McNaught; Harmony and Meter, Hauptmann; Musical Expression, M. Lussy; School of Composition, A. B. Marx; Evolution of the Art of Music, C. Hubert H. Parry; Musical Forms, E. Pauer; Musical Form, E. Prout; Catechism of Musical History, H. Riemann; Harmony Simplified, H. Riemann; Articles on Accent, Measure, Meter, Rhythm, etc., in Grove's Dictionary, Riemann's Dictionary, etc. It is a long and a very strong list.

But "No American need apply."

In working out the plan according to these highly esteemed authorities, Mr. McLaughlin has generally been successful; but at times he would have done better to infuse into the result a trifle more of American precision and directness. The truth is that of all the English theorists the tonic sol-fa people alone observe scrupulously the radical principle regarding all musical definitions, which is that music being an art addressing the ear, all definitions must be in terms of ear and musical effect, and not in terms of eye. Music is wholly intelligible by ear and so ought to be its definitions; notation is a convention, and is also related to ear effects. For this reason I would have been glad of a finer discrimination in a few places in this sincere and admirably made little book. And in pointing out a few of these places I am doing it only to direct attention to the need of a still finer exactness of expression than we have as yet attained. It will be remembered that musical terminology has always been extremely lax in English, owing to the prevalence of teachers who have received all their theoretical instruction in German, and who, while using terms fairly well in that tongue, have conformed to what they have supposed to be authoritative English usage, as shown in such misleading varlets as Burrowe's Primer and the like.

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Lowell Mason began this work towards defining the elements of music as long ago as 1834, in his Manual of the Boston Academy of Music. From the standpoint of the present that work, which no doubt cost Mr. Mason a vast amount of study, is but child's play; yet he analyzes clearly, and while missing some of the fine points, generally holds himself clear between the matters of the *thing* itself (music, to hear) and notation and definition (signs, to see). Later on Dr. Mason made very great advances; but he was not what we now call a musician, although for his day and opportunities a most remarkable man and a commanding personality, to be reckoned with upon the highest possible plane.

Other Americans who have worked along this line were the late Dr. Geo. F. Root, Dr. H. R. Palmer, who has proposed several important simplifications, and the present writer. (Primer of Music by William Mason and the undersigned, Primer of Form, etc.) I am not aware whether Mr. Luther Whiting Mason particularly advanced terminology, as I have never read any of his books in their original form, but at all events the Americans have shown more care in this point than most Englishmen. Riemann, of course, is a real pedagogue, who holds his ideas clearly defined, and in German he is pretty exact. But to pass to the few suggestions upon Mr. McLaughlin's work.

I object to employing the word tone to signify an interval. Mr. McLaughlin introduces this term correctly in his No. 3, as a sound, but he does not perfect it by explaining that the word tone is used for a particular kind of sound—namely, a musical sound. Then in his No. 36 he declares that the distance in pitch between a line and space is sometimes what is called a *tone*—which is very bad, and he ought not to have done it.

He defines music as "the effect of music produced by the (intelligent) combinations of sounds in rhythmic, melodic and harmonic order." I would amend by inserting the word in parenthesis. Again, the horizontal position of the lines of the staff depends upon the way in which the book is held; but a staff is a staff, even when the book is held at any angle, although the lines will not then lie in a horizontal plane. The staff has six spaces—everybody knows that except the makers of text-books. The first additions we make to an insufficient staff are the added lines. I think it was Dr. Geo. F. Root who introduced this improvement, about thirty-three years ago. Dr. Palmer resisted like a strong man, declaring that since the books said that the staff had four spaces, it was hardihood, undue temerity, and epoch-marking foolishness to try to change it. *Sic transit.*

I do not think it quite correct to say: (No. 38, speaking of the chromatic scale) "Each of the twelve parts or sounds is called a semitone, and is the smallest division recognized." In the first place, the word semitone, if it must be used in place of the much better German equivalent of half-step, is used of the interval, and *not* of the sounds. A post is one thing, a hole another. The tones are the posts which

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mark the limits of the post-holes, or in this case the distances between posts, the semitones. There is no very good objection to Mr. McLaughlin's expression that sharps denote the raising of the pitch of a line or space. In general, I consider it more easy to speak of chromatics indicating elevations or depressions of pitch than of restricting it to the lines or spaces, since in all cases the elevation has taken place previously in the music itself, before coming to the question of writing it. A sharp five exists in the music before the composer writes it down; and so of all accidentals or even of signatures. But in general Mr. McLaughlin is much clearer and more unobjectionable than the great majority of writers.

I do not understand it to be true among musicians that when the flags of 16ths or other short notes are connected the notes thus joined are said to be *"tied"* (No. 72), the word tie has another and very different meaning in music. This definition is correctly given in No. 82, except that it is easier to say it in this way: "A tie is a curved line connecting two notes of the same pitch, to show that the second is a continuation of the first;" than to say as Mr. McLaughlin does: "A tie is a curved line above or below two notes of the same pitch, which indicates that they are to be performed like one note equal in length to the two." The simplification above has been suggested these twenty years or so by the present writer, and published in various text-books of his own and others, and it was missed in this case through too exclusive reverence for foreign authorities. Even Mr. McLaughlin is a vast improvement over Burrowes, who declared that a tie was a curved line "drawn above or below two notes upon the same degree of the staff, to show that the second note was not to be struck." This definition fails at both ends; ties frequently affect notes upon different degrees of the staff, in harmonic relations; and no "note" need be "struck." Even composers and theorists are rarely "struck," although they occasionally deserve it.

I suppose that the primal thing which a note signifies is *a musical utterance,* as distinguished from any other kind of utterance. This amendment was proposed about forty years ago by Mr. J. William Suffern, an original and unconventional genius who about that period used to take a whack at American musical culture in the outlying districts. Occasionally he had an idea. This was one of them. Rests are not so much marks of silence as a particular kind of silence—namely, rhythmical silence—i. e., silence during which rhythm goes on.

The English definition which Mr. McLaughlin quotes of rhythm as "the arrangement of musical phrases or sentences in regular metrical form, as regards accent and quality," is no improvement, that I can see, upon Lowell Mason's merely general formula that rhythm means "measured flow." Musical rhythm is an extremely complicated term, including among others the following concepts, all of which have to lie in the background before a true concept of musical rhythm can be awakened: Pulsation, accent, measure, the rhythmic motion against

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or above the measure (as of varied lengths above an underlying 3-4), a combination of such motions going on at the same time, each contrasting against the other and all overlying the pulsation and measure, and the phrase, section and period grouping, as well as the larger grouping. In short, the term rhythm includes pretty much all the organization of a music piece in time. Hence no really adequate and simple definition can be given. It is too much like trying to define space or time. Space is no doubt the "somewhat in which physical changes of position take place;" and time "that in which modifications of consciousness take place"—but do we know any more about them after the definitions than before? I think, therefore, that for a first, a tentative and merely crude and general definition of rhythm, Lowell Mason's "measured flow" is accurate enough.

In his No. 134 Mr. McLaughlin is probably incorrect. He is speaking of syncopation, in this case a 4-4 form with a half note on the second beat. And he adds: "The anticipation or disturbance of accent may be more strongly marked by the use of a sign called an emphasis, stress or accent, and he gives both the vertical angle and the horizontal one. Now, first, the vertical angle never properly means accent. Those who occasionally print it in that meaning simply ignore careful usage. The vertical angle means *tenuto*, hold the note out its full length. As to the remainder of his facts, if he means that the addition of the mark renders the accent more strongly marked to the eye, he is correct, and I have no difference with him; but if he means, as I think he would be understood, that the addition of the accent mark signifies a stronger displaced accent, I thing he is wrong. I understand that every tone which begins a beat or half beat before an accent, whether primary or secondary, and holds over across the accent, thus making it impossible to be given, in reality takes the accent thus displaced, anticipates the accent. Generally (but not always) the true rhythm goes on in other voices; but occasionally Schumann changes his measure by this mode of writing, as for instance in the Faschingsschwank aus Wein, where for several periods, I believe, he has what is in fact a 2-4, while the measure is still written in 3-4. He has another instance of this in the finale of his pianoforte concerto. In this case I agree with Christiani that it would have been better to have changed the measure signature—although Mr. Godowsky does not agree with me, saying that as he felt it the real measure went on all the time under this prolonged syncopation.

I think it unfortunate that Mr. McLaughlin should have given the definition of the scale as "a determinate series of sounds, differing from each other by well-defined steps or degrees." No doubt this takes in some of the symptoms of being a scale. But the true conception, it seems to me, is that a scale consists of the tones of a key arranged in order according to the pitch. The fundamental fact in music in tonality is *key*, the grouping of certain chords, the nature of which determine the precise place of all the tones composing them; these tones,

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when drawn out into a regularly ascending or descending series, constitute a scale. I think it unfortunate that the children begin so much from the scale standpoint. We are now in position to know more about this than they were in Lowell Mason's time (who began this making the scale the starting point of elementary singing). We now know that whereas this scale idea was perfectly true from the standpoint of the Greeks, who had not only two modes, but seven, according as they started from one tone or another of the plain diatonic scale, our two modes of major and minor, while seeming to be survivals of the Greek scales, are in fact surviving because they are harmonically determined. Tonality, melody, all tonal expression in our modern music are now primarily questions of harmony. And the earlier we begin to build up our teaching from this conception, the more rapidly our pupils will progress towards entering into the complications of the higher music.

The chromatic scale, of course, is not a scale according to the foregoing definition; it stands for the entire tonal system, out of which the modal scales are selections.

So also I fancy that the Greek concept of tetrachords has now lost its usefulness and would better be relegated to the past where it meant something.

Another unfortunate presentation is that of measure, which in reality is the distance between two strong pulsations; it is indeed represented by the space between two bars—i. e., the primary form of measure; but what of the other measure froms, such as those from the second, third or fourth pulsation to the corresponding place after the next bar? These are not only very usual forms of measure, but often an essential part of the characteristic effect by means of which the composer establishes a mood. These things are heard easily enough by any one who is musical; why not include them among our elements?

I note one rather serious typographical error; No. 351: The chord of the supertonic in the minor mode is not minor, as here stated, but diminished. This is plainly a printer's error.

But to return to our author and his excellent and useful little book. It will be observed that despite the length to which these comments have extended, the criticisms have confined themselves to some six or eight out of the total of 364 which the book contains. And while in a few instances there is more than a criticism involved, namely a standpoint, still all this talk ought to be taken as a study towards a still greater exactness in later editions.

It is a well-conceived work, carried out in fine spirit. Alas, that perfection should be so hard to attain! W. S. B. M.

* * *

GROSSE KOMPOSITIONSLEHRE. Von Hugo Riemann, Dr. Phil. und Mus. Berlin und Stuttgart, Verlag von W. Spemann. Vol. 1. Octavo, pp. 530.

Of all writers at present occupied in disseminating musical knowledge and of clearing up musical ideas in their essence and in their

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immediate application to art-results, Dr. Riemann, professor of musical science in Leipsic University, stands easily foremost. Occasionally he takes up an undesirable lead, as (in the estimation of the present writer) in his system of *underklang* chords and minor modes. Also in trying to do too much with marks in his editions of classical works for pianoforte, and in placing too much stress upon the notion that any note upon the last beat of a measure or the last fraction of a beat is necessarily an up stroke to the next phrase. A fractional pulse at the end of the measure is probably always in the nature of an up stroke; but a full pulse not invariably. In other works, however, and especially in his monumental Dictionary, he has placed his generation under a load of permanent indebtedness. To this load he here again makes contribution. He undertakes to bring together the principles of free musical composition, supposing that the student has already mastered his technique in harmony, counterpoint and canonic imitation. He begins with a chapter upon the elements of music, or, as he calls them, the element of expression, the scale, measure, chords, etc., which, in view of the previous preparation supposed to have preceded this book, might have been spared, as Professor Prout has well pointed out. Then he goes on concerning the development of motives into phrases, modifications of the phrase through changes and elisions, the means of varying a melody, the accompanying harmony, the song, plain chorus work, and thematic handling in the larger forms of instrumental music. Each of these chapters is carried out upon a large scale, ranging from forty to seventy-five pages each, and with a wealth of historical explanation eminently pleasing, although in many cases simplified through the previous work of the late Professor Phillip Spitta, along certain lines.

The two most important previous works in this province in German were the four volume treatises of A. B. Marx and the late J. C. Lobe. Dr. Marx was pleasing, suggestive, and at times exhibited insight. His handling of musical form was the best up to fifty years ago. Lobe was less systematic, but also pleasing and full of suggestions. Dr. Riemann seems to the present reviewer to have made a more useful work than either of those, and it will be interesting to note how he carries it out in the second volume.

In a recent issue of the English Musical Record (Augener) there was a beautiful article by Professor Niecks upon this work of Dr. Riemann, in which the veteran and most artistic judge commends and criticizes in a manner as penetrating as it is gentle and considerate.

Everybody knows that a real mastery of musical composition must grow out of genius combined with vast practice under intelligent supervision. A book like this of Dr. Riemann, therefore, is one to be read for suggestions, rather than a collection of rules which can be learned and demonstrated by means of examinations. With this reservation the book is one to be read with interest and profit by all who happen to have the German language among their working properties.

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The too confiding student may well be warned, however, against Dr. Riemann's phrasings in some of his examples. He cut apart his 8ths and 16ths in a way which conveys more idea of break than the sense warrants. For instance, in Handel's Harmonious Blacksmith (p. 144) he makes the first three notes into one phrase; then five notes, ending upon the accent of the second measure; he now goes a full measure, despite the obvious repetition of one little motive. The second period begins with a phrase of four notes, then one of six, then a full measure, a phrase of three, six, etc., following the former pattern. Moreover, he displaces the bars, commencing the melody upon the second beat. This is a point where Dr. Riemann disagrees with the late Mr. Handel, who from his forty years' experience as operatic composer and conductor may be supposed to have had on the whole an adequate idea of the proper location of the bars in melodies of his own construction. When he inadvertently assimilated a melody belonging to another composer, as he not infrequently did, he might perhaps have erred; although even this is questionable. The student will do well to take all of Dr. Riemann's amendments of this kind with rather more than a grain of salt.

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ELEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BUREAU OF AMERICAN ETHNOLOGY. Part 2. Indian Land Cessions in United States. Compiled by Charles C. Royce, with an Introduction by Cyrus Thomas. Large Octavo, pp. 997 67. Colored Maps.

It is, of course, impossible in a notice to do more than call attention to the extremely wide ground covered by this monumental publication, which will form a reference book of inestimable value for many purposes. It is gotten out in the usual finished style of the publications of the Smithsonian Institution. It forms the conclusion of the preceding volume, which is so rich in information concerning the habits and progress of the Alaskan Indians especially. The index to the entire two volumes is given in this second part.

The maps give the boundaries of all the cessions made by the Indians since the government was founded. The total number is about 720, and in some cases, California, almost the entire area of the state is covered by these cessions. In other cases the Indian possessions were extinguished prior to the formation of the union.

* * *

(From M. P. Belaieff, Leipsig.)

FIRST SONATA, IN B FLAT MINOR. For Piano. By Alexandre Glazounov. Op. 74.

Allegro Moderato.

Andante in F sharp major.

Finale.

This newest of sonatas is the first of the distinguished Russian composer, Alexandre Glazounov, who seems just now the most promising personality in the musical world—at least as composer. Nor yet promising alone, for his successful works have been played all over the world

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and have made known his unusual and entirely unexpected qualities as melodist, in which respect he ranks very high among the immortals. This sonata is long, quite difficult and very serious work; yet, despite its length and the highly excited mood of the first movement, a mood analogous to those of Beethoven's first part of the pathetique sonata, and the last sonata of all the work is full of musical effects, and it is not wonder that his friend, the celebrated Russian virtuoso, Siloti, is making a good effect with it in his concerts in Europe this season.

The freedom of modulation and the variety of keys into which the piece gets itself would have struck dismay to all that class of classical writers of whom the late Charles Salaman of London speaks so charmingly in other pages of this magazine. For instance, to mention merely those changes which are recorded in the signatures, the first movement, opening in the key of B flat minor, with a second subject in the key of D flat, goes into B minor, G minor, D minor, E minor, A minor, and so back to B flat minor, the second subject being recapitulated in B flat major.

This first movement is like a symphony in its fredom and strength. The writing for piano, while not pianistic in the sense employed by the pianists of the Chopin school, is still capable of effect. The motion is tumultuous, the left hand having a great deal to do, a little in the manner of the Chopin study in C minor, known as the revolutionary study. Over this restless motion, which is not a regularly ascending and descending figure, the right hand has a strongly impassioned syncopated chord-like figure. In the final outcome the left hand puts in this element over its previously taken basses, while the right hand has the figuration above. It would be interesting to hear this work played with as much beauty of tone as Siloti would give it, for he is a pianist who always manages to have a fine tone.

The second movement is in the key of F sharp major. The idea is a short one in itself, but owing to the manner of its development the result is a highly beautiful and interesting Andante. It is not a movement which the classical musician will like the first time he tries it, but it is capable of being played with beautiful effect. On the third and last movement is a finale, in B flat, but touching a variety of keys in the development, and ending in a forceful and brilliant mood, still impassioned, and like the other movements requiring a pianist of the first class to play with entire satisfaction. The work as a whole is long, extending to thirty-nine pages. If Glazounov will continue in this line of serious views in music, there is a chance of his attainng a rank rarely surpassed in the history of the pianistic art.

* * *

(From A. P. Schmidt.)

THE LOTUS FLOWER. Song. By Paul Ambrose. Op. 19.

A very singable and musical setting; also very pleasing; of the famous poem by Heine. This is a song with which almost any singer might make an effect.

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PIECES FOR VIOLIN AND PIANO. By Basil Althaus. Op. 63.

Renouveau. Valse.

Resignation. Reverie.

These pieces are intended for young players and those who do not care for all the difficulties which some of the older players so delight in. Musical and practicable.

* * *

EVERMORE. SACRED SONG. By Augusto Rotoli.

An effective song for church use upon words by Francis Havergal. Rather more variety of musical expression than usual in this class of songs, and modern in treatment.

* * *

THE MOON SHINES PALE. By James H. Rogers.

A pleasant song for soprano, the words by that ingenuous daughter of womanhood, Amalie Rives. Music well adapted to the words, being sweet, melodious and unpretentious.

* * *

TWO SONGS FOR VOICE AND PIANO. By Edna Rosalind Park.

My Love.

Thy Name.

Now that the young woman is coming on as composer, the tyrant man bids fair to learn a few things which, if assimilated, will perhaps render his own music making more restful, inspiring and nourishing, for the young woman is nothing if not impassioned. The case here in point is a good illustration. In the first, the poem is by Arthur Diehl. The song is in the key of D, laid for dramatic soprano. The musical handling of "The burning flame, the fierce hot fire of discontent, of wild desire for joy," are treated with the warmth and abandon properly demanded by poetic properties of this potency. Highly impassioned, not unmusical.

The second is upon a queer conceit, very likely by the composer herself, who prefers to remain anonymous.

In the musical handling the highest ecstacy seems reached when the bird within the thick-leaved tree burst into song. But the rising of the sun is also an emphatic story. In short, a fantasy in which a singer addicted to delivering language in an understandable manner might make an effect.

The world seems warmer and more friendly after perusing a few songs of this kind. What, then, must it be to hear them?

* * *

PIANO PIECES BY E. R. KROEGER.

Three Mythological Scenes. Op. 46.

Scherzo. Op. 45.

These handsomely printed four pieces by that clever American author, Mr. E. R. Kroeger, of St. Louis, are likely to gain some time not a little attention from American teachers and players. The first of the mythological scenes is entitled Ario, and the party in question is furnished with a good baritone melody through which to express him-

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self withal, and admirable appointments generally, up to about the fifth or sixth grade of piano work. The second, called "The Waters of Lethe," are by no means waters to be forgotten in a moment, since the piece is in effect a study for left hand, in running and rolling work, analogous to that of Chopin in his 12th study in the opus 10. The running figure, which first appears upon the tonic and dominant of G major, is carried into various other keys, some of them not so handy for the player. Over this he has a good melody in thirds, and there is also a middle part in which a different kind of work is taken up, of the interlocking variety. It is a piece with which an effect might be made, pleasing and showy. Excellent for practice. The third of these mythological scenes is called Ixion, and consists of fast running work, cooperative and otherwise. A good study.

The Scherzo has an admirable rhythm and conduces to brilliant playing. It also is worthy of attention.

* * *

COMPOSITIONS BY ERNEST V. LACHMUND.

It is sometimes a disadvantage to belong to a distinguished family. Here, for instance, is Mr. Ernest Lachmund, younger brother of the well-known litterateur and artist, Mr. Carl Lachmund, who has issued a variety of pieces of music of different sizes and intentions, yet the innermost intention of all too often fails, for in place of his receiving the credit belonging to thoroughly well done work the credit is too often passed over to his older brother, who already has good marks enough in his favor. It is the way of the world, but not a good way.

Here, for instance, are four pieces for piano solo. The first is a Concert Waltz, a good fifth-grade piece, available for finger study. With good usage it might produce a very pretty effect. Then there are three shorter pieces, practically within the fourth grade. A Petite Valse, Album Leaf and Rondo. All three are much better than the ordinary run of teaching music. The album leaf is practically a nocturne.

There is also a Valse Serenade, for violoncello and piano, which will be available upon many occasions of a social or concert nature, since the 'cello part is not difficult, but expressive, and lying in the best range of the instrument.

There are two songs: "O Moonlight, Deep and Tender" and another upon verses by Jean Ingelow, "Heigho, Daisies and Buttercups!" which is treated in an arch manner. Perhaps the best of the lot is the third, "Vesper," words by Eichendorf: "The evening bells were ringing thro' the quiet vale," which is set seriously and musicianly.

The work as a whole is thoroughly commendable and musicianly. The pieces were printed in Berlin, but a New York publisher has the American agency.

* * *

(From Clayton F. Summy Co.)

"MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME." By S. C. Foster. Arranged for Male Quartette or Chorus by Frederic W. Root.

An effective and welcome arrangement.

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FRANZ SCHUBERT.

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MUSIC.

APRIL, 1902

PORTABLE ORGANS.

PREFERRED PRINCIPLES OF PROGRESSIVE DEVELOPMENT IN PORTABLE ORGANS, AND POSSIBLE FEATURES OF THEIR TONAL EQUIPMENT.

BY GEORGE W. WALTER, MUS. DOC.

Any instrument of the tonal range of ordinary voices must be capable of sounding, singly or in combination, at least the thirty-seven notes of the chromatic scale, preferably from F F to f-2, Diapason pitch. An organ of this capacity would possess a chest of one register:

Chest I—FF—f2, Diapason,

with a keyboard of compass according, and, though curiously small, could serve at the altar, or in convents, small missions, schools, &c.

For instrumental purposes, however, the chest should include the four lower octaves of the Diapason:

Chest I—CC—c3, Diapason.

with a keyboard of compass according.

From this point all attempts at enlargement under traditional methods of organ building have hampered portables with a complexity of unreliable devices, increasing in fatal ratio to that of the field afforded for operation, much the same as in large organs but in more rapid degree. With portables on such lines the variety of their parts so exceeded their musical capacity that the question of bulk alone soon set a limit to tonal progression.

In the efforts for development in appearance and tone two errors were usually perpetrated—the first, an extension of manual compass; the second, the employment of an Octave

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Coupler always incomplete, whatever compass the manual might have. These errors deprived the player of options; the instruments so made were ineffective and monotonous; the keeping down of size became a problem; the remainder is history.

With organ building as an art, it is due to recent developments that a satisfactory degree of progression in portables is now possible.

With a reduced form of main chest C-c4, and an annex second chest C C-B B, this little outfit can be made to yield the effect of two complete yet separately playable registers:

Chest, II (Annex); Pipes, CC-BB; Keys, CC-BB—Diapason.
Chest, I; Pipes, C-c3; Keys, C-c3—Diapason.
Chest, I; Pipes, C-c4; Keys, C-c4--Principal.

Note: For some situations and requirements of tone quality, pipes of Spitz Flote pattern, smaller scale, would be preferable to those of Diapason.

In this way both registers are available separately, or in combination, with the full effect of each preserved entire; hence, instead of two limited effects of one complete single and one incomplete double, we now have three entire separate effects—one complete double and two complete singles.

It must now be obvious why an Octave Coupler to our Diapason would have deprived us of the variety and independence of tonal results thus far attained. And had Principal pipes been added in kind, their increase of bulk would yield no greater effect than already exists without them. By obtaining our "Principal" effect without an Octave Coupler the registers are kept separate, and the way opened for an increased field of developments to be shown in the schemes later to follow.

Further evolution of our one Diapason into a variety of unison effects is still possible without addition of extra registers in kind. For this purpose we will exchange it for two sets of Principals, C-c4 each. The small Chest I of previous model will hold the first Principal complete. For holding the second principal the small Chest II would be merely our for-

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mer Annex Chest extended—no extra depth required. Instead of planting on this second chest the pipes of the second Principal, substitute for them a corresponding number of wooden pipes of practically same length but fitted with tompions.

We have now the meager outfit of two little 4 ft. chests possible of disposal so as to afford an organ of separately available manual registers in 16 ft., 8 ft. and 4 ft. effects.

Chest, II C-c2; Keys, c-c3; Bourdon Treble—37-16 ft.
Chest, II CC-BB; Keys, C-B; Bourdon Bass-24-16 ft.
And 12 qualifying tubes with cut offs so that only lowest tube played would sound.
Resonators, CCC-BBB, to keys CC-BB; Bourdon Bass—24-16 ft.
Chest, II CC-BB; Keys; CC-BB—Open Diapason—24-8 ft.
Chest, I C-c3; Keys, C-c3—Open Diapason—37-8 ft.
Chest, II CC-c3; Keys, CC-c3—Stopped Diapason—61-8 ft.
Chest, I C-c4; Keys, CC-c3—Principal—61-8 ft.

This model of organ would support an average choir chorus, and equipped with Pedale Keyboard would form a portable one manual student organ.

With some little change and insignificant additions to this outfit it can be made to develop a variety of melodic effects, with an apparently separate accompaniment of tone quality in contrast to that of the melody played.

Add, as before, a 12-note Annex Chest which we may designate for the present as Chest III. To this Chest III transplant the twelve lower pipes of Chest II. The pipes now remaining on upper portion of Chest II (the remnant of what our former second Principal was exchanged for) may in their turn be exchanged for wooden pipes of same size but open, with twelve more of the same model to be planted in the octave space left vacant by the previous transfer to Chest III. The pipes of Chest I are to remain as before. This disposition makes possible the effects of an organ as follows:

Chest, II C-c2; Keys, c-c3—Contra Melodia, 37—37-16 ft.
Chest, I c-c3; Keys, c-c3—Open Diapason, 37—37-16 ft.
Chest, III CC-BB; Keys, CC-BB—Diapason Bass, 24—61-8 ft.
Chest, I C-B; Keys, C-B—Diapason Bass, 24—61-8 ft.
Chest, II c-3; Keys, c-c3—Claribel, 37—61-8 ft.
Chest, III CC-BB; Keys, CC-BB—Melodia Bass, 24—61-8 ft.
Chest, II C-B; Keys, C-B—Melodia Bass, 24—61-8 ft.

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Chest, I c2-c4; Keys, c-c3—Principal, 37—61-4 ft.
Chest, I C-b; Keys, CC-B—Octave, 24—61-4 ft.
Chest, II c2-c4; Keys, c-c3—Flute, 37—61-4 ft.
Chest, II C-b; Keys, CC-B—Melophon, 24—61-4 ft.
To this might now be added 24 qualifying tubes CCC-BB, with cut offs, so that only lowest one played would sound.—Sub Bass—24-16 ft.
Also one total in combination, not operating register previously drawn.—Full Organ.

This disposition of outfit makes possible on a single keyboard the effect of a Church Organ of Two Manuals and Pedale Bass.

With this little one manual organ an ordinary player can perform sacred and instrumental music from the most simple type onwards, and can easily render a Melody with its accompaniment in contrast, including an apparently independent moving Pedale Bass, all at one time, from one keyboard, and with the hands alone. For choral accompaniment no reed instrument made could compare with this organ, nor for that matter has any strictly portable organ of its size made ever contained its range of effects.

We have now reached the limit of evolution possible from our original outfit of one Diapason, and probably also the limit of depth dimension that could be allowed to an organ strictly portable, i. e., permanently built in one section complete, secured throughout against displacement of parts in transportation, yet possible to be mounted on casters and passed in one piece through the doorways of an ordinary house.

Before further increasing the variety of effects and accompaniments, the bass for our present unisons should first be strengthened. An open metal bass will complete our open Diapason and may also serve as bass to the Claribel. The length of these new bass pipes will require them to be planted low and preferably on outside of case. In transportation they would have to be boxed as an extra. The depth occupied by Annex Chest III can now be utilized by a new Chest III for the pipes of a string toned register C-c3. This register should also be carried down to CC, either in qualifiers or in kind planted with Diapason.

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These additions equip the insrument with a variety of body tones, solo and accompaniment effects, as follows:

Chest, II C-c2; Keys, c-c3—Contra Melodia.
Chest, I c-c3; Keys, c-c3—Open Diapason.
Chest, In Case, CC-BB; Keys, CC-BB—Diapason Bass.
Chest, I C-B; Keys, C-B—Diapason Bass.
Chest, III c-c3; Keys, c-c3—Salicional.
Chest, In Case or Resonators, CC-BB; Keys, CC-BB—Viola.
Chest, III C-B; Keys, C-B—Viola.
Chest, II c-c3; Keys, c-c3—Claribel.
Chest, In Case, CC-BB; Keys, CC-BB—Claribel.
Chest, II C-B; Keys, C-B—Melodia Bass.
Chest, I c2-c4; Keys, c-c3—Principal.
Chest, I C-b; Keys, CC-B—Octave.
Chest, III C-b; Keys, CC-B—Celestina.
Chest, II c2-c4; Keys, c-c3—Flute.
Chest, II C-b; Keys, CC-B—Melophon.
Chest, Resonators, CCC-BB; Keys, CC-B—Sub Bass.
Chest, Combination—Full Organ.

The treble effect to Celestina is purposely omitted, because unnecessary in combination with any of the other registers; moreover, by its absence the tone balance is better preserved. To this size of instrument a set of Pedale Keys would be welcome to those accustomed to them.

At this stage may properly be considered the question of extending the manual compass. In my opinion any manual compass beyond four octaves in single manual portable organs is of advantage only to the skilled soloists in instrumental work and therefore a matter of optional extra at the order of the purchaser. Any additional register, however, unless to the Pedale, would be of no practical benefit to this one manual type, for it is tonally complete and capable of effects that could not be produced on an ordinary two manual organ of three times its size.

At this point, then, we may consider the possibilities of a two manual form:

MANUAL I.

Chest, I—Open Diapason.
Chest, I—Principal.

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MANUAL II.

Chest, III—Salicional.
Chest, II—Claribel.
Chest, II—Flute.
(with the usual couplers, &c., for a two manual form.)

Here we have the optical luxury of two manuals and yet can not produce from them what our one manual plan was capable of. We have lost the solo effects formerly available in combination; we have lost the effects of accompaniment and every desired contrast in singles; the only effects remaining are those of mere totals in alternate.

Why is it, then, that an apparent increase of means should prevent so much and yield so little?

In all the centuries of organ building every organ constructed in two manual form has been an error. The elements of its tonal outfit must be arbitrarily disposed so as to maintain tone balance in each of its two compounds. The use of any element is restricted to the field of its assignment. No element can be used in contrast with any other assigned to same compound. Nor can two or more elements be combined from different compounds unless by coupling; in this coupling the added element is always deprived of melodic contrast with its associate.

In organs of two manuals, coupling cancels the field of one compound by confining it to that of the other, hence the combination of any two elements not in same compound will always be without contrast, because the very combination itself absorbs two fields for its mere existence, leaving nothing for exchange, and thus precludes the enjoyment of separate speech to the entire remainder of the outfit.

The musical congestion of a largely stuffed two manual organ is tensely deplorable. No matter how destributed, any assignment of stops confined in two manual form will deprive the two compounds of a field for contrasting their elements in variable assortment, and the tonal outfit will always be inaccessible for what it would otherwise be capable of. The form chosen prevents the effects of optional tone transfer. The individual or combined display of stops, other than total, is restricted to a limited set of alternates, but few of which are de-

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sirable, and these few are necessarily worked over and over in tiresome stencils of succession, the dreary drooling that betokens the registration of this class of instrument.

There never was, is not, never will and never can be any two manual organ of more than two manual registers but that some of its stops will be wanted apart from or in opposite location to their respective manuals without involving the remainder thereof as to speech or silence.

This is equivalent to calling for duplicates, and the larger the outfit the greater will be this duplication required. In recognition of this want, organs of two manuals up to fifty years ago were virtually so equipped in kind.

To allay modern inquiry of anxious stove dealers and kindred authorities in organ purchase as to the extravagance of this open liberality of sameness, resort has been had in later years to a substitution of similarities carefully designated with a view to attaining the semblance of variety.

But the stove man is eminently correct. Ingenuity in labeling knobs may disguise duplication, but can not of itself produce the needed contrasts in tone qualities. And this substitution of similarities at a loss of variety is a waste of outfit for which the purchaser pays unnecessary premium. Moreover, as the field of any two manual organ will always be insufficient for the display of an unduplicated outfit, what, therefore, must be its inadequacy when loaded with duplicates, real or disguised?

Organs in two manual form block registration and hamper the intelligent player to exasperation. They might serve for the leisurely manipulations of bank clerks, or to squalling boy choirs as a background from whence aggregates of monotony are conferred in two degrees by churning the swell pedal, but can never fulfill the purpose of organ playing as an art.

To return, then, to our little outfit, which was too much for two manuals. The principles of its tonal equipment will now serve to demonstrate why organs in two manual form should not be built.

Good registration is possible with a very small number of registers provided they are properly disposed and of correctly

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apportioned variety. To that end the chests of our outfit, as any other, should be given enough field. It is at this stage that Couplers in kind can be sensibly employed.

MANUAL I.

Chest, III—Contra Viola.
Chest, I—Open Diapason.
Chest, I—Principal.

MANUAL II.

Chest, II—Claribel.
Chest, II—Flute.

MANUAL III.

Chest, III—Salicional.

PEDALE.

CLAVIER COUPLINGS.

30 Notes—Sub Bass.
Manual II to Manual I.
Manual III to Manual I.
Manual III to Manual II.
Manual I to Pedale.
Manual II to Pedale.
Manual III to Pedale.

PEDALE MOVEMENTS.

Reversible I to Pedale.
Full Organ.

We now have a form in which the elements of our outfit are accessible from different directions; it is therefore capable of being combined in variable proportions. The result is a clear field for registration, gratifying to the expert and encouraging to the student. This instrument is worthy of full manual compass and the Pedale deserves a register of 16 ft. tone in pipes. As a studio organ, portable in sections, nothing so complete with so little material has to my knowledge ever been devised. It is at least unique as a three manual model with the material of only three manual registers, but so disposed as to permit interpretation of the art of organ playing.

Washington, February, 1902.

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RICHARD STRAUSS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. MARNOLD.

Born at Munich, June 11, 1864, Richard Strauss has scarcely reached his thirty-eighth year, yet for quite a long time already he has enjoyed in Germany a veritable glory. There are the Strauss supporters and the anti-Strauss faction, as previously there have been Wagnerians and anti-Wagnerians. By means of his works his fame has crossed the Rhine and even the Atlantic. We are hearing in our turn these strange or violent compositions, and, despite the diversity of impressions concerning them it is necessary to admit that, since the death of Bruckner and Brahms, it is impossible to mention a living German composer whose productions and the personality they reveal offer so lively and powerful an interest.

The work of M. Strauss is already considerable in volume. Some sixty opus numbers have been published; songs, choruses, piano music, chamber music, symphonies, symphonic poems and at least two music dramas, a fact which demonstrates an artistic activity displaying itself in all varieties of musical form.

It was in 1881 that the performance of a symphony in F Minor, under the direction of Levi, attracted attention to the young musician. It would be interesting to know whether this was the symphony published later as opus 12. It is constructed after the classic form and in no way exhibits revolutionary tendencies. It shows above all a skillful technique, very rare with young men of seventeen; one meets there highly creditable thematic developments and the work as a whole testifies to preoccupations of a serious kind and elevated aspirations.

Nevertheless the first works of Mr. Strauss present little interest except from the point of view of the evolution of his thought.

He showed himself there a consumate musician, an absolute master of his art, even while as yet his extreme youth prevented his defining a mature personality.

In an excellent study lately published in the Revue de Paris, M. Romain Rolland informs us that it was in 1885 that

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Mr. Strauss encountered the man whose ideas were destined to have upon him a most decisive influence. It was Alexander Ritter, an estimable violinist and concertmaster, and composer of several operas.

"Before having known him," said Mr. Strauss, "I had been trained in a discipline strictly classical; I had been nourished exclusively upon Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, and I expected to go on to Mendelssohn, Chopin, Schumann and Brahms. It is to Ritter alone that I owe my having understood Liszt and Wagner."

Under this impulse and from the occasion of a journey to Rome and Naples, in 1886, the Italian Symphony was composed. This composition marks an epoch among the works of Strauss. For the first time the author prefixed to his work an explanatory title for each one of the four movements of which it is composed. It was his dubut into the domain of program music, a descriptive manner quite in the vein of the Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven. The work closed with the inevitable "Pictures of Popular Life at Naples" according to the formula of the Carnival Romain of Berlioz, such as we are destined to observe over and over again in re-editions not unfrequently amusing.

Suddenly, in 1887, Macbeth opened the cycle of the tone poems of M. Strauss. Afterwards, Don Juan (1888), Death and Transfiguration (1889), The Quirks of Till Eulenspiegel (1894), Thus Spake Zarathrustra (1895), Don Quixote (1897) and A Hero Life (1898) show an amount of work which will be still more astonishing if we remember that within this same period M. Strauss composed the words and music of his lyric drama in three acts, Guntram (1892-3), without counting numberless works of smaller dimensions.

One stands amazed before such power of production, since these important works, succeeding each other stroke upon stroke, in the space of a few years, have often a very real value; yet this fecundity does not seem to have interfered with his professional activity, which M. Strauss exercised as musical director at Meiningen, Munich, Weimar and Berlin, in which field he showed himself most brilliant and capable.

These special occupations, aided without doubt by remarkable natural gifts, were certainly not foreign to the de-

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velopment of a faculty which distinguishes M. Strauss from the greater part of his German contemporaries—I mean, namely, a talent for orchestration, which is of the very first order. His originality and his mastership, from this point of view, are incontestible. His orchestra has by turns power, grace, charm, elegance, and grandeur. He controls it with a flexibility, a marvelous ease, we might say as an accomplished virtuoso. Making appeal to all the resources of modern instrumentation, he brings out often new combinations, sometimes strange but never going outside the legitimate field of purely orchestral color. The search after the picturesque for itself, and the effort to imitate material sounds, are absolutely banished, even from his tone poems. "Don Quixote" is at this point a fantastic exception.

And here is manifested the profound classical culture of Strauss, a culture of which we will observe later on the force and importance. The orchestration, of Mr. Strauss is in its most intimate essence the classical orchestration, such as I would describe as psychological, in opposition to that of which Berlioz is the most authorized representative. The orchestral combinations of Strauss are never otherwise to him than a *means*. What we have occasion to admire in him is less the novelty and the variety of tone-qualities which are intermingled, than the adequate concordance of the thought with the means employed for expressing it. As the thoughts of Strauss are above all luxuriant, at least in their developments, it follows that the classicism of his orchestration does not exclude spirit, variety, most exuberant fury nor even the most extended richness of sonorities.

Let us look into this a little.

The works mainly responsible for the fame of Strauss are his symphonic poems. Nevertheless he has chosen to give them. a new name, that of *Tondichtungen* (Tone-Poems). There is perhaps in this something more than a mere fancy

Since Liszt, enlarging the scope of the overture of Beethoven, created what he first called symphonic poems, this musical form has made its way in the world. To the programs almost exclusively symbolic of its inventor, have succeeded narrations more precise of short but dramatic legends. Cesar

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Franck has illustrated in this way the punishment of the *Chasseur Maudit* and Vincent d'Indy has moved us in a sad and sweet sort of way. Under the influence of Berlioz, whose Symphony Fantastic preceded by more than fifteen years the symphonic poems of Liszt, the Russian school has offered us veritable epics. M. Rimsky-Korsakov has given us in detail the adventures of his hero, Antar, with the fairy, Gul-Nazar. Themes symbolizing certain persons, almost materialistically, execute before us a sort of musical pantomine; the program explains to us the least details; the imagination and the ear make up a real vision. For aiding the illusion, the music is made picturesque and strives to leave no possible doubt concerning the hour and the place of the action.

This process, which it will be useless to judge here, and which would never hinder a good musician from making a work beautiful and musically interesting, are not at all those of M. Strauss. I do not know what part of the programs distributed to his auditors at the performances of his works emanate from him, but in the published scores the programs are generally omitted. "Don Juan, a Musical Poem after Lenau," such is the title of his opus 20. If we remember that the Don Juan of Lenau is a dramatic poem of about seventy pages, containing more than a dozen different pictures, one will see that the work of M. Strauss is more like a somewhat extended overture, "Coriolanus," for instance, than that of a symphonic poem in the sense which seems more and more to be the popular conception of this form.

It is the same with "Macbeth, Tone-Poem after the Drama of Shakespeare," although M. Strauss indicates by means of certain words of Lady Macbeth the meaning of one of his themes. 'Till Eulenspiegel bears the characterization: "In form of Rondo;" and finally "Don Quixote" is qualified as "Fantastic Variations upon a Chivalrous Theme." Solely, "Death and Transfiguration" has for preface a short poem, and this latter work is the one which brings him more nearly into relation with the symphonic poem inauguratd by Liszt in his "What One Sees from the Mountain Top."

Possibly we attribute to M. Strauss an intention which he never had, in supposing that he has selected the name Tone-Poem in place of the Symphonic Poem, as meaning to indicate

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a predominate importance for the purely musical character of the works. Maybe this choice was simply due to caprice, or to distinguish them from other works made before his time. Maybe, in conclusion, M. Strauss repudiated the epithet symphonic in order to indicate more neatly that in penetrating into the labyrinth of the world of sounds, he intended to renounce for a time the sure and faithful leading of this daughter of Ariadne, the symphonic form, even in the most audacious transformations and deformations.

In fact, M. Strauss is a singular mixture. It has been said of him that his Tone-Poems are rather subjective than attempts to realize objectively the narrative of too defined programs. There is truth in this statement. Nevertheless outside works of pure music, all program music, even where the program is reduced to a simple title, is more or less tasked with this objective tendency: that is to say, the musical combinations as such are not the end, but simply the means, more or less interesting in themselves, destined to produce upon the auditor an extra-musical impression, to represent musically with variable precision, the images or sentiments indicated in the program or evoked by the title.

Certainly from this point of view, the works of M. Strauss escape the reproach of "material objectivity or the following of a too definite program," because these programs are far from being "too definite;" it is even an exaggeration to call them programs. M. Strauss has read the Don Juan of Lenau and the Macbeth of Shakespeare, he has brought away a general impression which he has translated into music in his poems; he has read of Nietzsche, this remarkable work, sickly yet genial, "Thus Spake Zarathrustha;" from this prose poem of five hundred pages, among the twenty-four parables of this Evangelist of Antichrist, he has chosen at pleasure the beginning, the middle, the close, a half-dozen subjects, of which each one forms in the book a matter of many pages and he has sprinkled the titles after a fashion through a musical work.

If we rid ourselves of the programs distributed in the concert halls, which do not bear the signature of Strauss, if we confine ourselves to that which from his publisher emanates directly from the musician, we have left only some indications which are singularly succinct, and which serve merely to clear

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up our ideas of the sentiments expressed by the music in the compositions. They are but little more than equivalent to the titles of overtures by Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann and of all those who have cultivated the classical form of the overture.

But the resemblance stops there. While the classical overture is a work of pure music, not taken from a subject to which it related in more than a very general character, a special color, a certain form—but exists nevertheless independently in its musical form, which regulates its development and proportions, the Tone-Poems of Strauss seem to have no other rule for the division of movements, the successive exposition or combination of themes, than the fantasy of a program very precise and elaborated, conceived in spirit by its author, of the details of which we are ignorant, and of which we recognize by the title and certain short indications the general sense.

In this way while the Tone-Poems of M. Strauss escape from this "material objectivity or the slavish following of a program too definite," they lack nevertheless from the viewpoint of form, the musical subjectivity which we have a right to look for there, and which leaves them as formless works, which in effect are like long improvisations.

Not only does this apply to "Don Juan" and "Macbeth"—but the same criticism might also be made upon the "'Till Eulenspiegel," although in the latter case M. Strauss has marked that he intended to follow the form of Rondo. Outside the fact that the rondo form is the one which an improvisation would most easily take, the hearer would never suspect its presence in this instance but for the suggestion of M. Strauss' title.

It is remarkable that among all the Tone-Poems of M. Strauss, that in which we find the most perfect form, a logical development of musical ideas and a poetic conception at the same time, is the one which has a program due entirely to the imagination of the composer—"Death and Transfiguration."

M. Romain Rolland states in effect that it was to the pen of Alexander Ritter, the friend and counsellor of M. Strauss, that the verses preceding this Tone-Poem are due. But is M. Rolland quite certain that the first conception of these verses

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was not due to the fancy of Mr. Strauss himself? Must there not have been at least a latent collaboration to explain the close and confidential relation between the music and the verses? If not this, we are left the alternative of admiring perhaps the one sole example of the perfect translation of strange thoughts into music, conceived, it is true, in the head of a man who practiced the same art.

It is as if, as some say, Berlioz was a poet who wished to make music, and M. Strauss a musician who would like to write poetry. The most superficial examination of his works shows us at the same time the solidity of his technical education, the verve and native ease of his own inspiration. It is what was once said of an old master, that he did not obey his notes, but his notes obeyed him. For Death and the Transfiguration he seems himself to have chosen the subject and to have thought in music. Even if the elaboration of the poem in verse preceded the composition of the poems in sounds, the former still appears simply as the translation of musical thoughts contained in the latter, so forcibly does the latter proclaim itself the original work, sufficient for itself, the natural fruit of the essentially musical genius of the author.

Before proceeding to those works which have produced the most lively sensation, let us examine a little more closely the means employed by M. Strauss in his poems, which form the more purely musical elements of his work.

The melody of M. Strauss is frankly diatonic; the tonal character is definitely determined. It is difficult to discuss the melodic inspiration of a musician; nevertheless that of M. Strauss seems to lack somewhat in originality.

The themes are, some of them, such as we encounter by chance in an improvisation; others awaken, not by the succession of the notes composing them, but by the general figure and style, souvenirs of certain masters. Brahms, even more than Wagner, whose name always comes up in this connection, seems to have been the model to whose influence M. Strauss seems to have voluntarily submitted.

But even classical works, and these most beautiful, are constructed from simple motives, whose intrinsic value from a purely melodic point of view is insignificant. Examples are numberless in Bach, Haydn, Mozart, even Beethoven, not to

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cite any but the very greatest. If, in a composition of the kind with which we are now occupied, destined to produce an extra musical impression, a melodic windfall of grand intensity of expression, a rhythm of particular originality, might have a special importance, themes less important often possess the advantage of lending themselves willingly to most interesting developments.

Moreover we meet also sometimes with M. Strauss grand melodies of large swing and grandiose inspirations. The peroration of "Death and Transfiguration" furnishes an excellent example. But his strong classical education, the imprint which he carries of a genius severe and a little undecided, such as that of Brahms, takes away from his melodies this flower of intense sensibility, of exciting sensuality, which fills the entire works of Weber and Wagner with the perfume of a troubled romaticism.

His inspiration is wholly diatonic. He ignores, or wishes to ignore, the enchanted source at which since Wagner all music has refreshed itself. Chromatic melodies, mysterious or decorative harmonies, such as we find in the "Twilight of the Gods," in "Fervaal," are unknown to him. His themes acquire a sort of impersonal quality which is not without grandeur, but also they are deprived of that powerful instrument of expression, and that in music by means of which he proposes to move us, in his tone-poems and even also in his music drama, "Guntram." This expressive resource which he repulses, or which perhaps has been denied him, M. Strauss replaces at first by an exaggeration of contrasts of shades, incessant variations of movement and measure, by sudden retards and sudden accellerations. He tries thus, unconsciously maybe, to supply the power of expression of which his melody intrinsically lacks. But this is not all. The musician comes to the rescue of M. Strauss and carries to the poet the aid of his extraordinarily capable technique by adding to these antitheses of effects of sonority the interest of thematic combinations the most audacious, I might say, venturesome. And here we define once more the essentially classical nature of his genius. To him, as to nearly all the old masters, a melody is first of all nothing more than a *theme.*

In the manner in which he develops these themes, and in the

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polyphony which results from their combinations, Mr. Strauss gives proofs of a most illustrious virtuosity, of a veritable mastership. In "Death and Transfiguration," the fashion in which the final theme is led to its final expansion, its successive apparitions amid the somber voices of the orchestra, its powerful rise upon the waves of constantly increasing harmonies, the formidable crescendo which dies away in the serene splendor of the vision, all that is a veritable masterwork.

In the most of his works, in almost all of his operas, "Guntram" in particular, the composer shows us with what admirable ease, even amid handicaps of the most serious demands, he is able to conduct his themes as he will. And his methods of thematic work are also those of the classics. Rarely he breaks or deforms the melodic line of his inspirations, rarely does he change the primitive rhythm even in transforming the spirit. We find in his works very few of those remarkable transformation of themes such as those of which Fervaal affords so many incomparable examples.

Also, even when in his poems the musical form is confused, as it often is, so that the logic of its development appears only by the help of the official commentaries distributed to the audience, nevertheless these very works produce upon the ordinary comprehension the impression of remarkable unity. From the moment when these themes are first introduced in a work they continually recur, with scarcely a pause, and it is necessary to take care not to find them in the passages even, for it is almost exclusively out of their elements that M. Strauss develops all the rest of his composition. When in the course of one of his works a new theme appears, it is almost always out of these same former elements that the entire harmonic edifice supporting it has been elaborated. The pale personality of the themes is such that one hesitates at times to decide whether the new-comer is not a vague transformation, a far-off derivative from some musical idea which has preceded it; such, for instance, is the commonplace phrase in G. major. In every case, in the polyphony of M. Strauss, the harmonic filling up reduces itself to a very insignificant affair. It is a perpetual interlacement of themes already heard, of their fragments or transformations, which forms the substance of this indefatigable

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counterpoint which develops itself without truce in entanglements the most ingenious, the most inextricable, the least expected ever dreamed of, but in which the diatonic nature of the inspiration often renders the effect brutal.

However this may be, it is for the musician a veritable joy and a profound interest to follow these inexhaustible combinations, and, fascinated by the ingenuity and the unwearying fecundity of details, he presently loses sight of the ensemble, the general form of the work he studies or which he hears, and he no longer is conscious of the underlying thought, except as by the aid of the official program it is recalled to his attention as being "not too definite," nor is there any purely *musical* reason why the rotary movement of this sparkling kaleidescope should ever stop.

If the melodies of Mr. Strauss generally are wanting in expressive charm, in this morbid chromaticism of glowing and mysterious colors, in which modern music, since Wagner and Franck, has delighted itself, and in which it tries to conciliate usage in combination with polyphonic forms more purely musical—proceedings of which the entire work of M. Vincent d'Indy, in the absolute perfection of its musical quality, offers us the most marvellous realization—these melodies have nevertheless a characteristic physiognomy which immediately betrays their origin. M. Strauss could never successfully deny these fruits of his musical creation; they are children of the same father; and between all the members of the family there are resemblances which cannot possibly be concealed.

The nature of his inspiration does not vary according to the subject which he pretends to treat. We do not find with him that prodigious diversity in the aspect of the thought, such as Wagner has so brilliantly illustrated in his masterworks. He has even employed incidentally in his lyric drama, "Guntram," and, with the same significance, the theme "Dreams of Youth" in his "Death and Transfiguration," without realizing that this theft from an earlier composition produces the effect of an intrusion in a new work. In his "Hero Life" there are no less than twenty-three themes extracted from his preceding productions that the author introduces suddenly, sometimes separately, sometimes together, and the hearer cannot discover in this combination the least difficulty in the development of

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the piece; it is impossible, if he does not remember, to imagine that all these melodies are foreign to the work he is hearing, and that they are here introduced as souvenirs.

Mr. Strauss is fond of certain descending figures in conjunct motion, preceded by ascending leaps of an octave or a tenth, such as arabesques of triplets, certain floating and passionate designs of thirds, taken out of the themes or motives from the most different works, and between them there is a similarity as striking as one would find in the features of several brothers. Some of them might even be twins.

Although the themes in his opera of "Guntram" have not escaped the contagion of this family resemblance, it is in this work that the musician seems to have encountered his happiest inspirations. In the prelude, among the motives of "Grace Divine," "Pity," and the "Cross," the melody of "Renunciation," raises itself in a melancholy beauty like a rainbow over the sea of harmony, now clear, now troubled. The motive of the "Association of Champions of Love and Peace," those of "Duty," "Effort Towards the Good," "Misery," "War," have a severe and striking grandeur, an accent solemn, savage or desperate, but all a profound and biting intensity of expression. That of "Love" is delicious in its delicate brevity.

The themes assigned to the personages of the drama are characteristic in the highest degree. That of "Guntram" marvelously symbolizes the nobility and transport of this heart, saturated with the ideal and with charity; that of "Freihild" transforms itself at pleasure, according to the emotions of this unfortunate creature; they traverse with her the terrors of agony, the dreams of love, and entwine themselves in the cruel pleasure of renunciation. The themes of the Duke reveal to us a spirit feeble, yet authoritative and superficial, of the old nobleman, and the power of his ancient house; that of the young Duke Robert brings out strangely the brutal falseness of the spouse of the hated Freihild.

Thanks to the spirit of the poetry and the interpretation of the drama, the melody here takes on a new character. Even while it continues to refuse itself to this external plasticity, sensual and bewitching, which is the marvel of the inspirations of German romanticism, it seems nevertheless consumed by an

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interior fire of a somber red and without flame, but of which the dull radiations expand in burning waves.

Here also, as in all his works, the implacable musical quality of the genius of Mr. Strauss imposes upon him an incessant and often an admirable polyphony. All the themes or motives are exposed, interlaced, entangled, developed, brought back again with a dexterity and ease it would be difficult to surpass. More: the musician is compelled to admire his fecundity in thematic combinations. We are no longer occupied with the general from of the work, which nevertheless maintains itself subordinate to the progress of the drama and the poetic action. It is just in these details, in observing the developments of this thematic labor, that we seek to at present the logic and purely musical interest. Thus our satisfaction is often complete. Certainly there are in "Guntram" many remarkable pages, the most perfect of any which as yet have flowed out from under the pen of M. Strauss.

(To Be Concluded.)

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A LOST OPPORTUNITY FOR PROMOTING HIGHER STANDARDS.

BY EGBERT SWAYNE.

It has always appeared regretful to me that the American College of Musicians was not able to rise to a conception of the problem they undertook upon practical grounds. This society, as everybody knows, arose out of the National Association of Music Teachers, being, in fact, composed of the more distinguished and highly qualified members of that body who had realized that the national association, as it was then and now, was powerless to exercise any tangible influence upon the theories and practice of musical education and professional qualification. The society began well. It not only elected to charter membership the distinguished clientele immediately then present, but also added the names of represntative musicians from all over the country, even of those who (Carl Wolfsohn, for example) had never shown active co-operation with the national association.

The society then devoted itself to a careful study of the best practical means of establishing examinations; by what tests the proper qualifications could be ascertained and discriminated from the indifferent qualifications which generally prevailed in the conservatory and school graduations as then conducted. The committee in charge of this work finally elaborated an excellent scheme, their tests being sufficient and covering the grounds of a "good working knowledge of music" for teaching, for professional eminence and for mastership—the three degrees of excellence provided for in the plan.

When this had been accomplished and a trial examination held, showing that the plan would work, it was pointed out to the society that there still remained two very serious practical difficulties still to be overcome before the future of the society would be assured. The first of these difficulties was that it was not reasonable to expect professional musicians of established reputation and practice to come up for examination by the society, since to fail to pass the tests, even upon a trivial ground, might endanger the professional prestige of the candidate. To meet this it was suggested that the committee upon

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membership and privileges should be empowered to elect to membership, upon an equality with the charter members, any good musician of satisfactory professional standing, a certain number of years experience, and congenial personal qualities. It was thought that this action would gradually include all the best elements in the musical profession of the whole country, particularly if the dues were not burdensome. This reasonable proposition was voted down by the small active party who had elected themselves to the examinerships of the society. Mistake number one—very serious, ultimately fatal.

Then came difficulty number two, which was of a twofold nature: First, there was the very obvious practical point that no conservatory or musical college could afford to advise its graduates to go up for examination before a strange lot of teachers, with ideas of their own, who for any little reason might reject a deserving and sincere student of excellent attainment. It was suggested that to meet this difficulty, which would always exist and never grow smaller, the society use its influence to secure the adoption of its own standards of graduation and post graduation in colleges and conservatories; and that when these standards had been accepted and put into execution satisfactorily to the directors of the College of Musicians, the diplomas of these schools should be accepted as evidence of competence and the graduates be eligible to immediate membership in the College of Musicians.

It was pointed out that action of this kind could be taken by any conservatory, and, in fact, *would* be taken by many, since the great majority of directors of these institutions are sincere educators, administering the best kind of musical education they are able, and exerting their influence for the soundest possible attainments. In this way, it was suggested, the standard of musical education could be raised throughout the entire body of educational institutions, since in the nature of the case no sooner should such standards be recognized in a few influential quarters than others would follow suit, not to be behind in the progress. And, further, that this kind of influence would be an evolution which in great measure would evolute itself and relieve the society from a heavy burden and propaganda. These admirable ideas which are valid upon the face of them, although urged with power, failed of convincing the

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examiners standing out for the letter of their bond. "Come and be examined." "No examine, no college membership." Mistake number two—and a very fatal one.

There was still another very serious difficulty, the practical one that young musicians unattached, self-educated perhaps, could not come to the city of New York from the distant parts of the country to be examined without great expense, which in many cases would be prohibitory. To meet this difficulty it was suggested, voted and passed that examinations should be permissible in any city where a certain minimum of members of the society lived, under the auspices of the local branch, which these members were to organize for the purpose; the examiners to consist of at least one of the head examiners of the department and two others to be appointed for the occasion by the President of the society. The expenses of these local examinations to be paid out of the fees collected. The papers to be forwarded to the head examining body and the diploma to come from that. The obvious practical advantage of this expedient would be to enable all sincere and ambitious young musicians to offer themselves for examination and membership in the leading musical society of the country, while at the same time this local authority and association would tend to enhance the value of membership in the college to the local members by adding to their professional prestige. While this plan passed handsomely at the meeting in Chicago, it was reversed a year later in New York and the society definitely restricted itself to its local residence in the city of New York. Mistake number three—grevious in its short-sightedness.

Yet another mistake was made later. No sooner had the society been holding examinations in the city of New York a few times than their attention was called to a law of the state giving exclusive authority over examinations for diplomas to a body of censors called the University of New York, under-whose authority everything must be done. Thereupon instead of changing the charter of the College of Musicians to some state in which no such oligarchy survived the society took the other horn of the dilemma and undertook to form itself according to the demands of the University of New York. The "university" was what is commercially called "long" in paper examinations and in subjects which could be accurately figured

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out by per centages; and "short" in all that part of the work where actual artistic qualities were the subject matter to be ascertained. No doubt the committees did the best they could, and certain prospectuses have been printed and circulated to a very limited extent; but whether any examinations have ever been held since the reorganization and the result of them, I, for one, am totally ignorant.

Thus, the case stands at present that probably the standards of the College of Musicians are nowhere accepted by any of our educational schools or conservatories excepting possibly where a head professor has quietly adopted them for his own government, without saying anything about it to his faculty or board of trustees. Practically everything gained has been lost. The membership in the society carries not the slightest prestige, nor are its examinations sought after, even if conducted. This is unfortunate, since the tests of the college were extremely well planned in most respects, and the conditions of its examinations well thought out and calculated, if capably administered, to be impartial and sympathetic to artistic qualities in the candidate.

The members of the American College of Musicians seem not to have attended college sufficiently. They still remained in ignorance of the fact that we have in this country just now some thirty or more schools of music of such size and all around provision for education that their diplomas carry weight over large sections of country. Oberlin, for instance, the Cincinnati College of Music (which has frittered away a great deal of its own opportunity), the Chicago Musical College, other schools in Chicago, at least one of which has fifteen hundred students, the New England Conservatory, which is partly rehabilitated, and such conservatories as those in connection with Yale, Columbia, Harvard (though Harvard restricts itself to theory and practical composition), Michigan (a great school), Nebraska, Wisconsin, Illinois (though here the opportunity is small), Kansas, Idaho, California and perhaps a dozen of others, the names of which do not just now occur to me.

It is obviously impossible for any small coterie of musical professors to elect themselves to a general primacy over these great, and for the most part, well-manned schools; nor is

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there any reason why they should. Yet a real and living musical organization of national scope might be of value and influence.

The scheme for musical education proposed by President Gantvoort and Mr. A. L. Manchester at the national association in Des Moines may work out to a small practical result, although as yet no such probability is apparent. But that scheme ignored all that most important part of all, of promoting an actual and practical understanding of music upon the artistic side as being too intangible for written examination. To dodge this is to miss the central point of all. Our musical amateurs are now full of ideas upon the accessory knowledges of a musician; yet the central fact of all, the actual music itself and a musical understanding of it, they ignore. There is room for a Daniel to come to judgment.

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SINGING AT SIGHT.

FRANCIS E. HOWARD.

It will be noted by those who read the article with the above title in January "Music" that the writer takes no stock in the idea that one can learn to read music in the staff notation with the same degree of facility and certainty that one may acquire in reading English or any other language. The reasons suggested are the nature of music and the forms of its notation. But, even so, after all these years devoted to sight singing in public schools it does seem reasonable to expect a great improvement in the art among singers. Really we might as well have followed the early methods by which pupils simply learned their songs by imitation as to have given the years to sight singing studies which accomplish nothing better.

What is meant by the term sight singing? I fancy that some notions are afloat among school teachers which would hardly be accepted by musicians. For instance, the singing by classes of children from printed scales in which they follow a pointer as it moves from note to note is often called sight singing; and so it is in a certain sense, but practicing upon scales will not teach one to sing music as it is written, not in a hundred years. There is another class of school music work which goes by the same name. To illustrate: The visitor, let us say, asks to hear some sight singing. The pupils thereupon turn to a designated exercise which the teacher selects and after certain preliminaries sing the piece by note. It goes finely. The visitor is impressed, but if he had observed more closely the fact that not one pupil in ten was looking at the notes, would have discounted the performance in his estimation. Singing by note is not necessarily singing at sight. However, little mistakes in nomenclature like these do not affect the real issue. What we all want is fairly exact results in singing real tunes at sight, either in or out of school. Those methods are best which secure these results and at the same time conserve the time and energy of both pupil and teacher.

I will briefly outline the leading features of a plan of teaching singing at sight which experience has commended to me.

1. Keep clearly differentiated in the mind the teaching of

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the names of notational symbols from the teaching of their musical effect; or, to put it in another way, remember that there are certain things the pupil must know *about* notes in order to sing them—things he can tell in words. The knowledge of this sort which the pupil needs at the beginning of his practice in sight singing is surprisingly small. Suppose we are using the movable *do* system; the pupil must at the start be taught the order in which notes are arranged upon the staff up and down, and that notes on the same line or in the same space are alike. He must learn the singing names of the notes; none other are necessary, and also the length of the notes in beats. He must know how to locate *do* from the signature. As chromotics are introduced the singing name must be learned, also the rhythmical value of new time groups. Any average person can learn all the facts of notation and theory that are really necessary to the singing by note of even quite complex tunes in a very short time. The test which the teacher of school music must apply in determining what knowledge of this sort is necessary is its actual applicability in singing by note. The teacher during the period set apart for sight singing should not waste her own or her pupils' time in teaching unnecessary things.

2. To teach the musical effects of notes they must be presented in a manner to awaken the music sense of the pupil. I do not know how much of this sense is aroused by having the child jump from sound to sound with neither melodic or rhythmic sequence, as is customary in interval drill, but apparently very little. One may make singing noises that are not music, as one may articulate sounds that are not intelligent speech. Frankly, I would eliminate the drill on scales as at present practiced and begin with tunes. The rote song arouses the rhythmic sense and the feeling for tune. Very good. Put your sight singing exercises into the song form; appeal to the same faculties and train them to the desired end. "But this will never do," some one may object. Pretty soon you will come to an interval. The child can't sing that until he has learned it. Well, what of it? Teach it then and there. Teach it as a part of the tune, an element of melody. All this horror of the intervals is an abnormal development. Skips or intervals are the easiest element in music reading, unless the key sense is

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upset by modulations which the singer does not recognize. As to tonality, why every one admits that there is no better way to establish it than by songs, rote songs. Then, if your work in sight singing is confined to melodies, tonality and a clear perception of scale relations will be taught as well as by hymns and song.

3. One to become a singer needs practice. Singing at sight is also an art. It, too, requires practice. The mental coordination is between the visual and auditory centers, and the visual organs have the hardest work. The variety of notational forms in which the same phrase may appear, and the fact that each tune varies in its melodic flow from all other tunes, explains the difficulties the eye must meet in sight reading. If however, we turn to rhythmic forms we can find solid ground. Any sound scheme of sight singing will include a classification of rhythmic groups common to vocal music. Here again the prevailing methods are weak. As the interval is too short to express an idea in music, that is, a rhythm or melody, so the beat, which is now treated as the working unit in keeping time, is nothing by itself. Time, which is measured rhythm, is usually taught mathematically. This does fairly well in the case of notes having one, two, three or four beats, though every teacher knows that the rhythmic idea is by no means easily grasped through the mathematical, even with these notes, but when the pupil is introduced to more complicated groups the musical or rhythmic effect should certainly be taught before any mathematical analysis is made. Pupils who have a clear idea of the rythmic effect of all usual groups of notes will sing at sight very readily.

The part played by the eye in sight singing is not appreciated. We speak of reading notes as we read English. It is far more difficult visually. The usual methods try to make sight readers by training the mind first and chiefly, but any teacher of music who will reflect a moment will see that the mind, so to speak, constantly outruns the eye in music reading. Let us consider why this is so. Suppose we are intently listening to a musical performance; the mind must act with absolute continuity, rhythmic continuity. At any moment we are actively conscious of the sounds coming directly to our ears. There is also a consciousness of what we have heard in the mo-

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ments just passed which fades into nothingness at some point. There is also an anticipation of what is to come which is less vivid the farther we look forward. This recollection of what has passed and anticipation of what is to come plays an important part in sight singing. It is the rhythmic and melodic sense at work. The ear, then, is constantly anticipating things before the eye can see them. In the case of singers who are musically cultured, but who have had only a moderate experience in singing by note, the tendency to guess is very marked. In fact, the eye is kept busy correcting impressions rather than in initiating them.

When the idea is once grasped by children that each new set of notes is a tune, a melody, there is little difficulty in securing continuity of mental action in singing at sight, provided, of course, that the tunes are well graded. They soon grasp the music in whole or half phrases. The mind is constantly anticipating turns of melody and rhythm. The interval is lost sight of in the effort to grasp bits of the tune as wholes.

All this looks simple; just begin with the tunes. Sing by syllable, with vowel sounds and words, and keep on with tunes as long as school life lasts, and afterwards too. This plan contemplates letting children sing their way through all difficulties and will result in an ability to sing, as well as an ability to read notes.

The thousand and one pleasing fads and devices for teaching this and that will be found useless and therefore will be dropped by those who are willing to go straight to the point. Really, with the time and energy we give to teaching vocal music in our public schools, there ought to be fine results. But it has not been taught for many years, and very naturally teachers have emphasized the theory side. Perhaps a reaction may occur that will make the art side more prominent. It is the love of music that makes it a living force in your life or mine. The child can forget unassimilated theories and facts very quickly, but arouse a love for the beautiful, a taste for music, open his eyes to art, and he will live to call you blessed.

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COMMON SENSE IN TEACHING CHILDREN MUSIC.

BY AN OLD TEACHER.

I am not one of those who are opposed to progress because it involves change. Progress is the rule of healthy getting ahead, and of all arts music is the sphere in which progress is to be expected, because music is the newest of the fine arts and is continually being enriched with works which are new and which appear to involve methods of perception and enjoyment which are new, or at least surpassing the old many times in complexity and in manners of looking at things. I recognize fully that when we begin to train a child in music, if we mean to lay a foundation for real musical life later on, we have to begin at once with the refined and sensitive ear perceptions through which he will later on obtain his musical delight. The difference between the ordinary Philistine, who regards classical music as a bore and who experiences his sole musical pleasure from rag-time and "coon" songs and the musician who delights in Brahms, Beethoven and Bach, is not so much a difference of sincerity and naivety as of degree and kind of sense perception. The musician finds in this higher music not only the inspiration of rhythm, which is the main feature in rag-time, but still more a world of kaleidescopic harmonies and sensitive turns of melody which please the ear wonderfully when once it has learned to apprehend them, and also move and delight the soul. Naturally, a musician, keyed to this inner delight, will find the vulgarity of the words of the "coon" song objectionable and foreign to what he regards the true plane of music. But in the main the difference between the two individuals is in the fact of more sensitive ear perceptions, and the habit (generally acquired rather than innate) of listening within rather than of trying to find catchy fragments to whistle or hum.

When I was a boy the so-called "thorough" teacher of music, upon taking a new pupil, assigned several lessons in what were called the "elements of music" before permitting any playing at all. These so-called elements were the facts of notation, the staff, note values, kinds of measure, etc. the child

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learning a lot of signs parrot-like which were related to nothing whatever as yet within his consciousness. Then the pupil came to the keyboard and followed straight through the chosen instruction book, a name assigned upon the principle that there was little or no real instruction in it. The thorough teacher required the pupil to explain the key, signature, measure, and the like and occasionally somebody frilled out the work with something about the composer, when an eminent name happened to appear. But of musical instruction as such this teaching had not one whit. The ear was appealed to in scarcely any way except as to grades of power, accent, and the like, and the pupil, even if learning the little pieces unconsciously in playing them over, was discouraged from venturing upon doing this without the notes open before him. To play by ear, to learn a piece simply by hearing some one else play it, was thought to be the very antichrist of music. In other words, this most spontaneous and spirit-stirring of arts was reduced as far as possible to a matter of eye perception and of finger following, while of ear perception there was as little as the pupil could avoid.

This manner of teaching the piano has not yet gone out. It is practiced even in large cities and by expensive teachers.

More. They carry it into harmony work and what they call "theory," which tends to remain theory as far as music is concerned. Harmony pupils of one or more years study are found any day unable to distinguish whether a given chord heard is major or minor; yet this is the very central point whence harmonic expressiveness takes its departure. It is plain enough that so far we are wrong.

The natural result of this manner of teaching the piano is heard in the playing, which remains occasionally fluent and even brilliant, but without the convincing accent which indicates real intention and feeling on the part of the player. This kind of shortcoming goes up very high among advanced students. Many and many a girl plays a Chopin waltz or a few pieces by Liszt fluently and rather effectively who cannot give to any serious composition, even of moderate difficulty, the expression which it requires.

No wonder that many lady teachers and some others are working to inaugurate a higher understanding of elementary

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work. Some manage to form ear habits adequate to receiving melodies by ear and playing them with a real repose and convincing accent and without the hurrying and surface fluency characteristic of the work of those whose fingers have monopolized the musical training, the head having never come in for its share.

The most striking thesis upon this subject as yet put forth was that of Miss Blanche Dingley in a former issue of this journal, in which she begins her ear training with harmonic perceptions and perceptions of key relations. In point of fact, it appears that she carries this farther than shown in the article in question. As soon as the pupils are able to identify the four kinds of triads when heard simply and in connection she requires the pupils to listen to any keyboard form, any three notes they happen to drop down upon, and distinguish whether the effect thus accidentally produced is major or minor in character. In the case reported to me the pupil played with the left hand F sharp, fourth line of bass; with the right a C and E. She was unable to explain what she had. Of course it was a part of the dominant ninth in the key of G, and what the pupil should have done was first to feel and sing the root (not present as played) and then to resolve the chord by feeling. The effect, of course, is major. Now, this kind of experiment will appear very far-fetched to the great majority of teachers of children; but to the artist, who knows that this is precisely one kind of amusement to which the really gifted child turns as naturally as a duck turns to water, such an exercise will look like an effort to develop in the less gifted the musical sensitiveness which a very few specially gifted children have by nature, and therefore to be encouraged.

Those who do not try to carry the ear training farther than that of short melodies are still upon the right track so far as they go. The trouble is that they do not go far enough, nor do they build upon the true foundation stone, which in modern music is harmony and not melody as such. Moreover, the public schools already expect the child of the first and second grades (six and seven) to learn quite long songs by ear and sing them correctly; later they are expected to recognize in these songs the scale places, and a little later to write them down from memory. Therefore the piano teacher does not

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need to do this work, but can address herself at once to the deeper questions of harmony and key, which, after all, are the determining features of modern music.

There is another class of workers, however, with whom I have not so much patience. For instance, I have read lately where a writer says that "we are prone to listen to music too much with our ears and not enough with our mind and heart." This sounds very plausible and is about the same as if we were to say a like thing of painting: "We are prone to look at pictures too much with our eyes and not enough with our mind and heart." It sounds as if it might mean a lot. But does it? I trow not. What are we to look with if not with eyes? and what hear with if not ears? Mind and heart are two excellent parts of the system when we happen to have them; but for elementary training of perception they are just a trifle vague. If we are ever to hear music at all it will be first by hearing it with the ears, and then feeling what it says to the organs aforesaid, the "mind and heart."

The same writer says that music is the most universal of arts because it "impresses the savage as well as the civilized." This also sounds well and might be labelled "gratifying if true." But does art music "impress" the savage? Not at all, unless it is very loud or very striking in some way. Of the real content of art music he recognizes nothing. The statement is simply one of those verbal counters which, like counterfeit nickels, can be played upon the "slot," if not tried too often. The grain of truth underlying the statement is that all savages have some kind of music which seems to afford them a satisfaction apparently of like nature, though lower in kind, than that which civilized men take in music.

Another writer advises that the music be made intelligent by means of the stories of the composers. This also has nothing to do with the case. There is a time in the progress of the child when it will add to his sources of pleasure to know something about the great musicians whose music he may chance to study, but this is not one of the early things. Far from it.

Another says that he ought to know the history of the instrument which he plays, meaning the history of the piano, organ, or violin. This also is one of the flowers which bloom in the club woman's spring, tra la, but which have nothing to

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do with the case. To know the history of the pianoforte is no doubt inspiring; but what has it to do with playing a sonata or fugue. Absolutely nothing at all.

The same writer says that in order to be ready for a concert one ought to have been filled up as much as possible with knowledge of the works and their composers. This may mean something and may not. From the company in which I find it, probably nothing. If by being familiar with works is meant having heard them in fragment and in whole attentively, I agree; such preliminary experience is useful. But if it means knowing about the forms, lives of composers, places in which the work was composed, and so on—it has nothing to do with the case.

Now comes the main question: What is it that ought to be done for the child in his early musical training? What are the central and ruling principles?

Simply two. First, to teach him to hear music with his ears; to follow the harmony, the melody, the rhythm, the modulation; in short, to actually hear the music, just as a musician hears it; at first only in small part, later the whole of it. And to learn to recognize the tonal beauty of music, the agreeable sensation of unexpected but legitimate tonal successions. To hear music as music. Then to learn to feel behind the actual tones the mood, the fluctuations of intensity, the soul-life which the music paints; for every piece is a picture out of the subconscious life of the soul, in such a way that every piece is a mood or a succession of moods.

The other part of the musical training of the child consists in teaching him to play music musically; to give him fingers and resources for so doing; and to teach him to play not only musically, but also for intelligent and sympathetic expression of the very moods the composer intended. In other words, to build upon that part of the child mind, which is then just ready to be built upon, the sense perception, which in early life is fresh, full of new enjoyment, and withal the main source of opening up the mind and of setting it into activity. As for the technical part of playing, there is no trouble in giving the child good enough fingers for anything he is likely to be able to play, and this very early. Some of our modern methods are very productive at this point, and all are far in advance of those prevalent twenty years ago.

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TWO PIECES BY MOSZKOWSKI.

Annotated by John S. Van Cleve.

FOR MUSIC STUDENTS CLUB.

MONOLOGUE, OP. 31.

In this beautiful composition we find Moszkowski in a meditative mood, and, as the name justifies us in supposing, it is the moodal outpouring of a single character, talking to himself, or, at best, imparting his various feelings to one listener. The composition stands in the splendid key of E major, which combines brilliancy and tenderness, clear, liquid resonance and elastic lyric sympathy better than any other. It seems to be a favorite key with the composer.

He has written a piano concerto in that key and it often recurs in his sets of little things. Here there is a noble animated melody, which is, however, far from quiet or serene, and it is positively embedded, almost to suffocation, in a tropical wealth of harmony, thickly bristling with those chromatic alterations which cause chords to utter the burning and restless feelings of the heart. There is a disposition to brood and reiterate and insist quite in keeping with the notion of a monologue.

GONDOLIERA IN G MINOR.

This is one of the more imposing compositions of our composer. It is made of such materials as fit measurably into the idea of a boat song of a Venetian boat coachman, but it is quite elaborate and, while the gentle rocking of the tide is constantly suggested, there is abundance of shining rings of arpeggios, with pedal, a glitter of clashing octaves and an abundance of technical decoration, which make it, if well and fluently delivered, both a beautiful thing to hear and a grateful thing to manipulate with the fingers. The ease and pliancy of a composition under the performer's fingers must exercise a potent influence upon the pleasure and therefore the charm of playing and therefore of the interpretation. This trait is universal in the music of Moszkowski; that it is really made by a pianist for pianists. It fits like a perfect glove.

The prevailing keys are G minor, its relative major B flat and occasionally D major.

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THE NATURE OF MUSICAL RHYTHM.

BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

All playing or performance of music which produces a satisfactory effect upon musical hearers exercises such influence through the co-operation of two kinds of sensitiveness, to which yet a third may be added. The first and most indispensable to any kind of cumulative effect from music is what is called *Rhythm,* concerning which we will have presently quite a little to say. The second of these roots of musical expression is tonal relation, as such, including in this list the whole vast range of melody, harmony, modulation and tone quality—all of which enter into and in great part make up what we call musical expression. The reason for mentioning rhythm first is because music may exercise no little influence upon its hearers through the skillful management of rhythm alone, while the tonal relations involved are by no means significant. The great march king, John Phillip Sousa, is an excellent illustration of the power of this part of music. The third element to be reckoned with in all really great musical performance is the deeper movement of spirit felt by the composer and influencing his combinations of every kind to the full extent of his imaginative and structural power; and experienced by the listener in turn according to the excellence of the interpretation and the capacity of the listener himself. The two elements first mentioned—Rhythm and Tonal Relation—are the media through which the movement of spirit is expressed and received—expressed by the composer and received by the hearer.

It is unfortunate that our musical text-books are extremely indefinite and confused upon the subject of rhythm, and teaching on this subject is so imperfect that the most crude and imperfect conceptions prevail, not alone in written theory, where at least like children in company they do no harm as long as they keep still, but also in all grades of teaching, the practical result of which is that no part of a musical equipment is so universally neglected and so habitually imperfect. Nevertheless the grounds of this verdict will not entirely appear until after quite a careful analysis of the entire group of qualities included under this broad and general term, *Rhythm.*

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What, Then, Is Musical Rhythm?

The term Rhythm was defined more than a generation ago by Lowell Mason as well as it ever has been defined in general terms, as being *"measured flow,"* and this conception in reality includes the whole, provided we water out our dried apples until every part has been expended to its original intention. Observe, "measured" and "flow." There must be a *flow,* a steady and continuous movement from the beginning of the stream to the moment when it is finished. It is at this most fundamental of all points that the usual elementary teaching breaks down, the great majority of teaching making little or no provision for generating this element, which is the most necessary of all in a music piece, having its source indeed in the rhythm of the human heart itself, that life-pump of unexampled perfection which through a long life never once stops for repairs, night or day.

Not only a "flow," but also a "measured," and in this we have an element of most unexampled complexity, at least in our most advanced modern music.

It is very curious what mistakes theoretical writers fall into in speaking of this complicated yet elementary subject. For instance, in Grove's Dictionary, Mr. Frederic Corder, who wrote the article "Rhythm," says that the term may be defined as "the systematic grouping of notes according to duration," and a similar fallacy was present in the days of the old Boston Academy of Music, in the manual of which in 1834 Lowell Mason defined Rhythmics as that department of theory having to do with the length of tones. This misconception lies at the bottom of a lot of bad teaching and of still more unsatisfactory playing. Rhythmics is the department of theory having to do with rhythm, i. e., with the measured flow of the music in time, and this flow is not in the most essential respect a matter of long and short tones, but of accent and pulsation, the arrangement of long and short tones being practically free to the composer, while nevertheless his pulsation, once selected at a given rate, and once decided to be grouped in a given frequency of strong pulsations, must so continue to the end of the real *movement,* i. e., so long as this particular movement continues; this, however, may not be to the end of what is commonly called a movement, meaning an entire musical form, but

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only to that extent where this *movement* (i. e., this particular manner of going in time, this pulsation frequency and this accentuation frequency, continue; in other words, this *tempo.*) When, for example, in Beethoven's sonata *appasionata* we change the rate at the entrance of the melody in D Flat, we have established thereby a different ethos in time, a different rhythm, and it is in reality a new movement. And so again when the original tempo is resumed.

Before proceeding with this study let us first rid ourselves of certain misused terms which continually occur. We begin with *time*, in which music certainly takes place, and in this respect music allies itself most intimately with the human soul, which continually changes its mood one after another, i. e., in time. But the misuse of this term in such expressions as common time, double time, etc., are but false uses of terms, the real meaning being common measure, double measure, etc. If the word time has any legitimate use as a musical term it is as rate of movement, and not as frequency of accentuation. Time is that all-comprehending medium within which everything has taken place from the moment when it began, and in which everything shall take place, down to the end of rational life. All music takes place in time, but it is not a satisfactory statement of this relation to say that therefore this time during which a piece lives, is divided into equal portions, called measures. Time, in its true sense, is not perceived or felt in music. Music lives in it, but does no more cognize the fact than we cognize the fact our own motion in air. Without air all our motion would cease; yet we are not cognizant of the air, but only of the movement. Therefore in the following discussion the word time will not be used for any of the parts which combine to make up musical rhythm.

One of the most grevious and silly of misused terms is that which makes the word *bar* stand for measure. This is an English barbarism entirely. The Germans are free from it, except in a few cases where they have adopted it from the English. *Takt* is the German word for measure, and that for bar is *Taktstrich,* in other words, the measure stroke, the line across the staff, not "to divide the measures" as many American text-books say, but to show the place of the strong pulse. We never play bars, we never hear bars, and there are never a

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variety of "notes" in a "bar." Let us be rid of this bar-barism. The bar is merely the line across the staff—something to see for a particular information.

Some of our school singing-books, and not the worst either, speak of 3-4 time, 4-4 time, and the like. What is meant is 3-4 measure, and so on. Nor is 3-4 measure something which can be distinguished from some other measure by ear. Three-four means that in a measure of three pulsations, each pulsation is represented by a quarter note or its equivalent; but the best musician in the world could not distinguish by ear between a piece in 3-4 or 3-8 measure. They would sound precisely the same; even 3-2 might sound precisely the same. What the ear would hear would be the pulsation and accentuation, thereby recognizing the triple measure; but what kind of note the composer might have chosen for writing, no hearer could possibly guess, except by accident.

But to return to the original question:

What Is Musical Rhythm?

The beginning of musical rhythm is made when we have what musicians call *Tempo*, i. e., a certain definitely chosen rate of speed. Every musical idea begins by deciding upon a certain tempo, a rate of pulsation which goes on uninterruptedly from the beginning of the movement to the end, or to a change in the rate of movement. Pulsation is rhythm upon what we might call a molecular scale. It has in it all the elements of rhythm in miniature; that is, a pulsation in music arises generally, not from accents purposely effected, but from the periodic beginning of tones at a certain frequency. When a tone is begun this implies a moment preceding when there was, so to say, a lull in the tone-flow; again when the tone is actually taken, the mental impetus incident to taking the tone gives the music a certain quality at that moment which is always felt, or if concealed, is concealed with great difficulty by the singer or player, and then only in pursuit of a certain pulseless elusiveness which, for the moment, may seem desirable.

It is true that tones do not always commence upon the beat and tones often occupy but a fraction of a beat. These incidents in no way detract from the validity of what has already been said, that the pulsation at a given rate which underlies all measured music (i. e., all modern music) is effected by means

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of having a preponderance of tone-beginnings upon the beat. Whenever these beginnings are a certain number of times more frequent than the pulsation (as motions of half pulses, third pulses, quarter pulses, etc.) they establish something resembling a measure within the measure, for if all the tones making up the piece coincide in a given grade of fractional pulse-motion, the measure will sound like a very fast one of smaller dimensions. As a matter of fact, however, the tone-beginnings in a piece, even where there is a fractional pulse rhythm in some one or more voices, are so planned as to outline the real pulsation, in the light of which the fractional motion is to be understood. This is effected by having some of the voices outline this pulse motion, and that with such distinctness as not to be overlooked. Harmony and the accompaniment figure, also, are important factors in bringing to consciousness the pulsation and rate of movement.

We come now to the "measuring" of the flow of the music pieces. The beginning has already been made in the pulsation and tempo, and upon this foundation an entire apparatus of what is called Meter is set up. First we have what is called *Accent*, given to one pulsation in every so many. Accent is commonly defined as "stress," but the nature of this stress is commonly misunderstood by teachers and students, the popular idea being that it consists of an extra force actually given the accenting tone or pulsation. This is not the higher conception of accent. The stress is more mental than physical, and is generally due to having more of the voices begin upon the accented pulse, and to changes of harmony occurring there. Of actual additional power, in the sense commonly taught, there is relatively little and sometimes scarcely any, if any.

The composer is practically free to select any frequency of accent which pleases him, from 2, 3, 4, 6, 9, up to 12 pulses. In some countries they use also measures of 5 and 7 pulses. Practically all measure groupings are of 2's and 3's; the measure of 4 consists of twice 2; measure of 6, twice 3; measure of 9, three times 3; and of twelve, four times three 3.

The laws of meter permit us to compound our measures to any extent desired, but whatever the extent the original grouping of 2 or 3 is preserved, added accentuation being given for bringing out each progressively larger group. According to

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good usage, however, the composer is responsible for the largest groups and it is his duty to make them clear by his harmonic structure and the system of his motivization, concerning which there will be more to say later. When these are properly done and the player gives proper distinction to the degrees of force and stress of tones according to their harmonic importance and their length (for short tones are habitually light) the measure grouping will usually come out clearly as well as all those higher groupings appertaining to what is called Form, but which upon the rhythmic side are but larger extensions of the measure forms—such as rhythmic phrases, sections, periods, and the like. Nevertheless, this will not happen in playing unless the player keeps the rhythm in mind; otherwise, he will both omit the added stress and will fail to give the harmonic changes weight enough for the purpose.

From the standpoint of the player or singer the most important circumstance to keep in mind is that all the divisions and groupings of pulsations into measures, groups of measures and forms, take place within the stream-like flow of the pulsation; and are not built up, as is too often taught, by adding one measure to another. The fundamental fact in the rhythm of a music piece is its steady onward flow; and the division of this flow into groups of different grades takes place without in any way disturbing this onward and resistless flow of pulsation. Measure is something which takes place in music; music is not made up of successive measures.

Many theorists teach the precise opposite of this, but their teaching is due to mistaken conception of the creative processes of the composer and the interpretative processes of the artist. For instance, J. C. Lobe says that, be his piece long or short, the composer can come by it in no other way than measure after measure. That is, he says, the composer has in his mind a motive, the contents of one measure; having written this, three options are open to him: To repeat it, to write a new one, or to split the difference, making the new measure partly like the old and partly new.

The great majority of those who write about music know very little of the psychology of musical composition; and even in the operations of genius there are great differences of mode between the practices intended for advancing technical skill

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and those which the same musician adopts when he has a real inspiration. Moreover, there have been musicians who seem never to require technical practice, but almost by instinct have mastered the most abstruse parts of musical composition. Mozart was such an one; Beethoven much the same; so also was Schumann and all who have written out a full musical phantasy.

A real piece of music is first of all conceived by the composer in a moment of rapt enthusiasm. Within himself he hears the piece, and in some cases, Mozart for instance, is able to remember clearly all that he has heard. Sometimes a composer goes on hearing a certain movement repeatedly before taking the trouble to write it down. Then, when he begins, in place of pausing, with the excellent Mr. Lobe, after having written the first measure, to decide which one of the three alternatives he will adopt, he goes straight ahead to continue the beautiful melodies and effects which he has already heard. After writing a while he becomes weary and perhaps runs off the track. He stops, only to take up again the work at a later time. Upon looking over what he has written he discovers that at this one place he has turned away from the idea he had in his conception; he therefore begins at the point of divergence and goes on to write out what he had heard. And in this way entire movements may be written, and, as a matter of fact, often have been written. And whether the actual writing be of the nature of copying down something previously heard, or whether the first glimpse may have been merely a lightning-like conception of an entire movement in minature, the process of composition still takes the form of endeavoring to realize an effect already conceived, and therefore the alternatives of Mr. Lobe have no actual validity.

Now the most notable feature of any good music heard is its moving straight along, as if it had something to say. All its structure falls into insignificance before this one ruling impression that the movement *lives*, moves onward like an actual living being; with structure indeed, necessarily, but it is the living and moving which attract our attention. Now this *living* effect will never grow out of the addition of one measure to another; neither will the player intent upon securing the proper time-apportionment of values for the notes in a

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measure realize this sweeping cadence of the fundamental rhythm. Wherefore the first step towards feeling a musical rhythm is to realize this onward motion of pulsation, and the grouping into measures, and the final completion of the symmetry into a rhythmic period or larger form. Having secured attention to this we may then proceed to attend to what is more properly and restrictedly called *the rhythm* of the piece, by which is meant the manner in which rhythmic designs are repeated and varied for giving character and originality to the piece, and for imparting variety and unity in their degree.

What Is Meant by Motion?

By motion is meant in general any kind of rhythmic design superimposed upon the measure. Motions are of two kinds: General and Particular; or we might almost as well call them Impersonal and Personal. A general motion arises when the composer sets up a steady motion of half pulses, quarter pulses or whatever form he may choose and carries it through a division of his work. Such a motion occurs for example in the 16ths in the slow movement of the Beethoven pathetic sonata; Bach often introduces a motion of 16ths in the development of his fugues, especially for the organ. The object of the acceleration is to produce the impression of greater animation. Beethoven, in the case mentioned, intends the 16ths both for animation and for measuring, the final effect being to increase repose, by making the time of the melody tones seem longer and by contrast more sustained. Later on, where he takes up a triple rhythm he does so for animation. All motions of this kind are general and impersonal. They belong to the devices of the composer for assisting other qualities intended.

A *particular* or a *Personal* Motion arises when the composer, instead of following along with a succession of notes of a given length, makes a rhythmic design and goes on to develop this rhythmic design into a period of a special character. To explore this part of musical structure would be to explore the whole literature of music, for while the measure forms are relatively few and the forms in music of a very few general types only, the actual designed rhythmical motion is almost infinitely varied. And be it noted that the more personal the composer is in his appeal to some particular mood, the more

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varied and particular he becomes in the rhythmic designs by means of which he begins to work out his ideas.

Let us take, for instance, the opening of the vigorous sonata of Beethoven in C Minor, opus 10:

Observe how definite the rhythmic design. First the opening motive; the strong chord, the silence, and the smart accented figure of the broken chord. This opening design, which extends two measures, is then answered by a very marked contrast, the soft chords; and so on. And the student will note that this opening figure rules to the end of the first period, i. e., until the end of the 31st measure. Then comes in a rhythm of different characters, the legato and sustained modulating period. And so on. The same kind of contrasts meet us everywhere in Beethoven. Note for instance the character imparted by Beethoven to the successive variations of the theme in A flat, in the sonata, opus 26. The whole character of each new variation is sounded in the two opening measures of the variation.

As soon as the composer takes up one of these personal designs, it tends to mark the work more and more and needs only a few uninterrupted repetitions to generate monotony. The old rule of the school-boys is pretty nearly right: "Three times and out." A rythmic design is rarely repeated by any good composer more than three times without having been interrupted by some contrasting design. And in every well-made period there is always one particular rhythmic design which gives character and unity to the period. It is the first design, and it occurs more times in the period than any other. But this subject is too long for detailed handling at this point.

It arose from the peculiarly personal impression of these ruling designs in music that pedagogues fell into the mistake of supposing that the first thing to secure in rhythm is the characteristic and perfect rhythm of the design within the measure —or, as they expressed it, the proper apportionment of time-values within the measure. This is indeed absolutely indispensable, but all these designs take place within the texture of the rhythm, the measured and pulsating flow of the music. And as an actual practical fact most of these designs are as remarkable harmonically as rhythmically; but for our present purpose the rhythmic motion is the element which concerns us.

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Therefore, without farther dwelling upon this point, let us say that even the characteristic part of the rhythm of a piece, these definitely chosen designs which by repetition and contrast impart rhythmic individuality to a piece of music, nevertheless all take place within the onward sweep of the rhythm.

It follows, therefore, that all definite instruction of even this smaller apportionment of time values must assume the form of musical rhythm, i. e., be developed at least to the length of a rhythmic symmetry, which must be divisible by 2, and in the most popular completeness would reach the length of eight measures and end with an accent, as we see in all marches, dances, etc., and in most popular songs.

This is the place where one of the very best of the musical kindergarten courses fatally fails. It has a finely developed series of games with cards bearing measures of characteristic design, belonging to a head card of a certain kind of measure. The game consists in matching any card laid down upon the table with another belonging to the same kind of measure, and in tapping the rhythm upon the table as evidence that it is understood. Were these tappings to be continued to a given number of measures, an idea of a musical rhythm would be encouraged by this game, and it might be of value. But a musical rhythm is never of a single measure, and never ends upon a weak pulse. Every rhythm must go on to completeness and must end upon a strong pulse at a time cognizable by the rhythmic sense as that of completeness. The proper interpretation of any kind of rhythmic design takes place only when it is put in rhythm, i. e., is repeated rhythmically and carried out to a finish.

Thus it appears that the supject of Rhythm embraces the entire time-flow of the music, its pulsations, measures, symmetries and forms (in other words its meter) and the placing of rhythmic designs and personal rhythmic Motions precisely in relation to these great underlying elements of the rhythm.

Rhythm includes Meter; Rhythm includes not only apportionment of tone-lengths, but also the placing of everything into rhythmic relation whereby every measure, clearly defined though it be, is but a wave of a great tide of tone-flow, and all symmetries and forms are themselves but larger incidents upon the same great flood-tide of rhythmic sweep.

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Meter is much the same in music as in language. It includes not only the question of strong and weak syllables, but also the grouping into stanzas and cantos. It is quite likely that the grammarians, and even such learned writers as Westphall and Gavaert, may be wrong in thinking that the Greeks gave twice as long duration to accented syllables as to those unaccented. In other words, since poetry arose from dance, it is not at all impossible that the writings of the Greek grammarians may have been misunderstood at this point, and they no more than the moderns may have actually lingered over each emphatic syllable. This however is not important. In modern poetry quantity is a matter of emphasis and accent, and not of duration, and so it is in music. But of all this personal rhythmic designing, which is carried to such great lengths in all our art-music, music alone affords opportunity. In fact, it is precisely by reason of its inarticulate character, its subconscious forcefulness, that music is able to voice those woes, joys, hopes, and unexpressed movings of the subconscious soul. And of all this expression Rhythm is one of the most potent parts of the entire means at the disposal of the composer, but also one of the subjects least understood by the majority of teachers and amateurs.

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Every once in a little while the editor or publisher of this magazine receives a letter opening with a highly appreciative compliment to the editor and the magazine. The writer generally states that she (for this a woman's vice, just now) has read the magazine with the greatest possible interest and advantage ever since its commencement. After this most inspiring and heart-opening beginning she comes around to the real business, stating that she has now presented the entire set of bound volumes to the local musical club, as foundation for a musical library; and the immediate question is whether the editor would not see his way clear, or the publisher be pleased, to donate the magazine in the future to this excellent object, the advantages of having a magazine on file in such a central place, where all the local music-lovers will see it, being, she would think, too plain to be overlooked. "Awaiting your favorable and I trust speedy answer," etc.

Here is the whole situation in a nutshell. A magazine of a kind which did not exist prior to November, 1891, has met in this instance just the kind of reader intended—one who enjoys it, appreciates its advantages to musical students, and the glimpses it continually gives of the best sides of the musical world. That the reader should be willing to give away her set of volumes, so highly prized, seems just a little—dare I say it?—like donating the one homely girl of the family to the foreign missionary field. (Some girls are too benevolent and impracticable to retain at home.)

That it would be of great use to send out some thousands of copies monthly to these central reading rooms in small places, where all the music lovers of the place will be sure to see and read them, is plain enough. Advantageous, certainly, but to whom? Whom should it advantage if not the music students of the neighborhood? But in just what way will this sort of thing benefit the publisher, the magazine itself, in its

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bread-earning capacity, or even the editor, in his love of being appreciated.

These sweetly unconscious but appreciative souls overlook certain other considerations which have a practical value. In the first place, here is the question of price. This magazine, by far the most expensive musical periodical ever offered anywhere in the world at the price, has been lately reduced to the rate of one dollar a year, yet these requests for college and club complimentary copies come rather more freely than before. In place of remembering that the rate of one dollar is of itself not exactly a prohibitory amount of money for a club to raise in its corporate and co-operative capacity, the applicants seem to think that since the publisher is to get only one dollar, anyway, she might just as well not get anything. What is a dollar to her or she to a dollar?

Now, with reference to the "advantage" of having the magazine upon the reading table of the club, there are certain other things to say, the chief of which is that it is not an advantage to the magazines, but, on the contrary, a distinct disadvantage. Nobody ever reads a serious article in one of these club reading rooms, excepting when close after material for a "paper," and then it is a case much like Col. Sellers' suggestive insight, where it is not so much "information" which is needed as "the appearance of information."

The ladies musical clubs as now conducted are not an unmixed advantage to musical progress. This is a conclusion I have come to rather reluctantly, but the symptoms seem to confirm the fact. They tend to run into a lot of inexpensive talkee-talkee, a succession of "papers" produced by persons having no great literary aptitude and generally no commanding knowledge of the subjects. In short, they are amateur productions pure and simple. After a paper is completed all the ladies cluster around the reader and with the amiable mendacity of society congratulate her upon her "charming" paper. When this has gone the entire round of the society, each leading member having been thus congratulated in her turn, honors, in whist parlance, are "easy."

The only members of the musical clubs who are stimulated and effectively urged onwards are those who have to prepare

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the playing. They have undoubtedly been incited by the club necessities, and the work has has been good for them.

I do not feel competent to speak firmly of the advantage or disadvantage which the club may have been to the average members. When the club brings in artists of high reputation, who give good programs, it is so far of use to the serious members; but then while all the large clubs bring in a few good players or singers every year, they also hold about three or four intervening meetings at which the performances are purely conventional and amateur. These being without the definiteness and concentration of artist work, fall upon careless ears, and a habit of listless hearing is promoted, inasmuch as this has already been fostered in the entire round of conventional society, where it is distinctly bad form to feel anything deeply. It seems a pity to condemn indifferent performances of musical programs as likely to do quite as much harm as good, but if the object of music be to stir and comfort the heart of those who love it, certainly it will be a bad habit to become accustomed to performances which do nothing of the kind.

Curiously enough, it does not appear that the clubs have proven particularly useful in enlarging the market an artist has for his talents. In place of promoting habits of artistic appreciation, and developing a love of music to the point where any good artist will be heard over and over again with pleasure, the tendency is to restrict the local market for recitals entirely to the field of the musical club. And since the club very properly looks towards variety of experience, not only is another artist engaged next time, because he or she *is* another, but the fact of the first artist having been heard before the club tends to make him entirely unavailable for additional recitals in that community. Something of this kind happens even in large cities.

* * *

To return to the standpoint of the publisher and editor. Where are they to look for assistance and encouragement in their work? Everybody knows that the name of musical periodical is usurped by many which have only a nominal connection with art music, and that these are sent free to all good musicians or reputable practitioners who are supposed to be

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likely to advertise. This forms the free habit for professional musicians, and very few of them subscribe for themselves, and only a dozen or so in the country try to have their pupils subscribe. Consequently the serious periodical must look elsewhere. Now comes in the musical club, with its reading room and its one copy (free, if possible) for the entire room. This cuts off what would otherwise promise quite a large support. Remember the Chicago Amateur Musical Club, with some three hundred members or so. Not one of those members but would be expected to subscribe for some one suitable musical periodical but for the club. As it is, probably twenty subscriptions to the entire round of musical periodicals will cover the patronage from this source. There remains the great public of unattached music lovers, and these are the sole support the subscription department has for reliance. Thus, in place of being swelled, uplifted and supported by these complimentary letters, the editor and the publisher read them with profound discouragement. No doubt newspapers will ultimately, like the Cleveland mayor's street car riding, be free to all who would like to see them regularly; but as yet the practicable way of accomplishing this without imposing a burden upon somebody has not been found. Meanwhile wherever it is possible for a musical club, college or student to concentrate itself to the amount of one hundred cents, the reading room is in position to command the regular appearance of MUSIC for a year.

* * *

It will be remembered by persistent subscribers that this magazine formerly devoted a department to intelligence from the musical clubs. It was discontinued because it proved that the only information regarded as worth giving out consisted of statistics concerning the officeholding class—a department of sociology foreign to the field of MUSIC.

Real news, fine programs given lovingly, particularly in small places, are items which we always welcome, because they have a bearing upon musical progress; but changes of officers are of private importance only—to the officers themselves, their competitors and possibly the local milliners. These belong in fields where the ripple they make upon the great sea of life will be more pronounced.

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I have been very curious to see the second of the lectures of Professor Niecks, last season, upon the "Ethical Power of Music," for in his introductory lecture, reproduced in this magazine, he has shown how thoroughly he had prepared himself for attacking the central problem itself. But as yet I have been unable to find it reproduced.

It is a curious feature of speculation concerning music that from the earliest antiquity of which we have any knowledge music has been held capable of influencing the moral state of the practitioner and hearer. Such an idea was undoubtedly the ground principle of Pythagoras' direction to his disciples to calm the spirit and attune the soul by singing sacred songs before retiring for the night. And still more curiously, this suggestion had in it what is probably the ultimate philosophy upon the subject, namely, that music is capable of awakening in the mind moods, serious and noble states which are favorable to ethical choices.

Perhaps we ought to define what we mean by ethical in this discussion, and this can easily be done. It has reference to all choices of "ought" and "ought not." To every individual whatever he thinks he ought not to do is wrong for him, and to chose to do it is to make a wrong choice; so also to elect to do the "ought" is to make a good choice. The information underlying the choice may be imperfect or faulty, and the choice in itself invalid, as to its being truly an "ought." But the individual who choses the course which his judgment tells him he ought to chose, for his own good and for that of others, in that is following a just ethical course. Moreover, there are, roughly speaking, three kinds of these "oughts," concerning which every man is called upon for moral decisions. First, the "ought" for the well being of the body. This kind of "ought" belongs to physiology; second, the "ought" with reference to some future state of existence; this kind of "ought" belongs to what is commonly but improperly called religion; improperly because religion in its essence is the effort to become like God, and not merely to escape damnation. There remains still another kind of "ought" and "ought not" which have to do with character. A right choice in this department makes the individual "more of a man," conduces to a higher character, without regard to its influence upon his stomach or his salvation.

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Yet, in point of fact, the three kinds of ought all work together; the man who works according to sound physiological ethics, deriving therefrom a general steadiness of body highly favorable to character and salvation; so also, the habit of good ethics undoubtedly promotes good digestion and has in it a very good promise of salvation. And thus a truly religious state of mind, sanely conceived, has in it everything favorable to these other two planes of ethics. But, all together, the state called ethical is that in which the mind has decision to make correct choices at points where appetite and impulse often or generally favor the opposite.

It is evident from the foregoing and the fact of recognized ability of music to promote or awaken distinct attitudes of mind, moods, states of being, that music, if it can color and change moods, may possibly have no little ethical power and it may become, in fact has already become, a very important question to all, as Plato thought it to be in his time, to hear and practice the right kind of music and to avoid all those kinds of music which conduce to unethical states of mind. Now let us see where this leads us.

As already pointed out above, pretty much all kinds of ethical choices turn between impulse or appetite and the choice of a supposedly higher good. To make a choice of this kind involves a certain repose of mind, a judicial state in which the claims of the far distant or the remote weigh equally with those of the immediate and pressing. What can music have to do with such a choice? it may be asked.

Yet the answer is ready. If the mind be in an intoxicated condition, in which sense is exalted and thought and will held in abeyance or rendered irresponsible through the temporary relaxation of the inhibitory faculties, it is conceivable that a piece of music of just the right nature might by awakening the proper mood of mind conduce in a powerful degree to an ethical choice. So also in the opposite case; if the mind were to be purposely intoxicated or surcharged with sensation and stirred to an orgy through the influence of a piece of music, the ethical choice might fail from this reason and sensation and appetite carry the day.

Moreover, the state of the intellect has a good deal to do with ethics. When the mind is wide awake, the intelligence is

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more apt to rule. Hence, music which is highly organized, like that of Bach, and impersonal and not sensuous, is favorable to ethics.

It will be evident on reflection that the ethical influence of music can be exerted along this line and nowhere else; it will also be evident that such an influence might be powerful in proportion to the psychic cleverness of the music.

Now there is a great deal of music which does not have moral quality and cannot have any. For instance, all kinds of what are called studies, exercises, and what is called "dry" music generally. This does not enter into the emotional state of man sufficiently to make it a practical question. A man may study it for some kind of enlarging of his ideas or powers in some one direction, and the study will be valuable in proportion to the concentration he gives it and the just apportioning of time between that and other demands upon him. But of emotional influence, save only that due to self-absorption of study, perhaps not worth what it costs, there will be none at all.

If we take our body of classical musical as a whole, we find at the head such music as that of Bach and Handel, where a vigorous intelligence reigns along with plenty of musical feeling, soberly controlled and kept within bounds. This music not only holds our attention by reason of its interest and value as music, but also is distinctly ethical, by reason of the steadiness of spirit to which it conduces—or to which it conduces in those who really have ears to hear it—i. e., enjoy it.

Beethoven in his slow movements has music which is distinctly ethical and reposeful in the highest degree, and it is difficult to conceive of the capacity to enjoy and be affected by music of this character co-existing along with tendencies to great passion. Mozart and Haydn touch rarely more than the lighter aspects of the soul, but so far as they have psychical force it is congenial to well-balanced control of spirit, with tendencies towards the sweeter and more purely human, not to say humane, states of soul.

Since Beethoven, music tends to become more and more personal, and more and more high-strung. Here we come to places where it will be a question of personalities, and of

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times and seasons; and it is not at all inconceivable that morbid temperaments might receive damage from giving themselves over to some particular kind of very exciting music which happened to fit in with their own weaknesses. There is a great field for investigation here. At the end the conclusion will appear that while almost any particularly strong piece (very emotional in some direction) might be damaging to a morbid temperament, such a piece would do no harm at all to the great majority of students, not being in the same hypersensitive condition, and the piece would be heard and enjoyed as merely an impersonal chapter in art. And as for the extremely impassioned music of some modern writers, such as for example, the pessimistic sixth symphony of Tschaikovsky, there might be times when it would lead a morbid hearer to self-destruction.

These are the general lines along which ethical discussions are tending. And in formulating conclusions it will be necessary to remember that, ever since the beginnings of musical time, conservatives have inveighed against novelties; later on novelty has in turn become the usual, and a few new chords have come in to upset again the chariot of progress. And so it goes. But that there must ultimately be a limit in progress towards the portrayal in music of extremely highstrung and morbid moods, would seem necessary, if the beautiful is to maintain its sway. At all events there is and must be a difference in the psychological influence of habitual hearing of extreme and highstrung music, and that resulting from the study of a well-balanced selection from the best sources in modern music. Here is great room for reflection and study. As for the other question whether music influences character towards refinement and social order, it is included in the foregoing.

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Is there anybody in Congress or out of it able to explain why an American scholar, scientist, or professional man should pay a tax on knowledge in the form of impost duty upon the books he is obliged to import from European countries? As everybody knows, the scholar nowadays begins his preparation by enabling himself to pick up knowledge in at least three of the principal modern languages: his own mother tongue,

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the German and the French. To this the majority of leading scholars add Italian, if not more. The student in philosophy, music, history, philology, chemistry, biology, physiology, or fine arts, cannot complete his knowledge from the books published in his own mother tongue and printed in America. It is conceivable why a tariff should be placed upon books in English, else the low-minded British publisher might reprint our own books and sell the copies in this country, although modern copyright prevents when suitable precautions are taken. Copies so made and sold would no doubt interfere with the American printer and author. But why this absurd restriction should be extended to books printed in other languages than English it would be edifying to be told. Every important scientific book has to undergo a novitiate of from two to five years before its value is sufficiently recognized to warrant a publisher undertaking its translation and reprint. During this interval the book ought to be available without the gratuitious tax on knowledge which the law now requires. There was one gratifying loophole in the book tariff, namely, that any book is admitted free when it has been published at least fifty years. The present writer imported a copy of Czerny's *Kunst des Vortrags* under this exception, the original publication having taken place more than fifty years ago. Knowledge, therefore, in the view of the law, is taxable only when it is new!

The plain common sense of it all is that all books in languages other than English ought to come in free. No doubt there would be an occasional interference with the business interests of American reprints in Bohemian, German, and the like; but the total would be small and would be offset by other very important advantages. It has been proposed to restrict the free importation of foreign books to those upon scientific and art subjects, the intention being to leave literature, especially fiction, under the tax. This proposition also has little in it. If we are to be permitted to stimulate our intellects and improve our scientific equipment without paying a special tax to the government for the imprudence, why not permit us to stimulate our imagination as well?

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No doubt the protectionist can defend the other form of this objectionable tax upon civilization, namely, that upon

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pictures and works of art, upon the ground that for every work of art imported some American mechanic is out of a job to that extent. A few painters and three or four American sculptors perhaps benefit by this law; otherwise it is a very objectionable tax, more objectionable the more important the work of art imported. If, for instance, some American millionaire should be lucky enough to buy the Sistine Madonna for a half million or so, he would no doubt cogitate quite a bit before putting so large a sum into a single picture, which from its nature cannot be permanent and is eminently destructible. But when in addition to this the officer of American customs confronts him with a demand for something more than one hundred and thirty thousand dollars additional, to compensate the government for enriching its country by the great work, and to guarantee the American artists against this unholy competition of three centuries ago, very naturally he hesitates several minutes. If only some thoughtful Congressman had had the forethought to add to the clause relating to works of art one admitting free all works of art more than fifty years old (except old maids, who ought not to be imported) this would have been a great help. A tax on beauty when it is young and in demand has something to recommend it, while when it is fifty years old or more it is obviously unnecessary.

Even musical instruments do not escape. An orchestral player desiring to buy for himself an old violin or other product of the golden age in Cremona is obliged to contribute a very large sum to the same customs comorant. Steindl of the Chicago orchestra, whose beautiful 'cello was smashed up irretrievably in a railway accident, found that if he were to pay his five thousand dollars for another old instrument approximately as good, this would not balance his account, but that a grateful country would insist upon his paying over to its treasury the farther sum of about twenty-five hundred dollars (a full year's salary for the artist) as compensation for the privilege of playing its music to it with so much more beauty of tone.

The tax is absurd upon the face of it. The country ought to offer a bounty for the importing of all high class works of art. Any liberal minded investor bringing in a grand musical

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instrument, a lot of superior books, or a splendid picture with the intention of leaving it permanently in this country ought to be entitled to a bounty from a grateful country, since every such addition to our resources makes our position as a civilized country just that much stronger.

It is even doubtful whether there is any sound public reason for taxing the importer of foreign curios and articles of bric-a-brac. What are Pompeiian lamps or Roman or Etruscan vases to the income account of the United States? Do they conflict with any of our home manufactories?

In a civilized state art, knowledge, and old musical instruments might be permitted free of arbitrary tax. Why not?

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In a former issue of this magazine Mr. Karleton Hackett had a paper concerning the popular state of musical intelligence in this country early in the eighteen hundreds. His disposition was to accept the works of Billings, Holden, Swan, and the other continental psalmodists as fairly expressive of the best musical knowledge then existing. It is worthy of consideration, however, that the Boston Handel and Haydn Society was founded in 1815 for the study of "sacred music," and it was not many years before they gave the "Messiah" and the "Creation," the latter then rather recent. Mendelssohn's "Elijah" was given in Boston within a very few years after its production in England. There must, therefore have been an enlightened and sincere constituency for art-music, although no doubt imperfectly informed and not large in numbers.

I have lately chanced upon a token of something very different from anything discovered by Mr. Hackett, namely, an American edition of the "Essay Upon Harmony" by Augustus Frederic Christopher Kollmann, at that time organist of His Majesty's German Chapel at St. James. Kollmann was an excellent musician, and his so-called "essay" is, in fact, a rather thorough treatise on Harmony and Counterpoint. He begins (note this, those who suppose that the harmonics were not known before Helmholz's time) with what he calls the natural scale, meaning thereby the devisions of a sounding string, i. e., the natural harmonics. The book is, in fact, a very competent treatment of the subjects mentioned above, including twenty-

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five pages upon rhythm, not forgetting double counterpoint of the several kinds, the ecclesiastical modes and free invention. He concludes with a selection of good chorales in the ecclesiastical modes, among them being a particularly beautiful one in the Phrygian mode, a Passion Hymn, "Commit they ways and goings," which, if I remember aright, is either in part or entire in Bach's "St. Matthew Passion." This treatise, extending to 289 octavo pages, was printed in 1817 at Utica, New York, by Seward & Williams. The publication was made possible by some subscribers in advance, a list of names being given in the appendix. The third name on the list is that of the then young musician and later distinguished psalmodist, Thomas Hastings; there are fourteen names from Utica, among them being two other members of the Hastings family; two in Rochester; Sheldon and Reed in Detroit appear; five in New York city; and Andover Theological Seminary appears with a list of no less than twenty-two subscribers, and the Andover Phillips Academy with four more. The Boston Handel and Haydn Society has seventeen subscriptions to its credit. This was two years after the society was organized and nearly ten years before Lowell Mason's time. It is not imposible that the Erastus Wattles of Lebanon, Conn., who figures upon this list, is still represented in the faculty of Oberlin, for the name of Wattles has been a very important one in the progress of the great school of music there.

The fact of so serious and comprehensive a text-book in print at a remote small city like Utica in the year 1817 is one of the most striking I have noticed.

The music type used in the book is not very good, but the publisher must have had a quantity of it, for the musical examples number 500, and several of them extend a page. Of course the average is much less, but musical examples are used with complete disregard to the inconvenience usually experienced in getting them done. Many of the definitions in the book are admirable. Kollmann uses the term "superfluous" for augmented, but otherwise he is clear and expresses himself well. In fact, the book is a more satisfactory book for class use than a great many issued within the last twenty years.

* * *

I have only lately realized how well done are Mr. Thomas

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Tapper's "First Studies in Music Biography." It contains short biographies of the ten greatest composers, Bach to Wagner. The biographies are clearly written, carefully planned to cover the essential points of the life and the relation of the composer to art, and there are questions for examination. The sketches extend to about seven thousand words each and are therefore about three times as full as the little sketches in the "Petite Library." Teachers will differ as to the usefulness of this kind of informatioin. Some, like the generality of piano teachers, will regard them as unessential. In fact, the average teacher of the piano, I am sorry to say, often has a pupil for years without ever giving more than one or two pieces from any of the composers mentioned in this book. Others, like myself, will feel that the first thing in musical culture is culture in hearing music, and in understanding it just as it stands, by hearing it, remembering it, realizing it and playing it. Provided this part of the education is taken care of right along, as it seldom is, then subsidiary information of this biographical kind comes in usefully for the purpose of giving the composer a true place in the student's general scheme of the art he is supposed to be studying. Still later will come a regular history of music, in which the principles ruling the development will be pointed out and the course of the progress traced, the biographical part now falling into a subordinate place. Mr. Tapper has done excellent work. (Presser publishes it.)

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Apropos to Mr. Busoni's habit of making arrangements for piano of Bach works for organ or other instruments, a writer in the London *Referee* takes up the general question and tries to discredit the proceeding upon the ground that inasmuch as the composer had for himself selected the instrument which he regarded as suitable for his work, a modern virtuoso has no right to go behind the returns and make the arrangement over from a different standpoint. The position is often taken by writers who have more conscience in spots than they have sense in others. To begin, it is by no means certain that when Bach placed a given work for organ he did so because he considered that instrument the only suitable one for it. His own practice contradicts this, as well as the nature of the works. For instance, one of the great movements in the sonatas for

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violin solo is the Preludium or Preambule in E major, in the sixth sonata. Now, Bach not only rewrote this movement himself for organ as prelude to one of his church cantatas, but he set it a step lower, namely, in D major. No doubt the violin form is on the whole better; and the modern arrangement for piano suits the irrepressible liveliness of this jubilant beginning much better than the organ and perhaps even better than the violin itself. It is the organ form of this work that M. Saint-Saens transcribed several years ago for piano. So, too, his great fugue, "The Musical Offering," which, having improvised in six parts for Frederick the Great, he wrote out for strings and sent the Emperor. Moreover, it is not at all clear in many of the Bach organ works that they are very well adapted for the instrument. Take a most striking instance, the prelude and fugue in A minor. Surely the preponderance of single voice and two-voice work and the amount of fast work are much more likely to agree with the pianoforte than with the full organ, with its innumerable doubles of Bach's time.

The process of arranging has gone too far to be stopped. Liszt enriched the repertory of the piano with some forty or fifty new pieces made out of songs, the great majority of which but for his aid would have remained unknown to the piano world. Some of these pieces, like the "Erl King" and others, are solos of great value. And to return to Busoni; he has done some really wonderful work in this line, his version of the Bach Chaconne being perhaps the most imposing of all. As for the Liszt arrangements of the Bach organ fugues, too many virtuosi have set their seals upon them to condemn them at this late day. In place of relegating them to obscurity, it would be better for all concerned if more of them were played, for in all the concert repertory there are few pieces more interesting, more musical or better done than these. It is also to be mentioned that owing to the progress of playing they are now available for a relatively lower class of artists than when they were first made.

The *Referee* man also complains of Tausig's "tinsel filagrees plastered over Weber's Invitation to Dance." What will be say when he hears the arrangement by Godowsky? Perhaps he will have a worse spell than an eminent Berlin critic, who, under the pressure of this "profanation of a German classic,"

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wrote a vitriolic diatribe against the playing of Godowsky, only to take it back like a man two days later and confess that by getting mad he had lost his head. At all events, Godowsky has accomplished something with that terribly dry part in F minor which none of the others have found a way to do. He has made it over *a la Niebelheim,* and curious and interesting it is.

* * *

While the mills of the gods are still in their *Adagio* movement of American art, and the grinding does indeed seem very slow, it is pleasant to believe that motion nevertheless exists. The time will come when there will be first-class opera in the English language. Now we have here two distinct propositions: first-class and English language. First-class opera does not come to realization even when foreign tongues are contributed by our best American singers. Every opera season, especially if the opera is given every night in the week, shows a full half of preformances which for one reason or another fall below the proper standard; and this generally for reasons not surmountable by the manager. Mr. Grau, for instance, cannot defend himself against singers' colds, caprices and cabals. The conductors cannot have any more than twenty-four hours in any one day, and out of these they have got to get all their rehearsing and performing, sometimes with two performances in the same day, and Sunday with a sacred concert to keep them from being lonesome. Perfection is not easy to get with four performances a week or even three. With eight or nine it is impossible.

As an "aggregation of talent" ("agglutination of talent," I think, would be better, because the talent shows a distinct tendency to agglutinate itself to the most solvent manager) under Mr. Grau is something to be printed in Capitals, remembered in hyssop and heard with the finest possible of wardrobes. Beautiful voices (a few of them); splendid artists (a few of them); plenty of hard-worked mediocrities, and conductors to beat the band, if they can. It is a rich and a tropical lay-out. It comes very high, very high indeed. But it does not often succeed in producing first-class opera in all its parts. In every dollar's worth of change there is at least one punched quarter, a few smooth

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and dilapidated nickels and one or two cents which refuse to go. Result, the bank of criticism charges up "exchange" against the total of alleged perfection.

The difficulties of first-class opera in the English language are various. And the best American singers have a superstition against singing in their own mother tongue. They are afraid that it will bring out the defects in their polish, their finish. All their serious study they have done in foreign tongues. Why should they change it now? And worst of all, the dear public has not yet reached the point of intelligence where it enjoys opera better when it can understand it.

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The twentieth concert of the Chicago orchestra, like the one previous, brought a program which on the whole was very strong and rich in novelties. The pieces were these:

Tschaikovsky, Marche Slav.
Caesar Franck, Morceau Symphonique, from "Redemption."
Edward Elgar, Variations, Opus 36.
Richard Strauss, Love Scene, "Feuersnot."
Dvorak, Fifth Symphony. "From the New World."

The foregoing program belonged to the historical series and affords a striking illustration of the best work of very recent times. Naturally this part of the course is so rich that no one program can illustrate more than a very small part of the manifold directions which musical art is now taking. The Tchaikovsky March is a Russian work, built upon popular themes, very striking and sensational. It was extremely well played and repeated in accordance with an invincible demand. Then followed a very interesting extract from Cæsar Franck's oratorio of "The Redemption." Franck was a composer who stood in France in a position somewhat like that of the late Anton Bruckner in Vienna, a composer universally respected for his great technical knowledge, loved for his personal character, and occasionally recognized for the strength of his work. Franck, like Bruckner, knew perhaps a trifle too much for his own good. Such was his technique that he was able to develop an idea to an unlimited extent without exhausting its possibilities, while at the same time his work was not revised in deference to a severe and sensitive taste, especially with regard to its going too far, so that more length became a disadvantage. Cæsar Franck appears to have had very strong poetic fancy

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along the line of the rather sweet and semi-pastoral moods, and in working these out he brought to the task a wealth of learning and contrapuntal resource rarely surpassed and never perhaps concentrated upon musical tasks so little related to the deeper notes of the soul.

The present extract is a case in point. The conception is sweet and delightful, and the first half or two-thirds of the extract constitutes a beautiful illustration of French musical art at its best. So far this is one of the great pieces of orchestral music anywhere to be found, having in it not only a well chosen and sustained mood, but many delightful individualities of orchestral color, one of the most striking of which occurs where he gives the melody to all the strings, including the double basses, and supports the remaining voices with the wood wind and some of the brass. Later on, however, he does not manage to leave the idea when enough has been done with it, and for this reason it is not a selection to be admired without some reserve.

Then followed the most remarkable piece of the concert, namely, the Variations, opus 36, by the young Englishman, Edward Elgar. I believe that I heard this work once before without finding it anything more than a very creditable piece "for an Englishman," but on the present occasion it must have been played better or I was in a better mood, for it seemed to me one of the most truly beautiful of recent orchestral works. It is vastly better than any other piece by an English composer that I have ever heard, and there is hardly any composer now living upon the continent of Europe who could have written it. He begins with a very vague theme, which, however, involves an unusual range of harmony, and thereupon goes on to develop a succession of fourteen variations, the last being expanded into a finale. These variations first of all illustrate the very best type of modern work in this department, as far as possible from the monotony of mood which we find in variations of the Haydn and Mozart period, and quite up to the extreme contrasts of Brahms and Tschaikovsky. The transformations of the theme are most masterly, as well as poetical; the contrapuntal handling clever and always interesting, and the orchestral coloring modern, yet discreet, in being able to differentiate the coloring according to the moods intended. To

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judge from this work, Mr. Elgar ought to be capable of writing a really strong symphony or a succession of them worth adding to the world's stock—something which England has yet to do. The playing on this occasion was delightful.

The first part of the concert closed with Richard Strauss' fragment from "Feuersnoth," which, curiously enough, sounded, after Mr. Elgar's lovely work, rather elaborate, far-fetched and inconclusive. To judge from this occasion, more is to be looked for in the future from Elgar than from Strauss. Such an opinion is certainly hazardous when expressed concerning a musician so singularly gifted as Richard Strauss, but the music seems to justify it.

The second half of the concert embraced Dvorak's "new world" symphony, which was well played, but, as always, illustrated the disadvantage of trying to develop symphonic effects out of motives which have nothing symphonic in them. Had not Dvorak been an extremely versatile musician he could not have written a symphony upon motives like these; and, as it is, the effect is cheap, resting almost wholly in rhythm and coloring, the motives steadfastly resisting plastic transformation for purposes essentially tonal.

The audience, I regret to say, redemanded the Slav Marche, for which I do not blame it, since it seldom enough hears anything it can appreciate, but listened to Cesar Franck's beautiful work with only moderate sympathy, and found the Elgar variations tiresome—a natural mistake of ignorance and want of musical feeling. The Strauss number was awarded the applause which is now the fashion for his work.

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Mr. Theodore Thomas has been making lately some programs of most distinguished rank. For instance, the 21st concert, March 29, had this brief but significant list:

Brahms, Symphony No. 4, in E minor.
Saint-Saens, Concerto in G Minor, (Mr. Bauer).
Tschaikovsky, Pathetic Symphony, B minor.

This belonged to the historical series, and was given as a part illustration of the present state of musical art, as shown by three very important masterpieces.

It was played with distinguished excellence all through. The Brahms work is one that needs several hearings, particularly in the rather trying series of variations constituting the

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finale. Nor is there any part of it that can be called popular. It is, however, great and noble music.

Mr. Harold Bauer made his first appearance with the orchestra, and his playing was musical, competent technically, and peculiarly satisfactory in the matter of ensemble, owing to his admirably clear rhythm and his knowing so well the nature of orchestral work, as distinguished from solo work, from his previous experiences as violinist. In this point of satisfactory ensemble, no artist of the last two years has achieved so gratifying a success, a circumstance in part due, no doubt, to Mr. Thomas's familiarity with the work, for he had the discretion to conduct it himself. As compared with some previous performances of this work with this orcheestra, Mr. Bauer appeared to excellent advantage, although I do not consider his playing of the Scherzo, for instance, comparable to that of Godowsky, who played this concerto with this orchestra, but not in the symphony concerts. Nor was the finale so well done, because Mr. Bauer, while well equipped as an artist, still lacks not a little of the peculiarly crisp and clear finger technique of Godowsky. He is, however, so sound and admirable an all-around player that he deserves to be heard with great respect and pleasure. He is likely to continue a notable figure in our concert rooms, most likely for many years, his reliability and lack of eccentricities giving him a pleasing quality which, with a more aggressive personality, would fail to be balanced by his interpretative equipment.

Tschaikovsky's Pathetic symphony certainly justifies Mr. Thomas' restrictions upon the symphonic music of this author, as expressed to the writer and reported some time ago. He declared that while this music of Tschaikovsky (it was this same symphony of which we were speaking) is great and emotional music, it still is not symphony, being too strong and emotional. Such music, Mr. Thomas added, belongs in opera, where "we might take it with a horse"—being apparently under the impression of some recent operatic horsemanship which he had witnessed which had appealed to him as an overdoing of the business. It is wonderful music, but too intensely personal, too dismal, too grinding upon the nerves. Wagner is cold and lazy beside it. Beautiful was the second movement in the unusual rhythm of five beats in the measure, but how ex-

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quisitely does Tschaikovsky handle it, and how elusive is the effect, yet how musical! Even Mr. Thomas admitted that it requires technique to beat the measure for this movement, owing to the unusual number of beats in a measure, which, of course, is very rare in a conductor's routine, and the confusion likely to arise from the second rhythm. It is a noble work, and as personal and pessimistic as Brahms is impersonal and perhaps, as a French writer charges, undecided.

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When an orchestral concert falls upon a Good Friday it is perhaps open to suppose that the absentees are intent upon their religious duties, but this does not appear in other theaters, and why should it in the symphony concerts, especially when so important a program is being given? But there have been by far too many empty seats all along and always more when the program is very good. It is unfortunate that the Auditorium should furnish so many seats at moderate prices, for the main balcony is filled up with patrons, half of whom ought, in fairness to the enterprise, to be occupying seats upon the lower floor.

Even on Friday there may have been 3,500 people in the house, but the missing 500 who should have completed the first floor public were painfully in evidence. This is one respect in which the house handicaps the orchestral concerts. Still, the question inevitably comes up, why, so long as the leading theaters are doing steady and overflowing business at two dollars a seat, month in and month out, and often for plays of very little power, the orchestral concerts, which cost a great deal more than any play, should not be supported twice a week?

This is one of those things no fellow seems able to find out. One says it is due to the high programs over the heads of the public. But why does not the public desire to have its head raised to an artistic level in music as well as in drama? And so long as there are in this city all along twenty thousand pupils actively engaged in studying music, why is it that they are not heard from in the symphony patronage? No doubt they are heard from, but not to any such extent as the case deserves. And amid a public of two millions of people, many of whom, to hear them tell it, belong to the very cosmopolitan elite of

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the American cream, why is it that they do not pour themselves out in overwhelming numbers to support so noble and so timely an enterprise as these symphony concerts? This also is something which has yet to be found out.

Nor is it a satisfactory explanation to account for the absentees on the ground that the music is too "abstract," too "classic," too "severe," etc. For these absentees are the same people who meet in every important church in Europe studying crucifixions, descents from the cross, entombments, the martyrdom of St. Sebastian, and the whole dismal category of those referred to by the writer to the Hebrews, who have moved mountains, stopped the mouths of lions, been sawn asunder, afflicted and tormented. The subject is no deterrent from these people crowding around the great monuments of classical art in painting. Why should it be so in music? For in this pathetic symphony of Tschaikovsky we might answer in the words of Tonio that these are the real tears of the composer, the actual sufferings, the very heart blood which here is set down in tones. And while Brahms generally pauses in his hari-kari before any fatal damage has been done, still even he is not writing symphonies because he has seen merely a pleasant vision of delectable mountains and other inspiring brightnesses of anticipation, but because he was himself a part of the great grinding world of human kind, a voice of some part of this great body of progressing souls and occasionally an angel guide towards better outlooks farther on.

No! The relatively too small patronage of the symphony concerts is first of all a case of sheer brutish ignorance; the great mass do not know the true meaning and outlook of the art of music. And while one may take the ground that a plow a little sharper than Mr. Thomas might cut a deeper and smoother furrow faster, still the fact remains that he is an art plow of approved potency, and, while years may have dulled the edge a bit, the furrow is still smooth and true. He is one of the great conductors of the world. If only we had a half dozen conductors of symphony in place of one, it would be better for all concerned. Put almost any conductor possible to be named up there and he would presently show that the new broom does not always sweep perceptibly more clean; or, to return to the land figures, that the new furrow is deeper, truer,

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or quicker than the old. It comes back to a public neglect of a great opportunity.

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No doubt it would be better if symphony concerts were as inexpensive as in Germany. In Berlin, for instance, they have some four courses of symphony concerts every season under such conductors as Weingartner, Richard Strauss, Nikisch and the like—if there be any like. Yet Berlin is no larger than Chicago. Merely it has more people who love music.

Of course the cost of an orchestra is ridiculously low in Berlin, too low for the basket and the store of the musicians. To hire Beethoven Hall, an orchestra of sixty good men and a conductor and to advertise the concert costs, all told, only the insignificant sum of 1,200 marks ($300). No wonder young artists make debuts over there. In Chicago the same could not possibly be duplicated, even under a less expensive conductor than Mr. Thomas, for less than $800 or $900. It is a different matter, and this is the reason why our pianists never play with orchestral accompaniment except with the symphony concerts.

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I have been written to several times about the so-called "Chicago Symphony Orchestra," which gives concerts out of town. I have been obliged to answer all alike that I have never heard this organization play and never heard of its playing in Chicago. It is a small orchestra, specially organized to travel out of town upon the tacit assumption of the name, suggesting that its natural place of work is the Chicago Auditorium and its head conductor Mr. Thomas. It is nothing of the kind. It has, no doubt, a very good conductor, and many years ago Mr. Rosenbecker played a symphony (or perhaps more than one) in Chicago. But it is not the Chicago Orchestra.

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Mr. Paderewski's second recital took place in the Auditorium Saturday afternoon, March 22, with the following program:

Sonata in C Sharp Minor (moonlight).....Beethoven
Andante and Variations in F Minor.....Haydn
Sonata in F Sharp Minor.....Schumann
Ballade in A Flat.....Chopin
Nocturne in B Major, Op. 62.....Chopin
Valse, Op. 64, C Sharp Minor.....Chopin

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Two Chants Polonaise.....Chopin-Liszt
Barcarolle in A Minor.....Rubinstein
Polonaise in E Major.....Liszt

It was not a program to get excited about, in fact, the audience must have included scores of persons, perhaps hundreds, familiar with perhaps the entire list, saving possibly the comparatively rare Chopin songs transcribed by Liszt. Of the playing it is not necessary to say much except to praise, yet it lacked distinctly two qualities which might have been present. First, no single interpretation was so complete and masterly as to be authoritative; and, secondly, the qualities of the playing were almost continually the same, vibrating between a really exquisite melody tone and an equally beautiful tone in delicate passage work, momentary crescendos combined with rubatos which restricted the gain in interest to the immediate locality and helped to break up the unity of the complete effect, and over against this very many occasions in which the tone was brutal, unmusical and forced, particularly in left hand fortissimos. It was a pity that the latter element should have ever been present, and it is not easy to account for it, since Mr. Paderewski shows so habitually in the treble a fine sense of tonal quality and speaking sweetness—in which respect he stands foremost among living pianists. No other man plays so musical and so telling a pianissimo; and he had for it a rarely beautiful piano, a gem from a source whence gems are common. I did not have the questionable pleasure of hearing the "moonlight" sonata, but have no doubt it was played remarkably well. The Haydn work was really delightful, a more perfect piece of playing it would be impossible to find. Then came the great Schumann sonata in F sharp, which Carl Wolfsohn says embraces the whole of the Schumann cult. This was played romantically, at times exquisitely, and the moods were well distinguished. The inherently fragmentary character of the work, particularly in the finale, was, if anything, even emphasized, a circumstance due to much rubato and great tenderness of local coloring. The slow movement was rather slow, the scherzo delightful. The whole a very strong performance.

Naturally, there is nothing to be said concerning the Chopin selections, since to an artist of Mr. Paderewski's familiarity and experience, not to mention his national sympathy, with the composer, whatever peculiarities they manifested must be cred-

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ited to the personal element. The little, but beautiful, waltz he played exquisitely and repeated it. The nocturne is one rarely heard, rather a weak work. The Liszt polonaise at the end of the printed program was badly played, unnecessarily bad. For instance, the change in harmony in the first measure of the theme did not appear neither at first nor later. Yet the cadenza was given with great brilliancy, but with certain liberties not altogether to be commended; the resumption of the theme immediately after, in varied form, the delicate finger work was badly done, the accentuation being badly placed and the effect not at all delicate or musical. Later on he regained a certain amount of repose, but this performance was distinctly below the standard to have been expected. In response to many recalls he gave another Chopin waltz, perhaps two of them, one in A flat, opus 34; then the Liszt second Hungarian Rhapsody, which is perhaps the most musical of the entire series. He gave the introduction and first movement of this with great breadth and brilliancy; so also the middle piece, preparatory to the fast movement; but the fast movement itself lost effect from pounding and from a break in rhythm which he invariably made before the accented note of the leading motive, the heavy chord in the middle of the measure. This combined with many later rubatos, deprived the fast movement of the cumulative effect which it has when played more continuously. It was a strong performance and a pleasure to hear, since the piece has now fallen into comparative neglect.

The audience was very large and enthusiastic enough. The entire galleries and main balcony were full and some hundreds standing, but the main floor was not more than two-thirds filled. The boxes also showed one large box party, filling three boxes, but otherwise were nearly empty. The receipts, therefore, can hardly have come up to his record breaking experience of five years ago, when he played to seven thousand dollars in this house; on this occasion it probably amounted to something over five thousand dollars—and even this is better for a concert pianist than nothing.

Mr. Paderewski was very gracious in his manner and looks extremely well. He is certainly the most conspicuous and picturesque figure in the musical world at present. But he is not an artist who can be expected to go out of his way here-

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after to introduce very exacting and rarely heard works for piano. He cannot afford it; he is out after pecuniary results and wishes to give the public what the public demands. Our education we must get advanced by players who have not yet arrived at the top of the ladder.

Mr. Paderewski still retains the art which has made his fortune (along with his lucrative hair), namely, the art of playing a melody in a peculiarly sweet and appealing manner. He is the pianist for the many, the public, but not for the few.

W. S. B. M.

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THINGS HERE AND THERE

J. H. HAHN.

The accidental death of Mr. J. H. Hahn, of the Detroit Conservatory, March 24, removes one of the most prominent musical figures of the state of Michigan, and a personality which has been felt appreciatively throughout a large territory. Mr. Hahn was born in Philadelphia, Dec. 1, 1847. When he was fourteen years old his parents removed to Chicago, where the boy became a pupil of Dr. Florence Ziegfeld, and immediately after completing his studies at the musical college he accepted an engagement as teacher, and distinguished himself from the very first. He succeeded to one office after another in the various state associations of music teachers where he worked, and also in the national association, in the latter his influence having been considerable. Mr. Hahn inaugurated the Detroit Conservatory about 1873, and he had administered the affairs of that institution down to his death. As a piano teacher he was forceful, musical and thorough, and there are hundreds of teachers working in Michigan and elsewhere who derived their training from him. Personally he was genial, active, and gifted with an unusual talent for business. He composed quite a number of songs and instrumental pieces, and perhaps in an environment more congenial than that of the United States he would have developed in this direction. His main work, however, was teaching, and in this he will be widely missed.

Very impressive funeral services were held in Detroit, and among the addresses was one by the pianist, Mr. Constantine von Sternberg, who among other appreciative tributes said that Prof. Hahn was to be counted among the half dozen greatest music-pedagogues in the world.

RECITAL BY MRS. THEODORE WORCESTER.

On March 19, 1902, Mrs. Theodore Worcester, under the management of Mrs. Florence French, gave what might be called an interrupted piano recital in Music Hall, before a remarkably fine appearing audience, embracing many music lovers of the first potency. Mrs. Worcester, who upon this occasion played upon the Weber grand (formerly so well known in American concert rooms), gave the following selections: Brahms, Rhapsody in B Minor, Study, "Night" and Concert Waltz by Glazounov (the latter transcribed by Blumenfeld), the Glinka-Balakirev "The Lark," a Nocturne by Tschaikovsky, the Rachmaninov Prelude in C sharp minor and Liszt's Venice and Naples Tarantelle. The situation was ungrateful, the recital opening with

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the Brahms Rhapsody, which is very difficult for the purpose. After this followed a long group of songs, of which presently, and then Mrs. Worcester had the rather quiet Glazounov study, followed by Blumenfeld's tremendously difficult concert paraphrase of his first waltz for orchestra, a piece making serious demands upon the greatest virtuosi. Later on were pieces of less difficulty. Mrs. Worcester made a lovely appearance, and played in a quiet and elegant manner, characterized occasionally by unusual fluency, but on the whole not sufficiently commanding and authoritative to establish her place among concert pianists of high rank. Her tone was musical, but the fortissimos were insufficient. Naturally she was too much overweighted in the Blumenfeld paraphrase, which is full of rapid and complicated technique, making the piece unusually difficult to remember fast enough for a cool public performance. If this ambitious and serious young artist is able to add to what she already has a greater degree of concentration and force, and develop her work to a real bravoura, she ought to find a large field for her talent.

The alleged singer of the occasion was Mr. Plunket Green, an Irish gentleman from Dublin or thereabouts, who celebrated his nationality by singing mainly in German, with a little French between. It is due Mr. Green's teachers to say that his enunciation of text is unusually good in all parts of his pollyglottony; and if the same could be said of his singing as singing, much praise could be bestowed upon him. Unfortunately, this was not the case. At times he sang whole strains off the key hopelessly and in the most unmusical manner. He is addicted to a variety of *sensa voce,* which he probably intends for *mezza voce*; he sings whole songs very softly, so softly that the tone has no definite pitch, and this he calls establishing a mood. In places where force is wanted he is still only partly effective. And, to speak plainly, his singing on this occasion was perhaps the very worst ever offered in public in this city by any singer claiming the standing of an artist. It is a great pity, for Mr. Green has many attractive Irish qualities, which have gone far in his favor—and no doubt still go when it is not a question of music or vocal art. Neither of these he has.

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MINOR MENTION.

Miss Mary Wood Chase has been having fine success with her recitals in the east. Although her recital at the Waldorf-Astoria fell upon a very stormy night, the large ball room was practically full. The audience was also appreciative.

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Mr. Josef Vilim's violin school has been illustrating his careful work as teacher by some carefully prepared ensemble playing, the list containing among other things a concerto for three violins by Antonio Vivaldi. His orchestral club played the Unfinished Symphony of Schubert, which will give an idea of the tasks they take up.

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A very handsomely printed program is at hand of a concert by the University Choral Society, of the University of South Dakota, March 25, at Vermillion, under the direction of Mr. Ethelbert Graybill. The forces engaged consisted of piano arrangements for four hands or eight hands, more likely, and a mixed chorus. The selections for voices consisted of part songs, Schumann's Gypsy Life, two of Mendelssohn's part songs, "Farewell to the Forest" and "Hunting Song." The instrumental numbers were the overture to "Wm. Tell," Scherzo from the Schubert Symphony in C, and Weber's "Freyschuetz" overture. The words of the songs were printed in the programs, and two of them were in German. We are nothing if not polyglottic. The local press rose to the occasion with generous appreciation, as the several columns of matter sent in show. It is well.

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The Columbian School of Music, under the direction of that experienced and popular teacher, Mrs. Clare Osborne Reid, has been hanging its banners upon the outer walls in particularly conspicuous manners lately. Four pupils have played the following four remarkable works, in a singularly competent manner, for young players: Miss Winifred Lamb played the Blumenfeld arrangement of the first concert waltz of Glazounov; Mr. Arthur Grandquist, Liszt's 12th Rhapsody—alas, poor Liszt, to have done such a thing; Miss Edith Kellogg, the Schumann Carnival; and Ethel Post, the Schumann pianoforte concerto in A minor.

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Speaking of prodigious programs, there are some being produced by Mr. Victor Heinze which exceed customary limits. For example, one of his young players had a program lately in which the two leading numbers were the Bach-Liszt A minor Prelude and Fugue, and the Chopin Sonata in B minor.

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When the late King Kamehameha I., of the Hawaiian Islands, was in Chicago he was rather unfelicitously introduced by the late Carter

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Harrison as the "King of the Cannibal Islands." We are reminded of this and of early missionary literature by a program of a concert lately given in the Kamehameha School for Girls, at Honolulu. The piano solos were played by pupils and the list sounds familiar, containing the names of Bohn, Greig, Beethoven, Raff, Rubinstein, etc. The vocal numbers were by a variety of good writers from Mendelssohn to Sullivan. The concert was under the direction of Miss Byington, an experienced and very capable teacher. It is thus evident that this part of the world has been "annexed" in more senses than one.

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Bandmaster Brooke, of Chicago, is out in a literary effort in which he says that "ragtime" has always existed and more betoken will go on existing until the end of time. When it is found in music of a certain level in structure, he says, they call it syncopation; but when the harmony is simple, it is classed as ragtime, although it is the very same rhythm.

The real idea seems to be, although Mr. Brooke does not mention it, that the trouble with the class of music we call ragtime is its melodic and harmonic vulgarity; the quality is plain enough, but inasmuch as the ordinary hearer knows but little about these elements he classes it by its rhythmic effect, which he rightly identifies as about all there is of it.

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The dramatic class of the Chicago Musical College gives now and then performances of dramas which are quite up to the ordinary standard of professionals and are beautifully put upon the stage. The latest was Esmond's "One Summer Day," with a very good cast indeed.

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The direction of the Chicago Musical College orchestra has been given to Mr. Felix Borowski, as Mr. Jacobsohn had too many other things to do. At a concert lately it played Gounod's "Mireille" overture, Kretschmar's Valse-Caprice, Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, and lighter things from Massenet and Delibes.

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At a Christmas Song Recital by the Chillicothe High School Chorus, the selections included the "Inflammatus" from Rossini's "Stabat Mater," rather strong meat for high school girls.

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Answers to Correspondents

"Can you give me any information concerning the following cantatas: 'Queen Esther,' 'Elijah,' and 'The Desert'? B. B."

"Queen Esther" was written by the late W. B. Bradbury and is published by the Ditson Company. It is a very moderate difficulty, and has often been put upon the stage as an opera. The late Mr. J. A. Butterfield had an elaborate apparatus of costumes, scenery, etc., for this work. I do not know what has become of it. The work has no appreciable musical value, being of the same texture as the Bradbury psalmody; as a melodist in the folk tone Bradbury was gifted, although without depth of sentiment. "Elijah," of course, is the celebrated oratorio of Mendelssohn, one of the very best since Handel. It is difficult, several of the choruses demanding good all around chorus technique. "The Desert" is a cantata or small oratorio, written by the French-Jewish composer, Felecien David. I have never seen it during the last twenty years or more.

"As I must prepare a paper on 'Scotch Composers,' and cannot find anything in our town library, would you kindly give me a few points to some article or refer me to some article which may assist me? G. G."

There have not been many Scotch composers. The foremost Scotchman now prominent as a composer is probably Sir Alexander MacKenzie, president of the Royal Academy of Music, in London. MacKenzie was a violinist, later he attracted attention by several cantatas and the rather elaborate "Rose of Sharon," which contains a number of effective movements, but which as a whole is rather uninspired. You may perchance find something in Mr. Crowest's "English Composers." The subject has very little in it, Scotland not having distinguished itself to any appreciable extent in the production of art-music.

"I have a fifteen-year-old pupil who has the habit of not striking notes exactly together on commencing a phrase, the left hand coming in first. I have tried to have her listen, but she fails to observe the fact that they are not together. Also in playing fast scales (16ths, at the rate of 100 for quarters) she jumps her hand every time the thumb goes under. What shall I do for her? S."

The habit of "cross-eyed" playing, as I call it, is one of the most objectionable and extremely common, even among good players. The

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first thing is to keep at the listening until she can realize that she does play the left hand first. Then reverse the process, playing the upper note first and the left hand distinctly after it. This will be found a very difficult thing to do, owing to the habit of the hands of doing precisely the reverse. Later on you will bring her to realizing the habit, and later still her ear will detect the sound of such anticipation, for this left hand generally anticipates the beat. I have never been able to form any good theory to account for this habit, since, as far as I can see, it is exactly contrary to what would have been expected upon *a priori* grounds. When it is the melody which is occupying the attention of the player, and when the best hand is going to play that, one would expect it to come in earlier than the other rather than the left hand to play in advance. The foregoing directions will counteract the difficulty in time. But there will always be a liability to relapse into it, when the same process of climbing out of Avernus must be gone through.

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(From A. P. Schmidt.)

SIX PIECES FOR ORGAN. By Arthur Foote. Op. 50.

Meditation.
Pater Noster.
Offertory.
Intermezzo.
Prelude.
Nocturne.

This handsomely printed little collection of six pieces for organ, all of moderate difficulty (corresponding to about the fourth grade upon pianoforte) is a welcome addition to the none too large repertory of practical material for church service. The pieces are unpretentious, sensible, contrapuntal to a fair extent, and are capable of being played pleasingly before a Christian congregation. Will it be believed, the entire six pieces say nothing about the tremolo stop? Of all the pieces the Offertory is naturally a trifle more interesting, experience having shown that it is of the greatest possible importance to have music of extra quality for the quieting of the congregation while they are being denuded of their "substance," as the old English has it. It would perhaps have been better to have given a few indications of registration, for many lady organists have most hazy ideas upon this subject, and lady organists are a large and interesting quantity to reckon with in any such publication as this. While all the pieces are well done, the Nocturne is perhaps the most valuable of all the six, for practical purposes.

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(From A. P. Schmidt.)

A CYCLE OF FLOWER SONGS FOR WOMEN'S VOICES.

Poems by Arlo Bates. Music by Arthur Foote. Op. 49.

"The Trilliums."
"The Crocus."
"The Fox-Glove."
"The Meadow Rue."
"The Columbine."
"The Cardinal Flower."

This beautiful cycle of part-songs for women's voices is most likely destined to fill an important part in many a concert and exhibition in girls' seminaries. Also in musical clubs. It is not to be counted wholly to the credit of the experienced and gifted composer, Mr. Arthur Foote, that he has here produced a very charming series of vocal and musical pictures, for he had the advantage of an excellent set of

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lyrics, a kind of poem which is very rare nowadays, to judge from some of the stuff which gets itself set to music. But Mr. Foote has carried out the poems in a most lovely spirit, the songs being refined, poetical and musical in the best possible sense. In fact, there is very little as good material as this which reaches us from any part of Europe. The series is adapted to be sung in succession, in which form the six songs will probably occupy about twenty minutes, or possibly a little less. The first song, "The Trilliums," is for four voices, and in a fast and and spiritful movement. A beautiful song it is, full of the lightness and grace which this kind of voice so easily lends itself to. It is a modern case of "sweet Camilla scouring the plains," or something of that kind. The second song, in D minor, is more serious; the third, a solo, given in two keys, in D major for alto and F major for soprano. Either key will fit in with the other songs in the connection. The fourth song is for four voices with a soprano obligato—five voices in all. The "Columbine" has again a light and airy movement. It is for alto and soprano, either chorus or solo. In short, a lovely wreath of songs from a master who has shown himself gifted in this line.

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TRUST IN THE LORD. Duet for Soprano and Alto. By Adolf Frey.

This duet, upon verses 3, 27 and 28 of Psalm xxxvii, will be welcomed by church singers, for it is a new duet, well laid for voices, with enough of pleasing Italian sixths and thirds (sixths and thirds in the Italian manner) to sweeten it, while at the same time the general character is sensible and suitable for an intelligent pair of American women, capable of speaking the English tongue, to sing in church. These excellencies, as everybody knows, are far rarer than they ought to be. Therefore, commended to the favorable notice of "whom it may concern."

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PIANO COMPOSITIONS OF ST. NIEWADOMSKI.

Valse. Op. 30, No. 4.
Krakowiak. Op. 31, No. 2.

This writer is producing some music good enough to be commended to the use of teachers without danger of assisting currency for unworthy things. The forms and manners are rather of the salon variety, but the material is new, musical, fairly original and if well done pleasing. The Valse is of about the fourth grade, but the Krakowiak is more difficult, perhaps 5th. The latter is also of value by reason of its comparatively unused key of E major, and the strongly marked rhythmic features, which contain both a quick motion and strong syncopations. It is a good study. Quite modern and out of the ruts.

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FULFILLMENT. Song by Reinhold Becker. Op. 76, No. 4.

A pleasing love song, musically written and of moderate range and demands. Should be popular.

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A MESSAGE. "The Night Wind so Softly Sighing." Adolf Frey.

A very pleasing love song, intense and effective, with an accompaniment mainly with melody in unison for left-hand (in treble range) and sixteenths in the right hand. Later on it is well handled for effective concert purposes. Very suitable for amateurs desiring something interesting, pleasing, novel and effective.

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SINGING RHYMES AND GAMES. For Children. By Kathrine Wallace Davis.

The little book here brought out presentably by the Summy Company contains a lot of words for motion songs, some of them the usual ones of Mother Goose, others from different sources. The music is original and Miss Davis shows considerable inventiveness and sense of taking rhythm and effect.

The intention seems to be for the buyer to select as many, or as few, as desired and give them upon the stage, with the children in costume. Notice is given that the performing rights are not conveyed by buying the copy, but must be arranged for with the publishers and author, a royalty being demanded.

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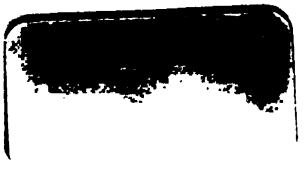

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